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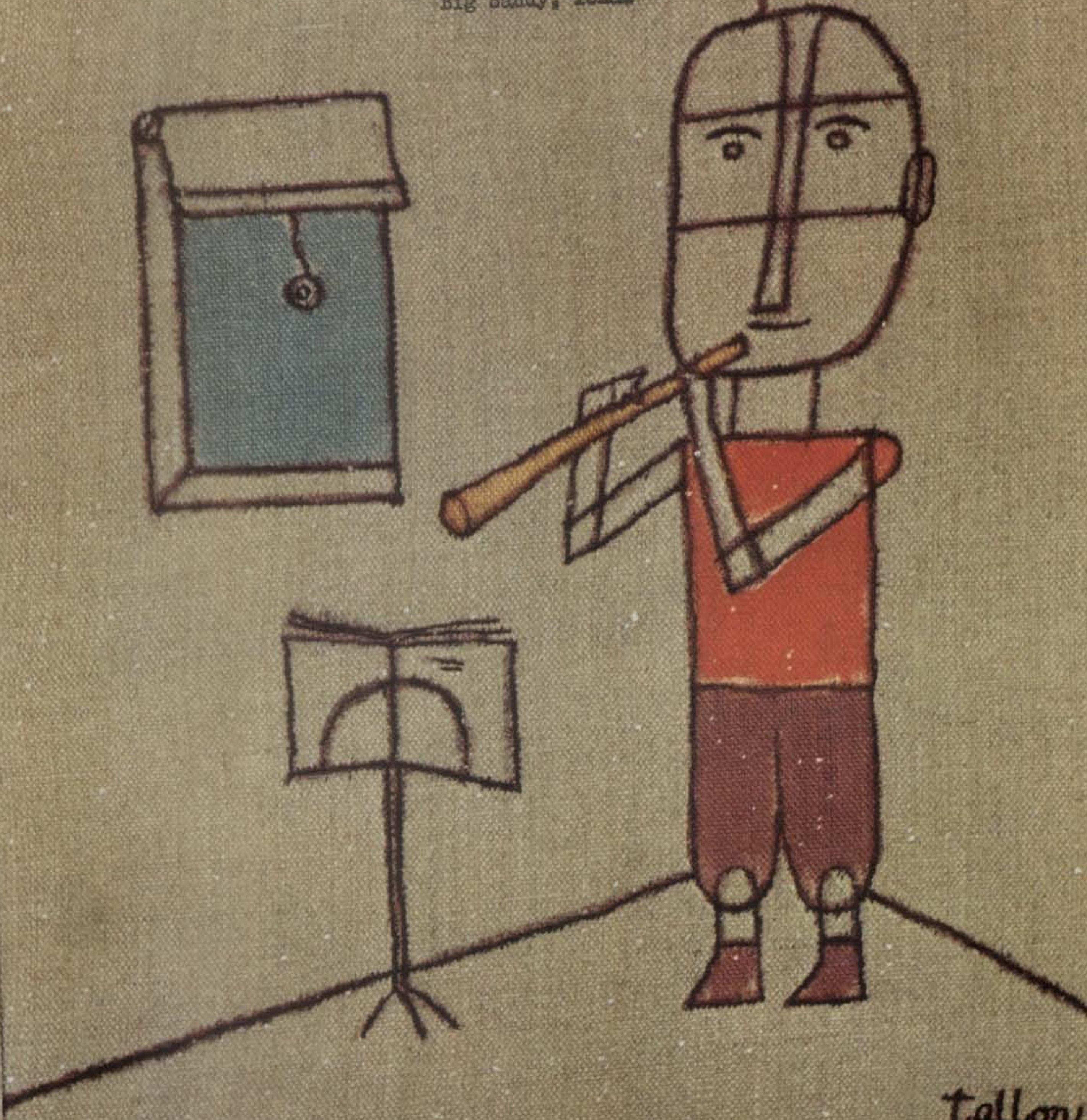

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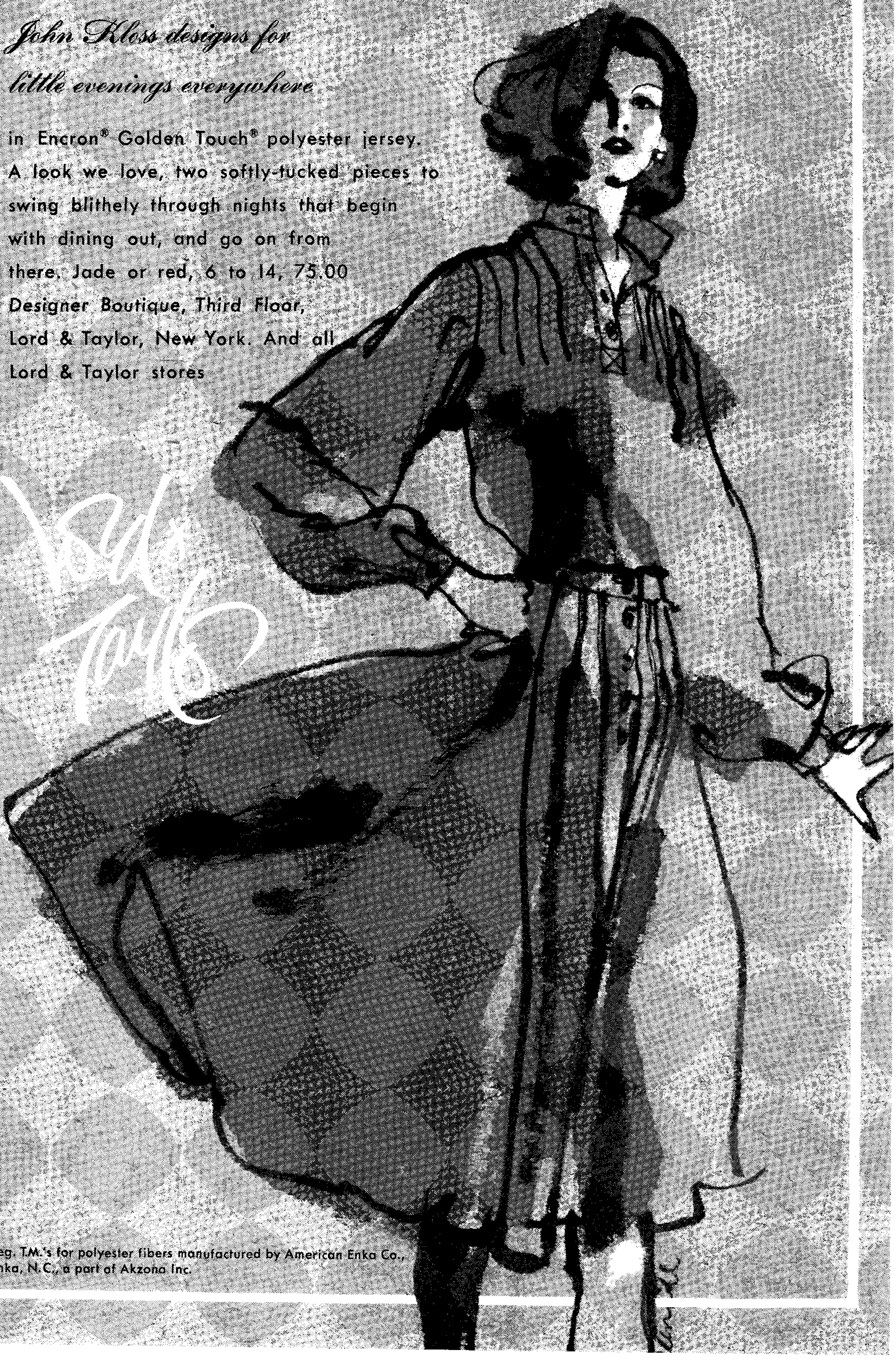

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

As You Like It—The National Theatre of Great Britain's all-male production of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Clifford Williams. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Joseph Hayes' thriller THE DESPERATE HOURS will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 5, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

God's Favorite—Neil Simon's new comedy, with Vincent Gardenia, Charles Nelson Reilly, and Maria Karnilova. Michael Bennett is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gypsy—A revival of the hit musical of fifteen years ago. Angela Lansbury plays the part originated by Ethel Merman. She works very hard indeed, which is to say harder than she ought to have let us see, but she is charming as well as valiant and her supporting cast is attractive. Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, directed. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison and Julie Harris in a play by Terence Rattigan. Fred Coe directed. Previews through Monday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 10. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A reworking by David Rabe of his unsuccessful play of last year. It has grown longer, but not better. Ellen Greene is admirable as the tattered heroine. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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London Assurance—An adaptation, by Ronald Eyre, of Dion Boucicault's 1841 comedy, imported from London. Donald Sinden and Elizabeth Spriggs head a cast under the direction of Euan Smith. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 5, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8:30.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. THE TROJAN WOMEN and MEDEA: Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . THE TROJAN WOMEN and ELECTRA: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7; Sunday, Dec. 8; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mert & Phil—A sad and tasteless play about a middle-aged woman who undergoes a mastectomy and cannot bear the consequences. Admirably acted by Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Sat-

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

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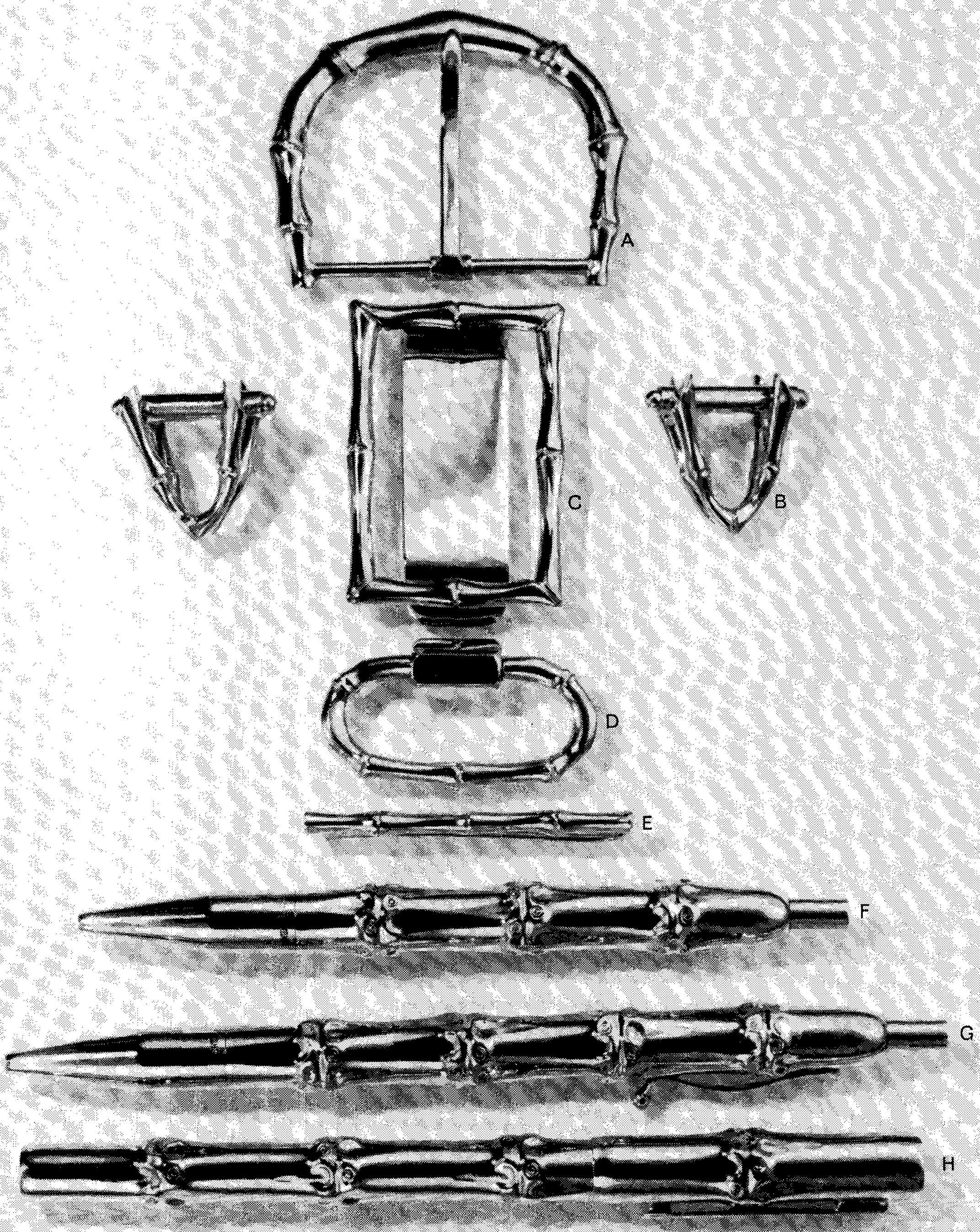
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; William P. Buxton, George J. Green, and Milton Greenstein, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. L, No. 42, December 9, 1974. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1974 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $15.00; two years, $25.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $17.00. Other foreign, $19.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 7.)

The Prodigal Sister—A hapless and almost tuneless little musical about a family straight out of "Two Black Crows." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

The Rules of the Game—Pirandello's comedy, with John McMartin and Joan van Ark, is the second in a series of three offerings by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Stephen Porter directed. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, Dec. 5-11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 5.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A five-week engagement of two plays. A science-fiction thriller, **THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY:** Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Brecht's **THE MOTHER,** based on a Gorky novel: Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes Monday, Dec. 23.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and funny in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock Holmes—A witty revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Who in Hell—Peter Ustinov's comedy, in which he stars, along with Beau Bridges and George S. Irving. Directed by Ellis Rabb. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 7. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 9. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,081 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OVER HERE!:** A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Show—A musical, "A Titter Ran Through the Audience," is this year's undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

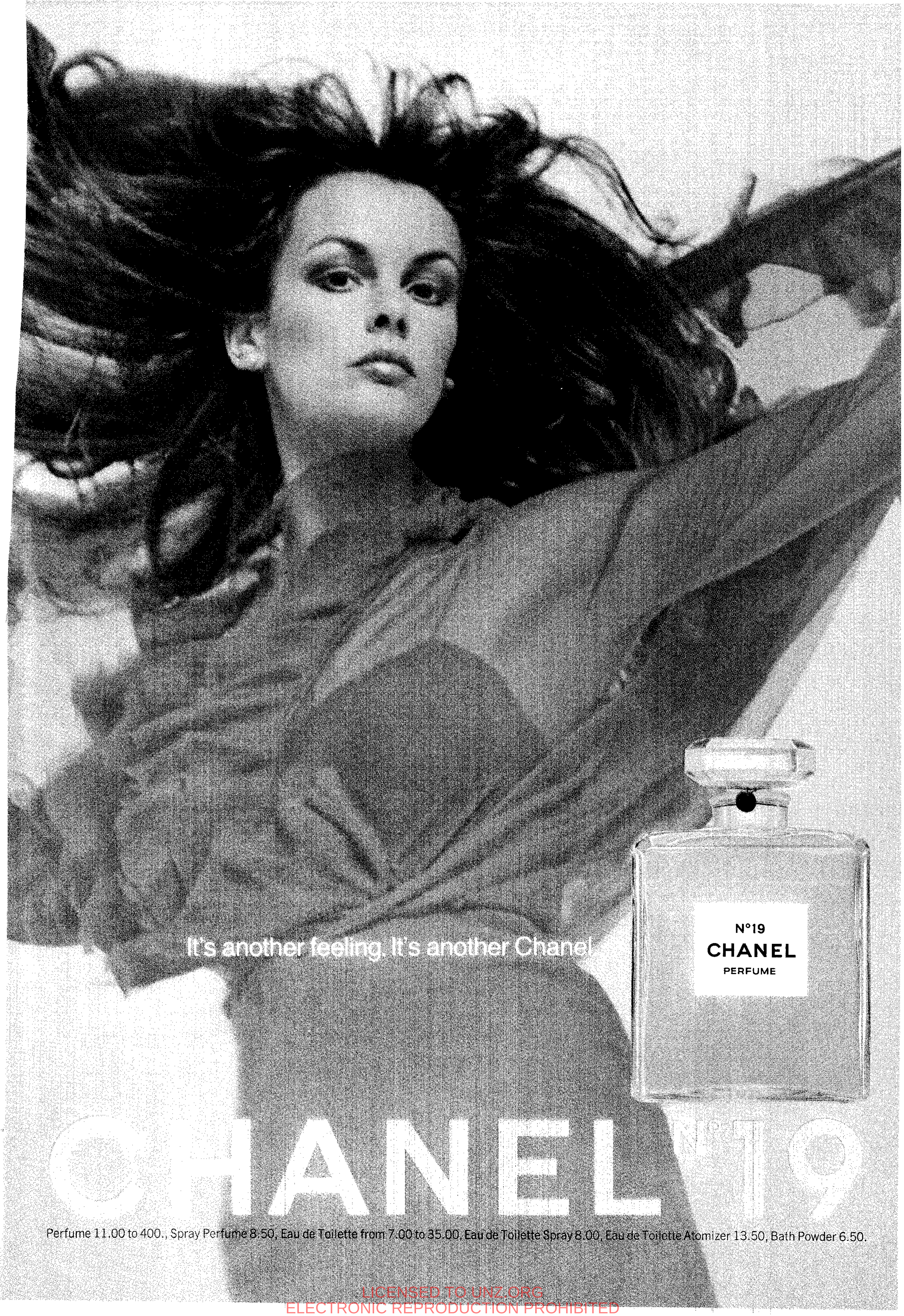
BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 4 and 8; Friday, Dec. 6, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 10-13, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Sephardic Song," Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain" (company première), and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "The Real McCoy" (preview), and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "The Real McCoy" (première), and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 8: "Sephardic Song," "The Real McCoy," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 8: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 10: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Consort," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Consort," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Tzaddik," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and "The Real McCoy.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Choros," "Portrait of Billie," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Streams," "Journey," and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Streams," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 8: "Choros," "Portrait of Billie," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 10: "Streams," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes" (company première), and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Dance for Six," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Nocturne" (première), and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 14: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "Streams," "Cry," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Agnes de Mille—And her Heritage Dance Theatre in a lecture-demonstration entitled "Conversations About the Dance," with Gemze de Lappe, Jeremy Blanton, Hortense Kooluris,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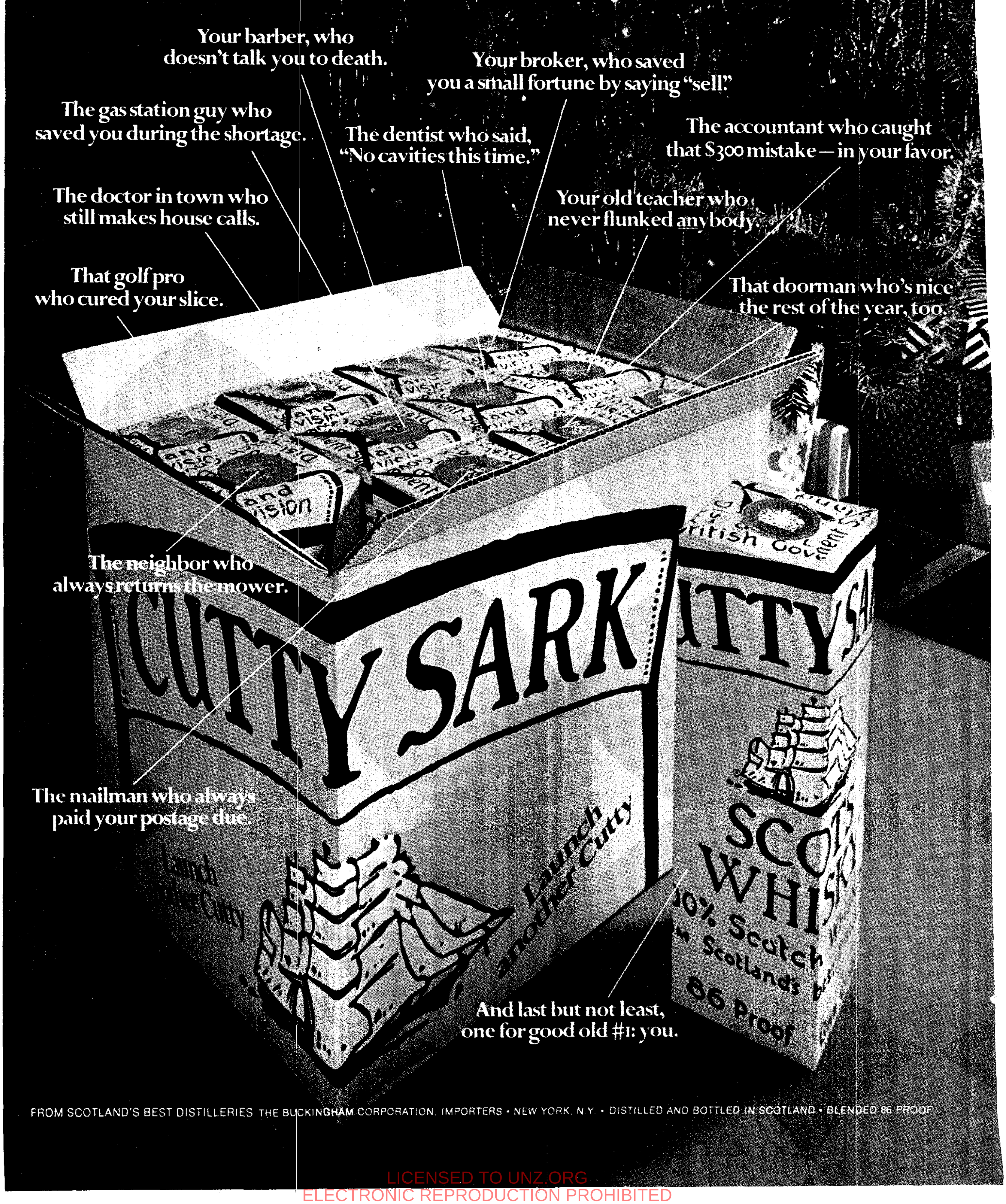
Your barber, who doesn't talk you to death.
Your broker, who saved you a small fortune by saying "sell."
The gas station guy who saved you during the shortage.
The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."
The accountant who caught that $300 mistake—in your favor.
The doctor in town who still makes house calls.
Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.
That golf pro who cured your slice.
That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current messengers. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, from ten.

Ruby Braff and George Barnes—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet, at ten and midnight, beginning Monday, Dec. 9.

Kenny Burrell—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Guitar, leading a quartet, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 10, at ten.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a trio, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, leading the Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Dec. 7.

Jimmy Heath—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a quartet, from ten. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.

Jonah Jones—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Attila Zoller. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty until two.

Ellis Larkins—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, playing solo and accompanying Anita Ellis Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, from ten to three, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, from ten.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sunday, Dec. 8, from nine to one.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three. Beginning Wednesday, Dec. 11.

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Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, Dec. 7.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Country-blues harmonica and guitar, respectively. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 5-8.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4550). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

●

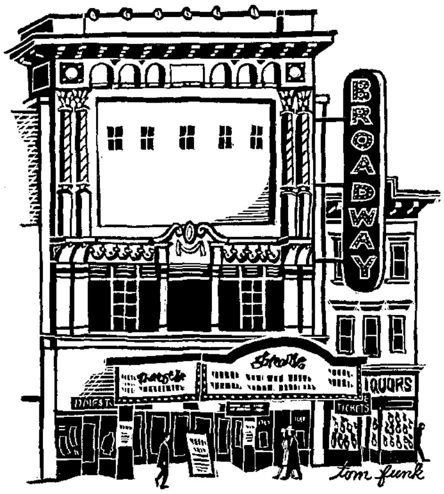
(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop and *is* transformed into a music club Fridays and Saturdays. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, drummer Andrew Sieff heads up a trio. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, and, simultaneously, a jazz spot with taste and enthusiasm. Drummer Roy Haynes takes his youthful quintet through some familiar but still moving material; through Saturday, Dec. 7. On Wednesday, Dec. 11, onetime Basie vocalist Irene Reid returns to these quarters with her backing quartet. Miss Reid is a clear, authoritative, worldly singer with a varied repertoire. Her soul numbers are refreshing, primarily because her style is derived from blues, rather than from rococo gospel mannerisms. One of her best moments takes the form of a lengthy repetition of the line "I'm feeling mighty good!" as her band chugs along playing raw rhythm-and-blues riffs. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. The Dillards, a country-and-bluegrass quintet, trades sets with folk-rock singer Jonathan Edwards on Wednesday, Dec. 4. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 5-8, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, who have performed together for over thirty years, appear opposite a gospel-turned-pop septet, the Mighty Clouds of Joy. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, two of the most-respected rural bluesmen still working, tell stories, hoot, sing, and play guitar and blues harp—all to the delight of their youthful followers. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 9-11, Brian Auger works with his rock group and alternates with Stardrive, a spaced-out band for blown-out ears. Raspberries, an uncomplicated bunch of rock-and-rollers, will plug in on Thursday, Dec. 12. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.



Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, currently occupies that niche with bassist Bill Takas; through Saturday, Dec. 7. On Monday, Dec. 9, guitarist Jimmy Raney comes in to perform with Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate Balaban & Cats, a Dixieland sextet comprising Red Balaban on bass, saxophonist Kenny Davern, pianist Jim Andrews, Doc Cheatham on trumpet, Vic Dickenson on trombone, and drummer Cliff Leeman. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. On Monday, Dec. 9, cornettist Ruby Braff and guitarist George Barnes take the bandstand with their relaxed, melodically sparkling quartet, which also includes Wayne Wright on rhythm guitar and bassist Mike Moore. Mondays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. Mary Lou Williams, who has been at it since 1925, takes command of that piano from eight to one, assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps solos with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane takes time out from her proprietary duties to sing along with the trio on a couple of tunes per set. Pianist, singer, arranger, and actor Onzy Matthews works with a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Those who admired the warm, easygoing, catch-as-catch-can ambience that characterized the old

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Half Note on Spring Street will probably prefer to sit at the bar in this sleek, midtown version of the club. Service at the tables is a bit stiff, but the bar is relaxed, friendly, and often visited by authentic jazzmen. Pianist Monty Alexander performs with his trio from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward plays here nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Gene Roland brings in a five-piece band that plays from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit is now under new management. The crowds have dispersed somewhat, and the place may have begun to lose its pulse. The Deadly Nightshade, a fine, heavily amplified country trio, is on hand through Saturday, Dec. 7. The three attractive, long-haired women who make up the group seem strong and pioneer-tough, and they sing and play standard rural instruments—fiddle, washboard, guitar, bass, and kazoo. Based in South Hadley, Massachusetts (a long way from Tennessee), they have primarily played, until a few months ago, the Amherst-Smith-Mount Holyoke circuit. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty nightly, except Sunday and Monday. Tuesdays serve as talent-showcase nights. Dining downstairs; drinks and snacks in the upstairs music room.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are pianist Marian McPartland, bassist Jay Leonhart, and drummer Joe Cocuzzo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. The New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Jazz Orchestra, a Dixieland sextet, reigns on Mondays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **bird cage,** Ellis Larkins, a musician of diffident strength and vast popularity, is playing solo piano and also accompanies singer Anita Ellis. Tuesday through Saturday at ten-thirty and midnight.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both fitted out with tables for drinking and dining. Junior Mance works out with his spirited trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, Gordon Edwards, on bass, and drummer Christopher Parker make themselves comfortable and conjure up some first-rate rhythm-and-blues. Music from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Dana Gillespie, an English pop singer, is here through Saturday, Dec. 7. On Tuesday, Dec. 10, Nick Holmes sings and plays guitar opposite Manhattan Transfer, a vocal quartet that successfully re-creates songs from the thirties and forties, and their backup band. The period pieces—"Java Jive," "House of Blue Lights," "Candy," "Give Me Some Skin," and others—are revived by means of scatting, swaying, finger-snapping, and some traditional vocalizing. Shows at nine and midnight. Sundays are claimed by singer Tally Brown, who goes on at nine and eleven-thirty. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has begun another season in this ornate little nook. Her recitatives, accompanied, as always, by Jimmy Lyon's piano, begin at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Chet Baker, assuming the role of cool-jazz patriarch, surrounds himself with some eager young musicians. Lee Konitz, a pensive melodist, is joined by guitarist Attila Zoller on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, pianist Larry Willis heads up a trio, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, the David Samuels quartet will perform. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty until two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, Sonelius Smith, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz that lies somewhere beyond John Coltrane, approaching the intricacies of Cecil Taylor. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who are now considered the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762). A pentagonal high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. The music—mostly ragtime and boogie-woogie piano—matches the spirit of the place, which, owing to its location, is heavily patronized by the New York University community. From nine-thirty to three, Tom Noel, a pianist, singer, and raconteur, devotes himself to the music of the early twenties. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sporadic weekend jazz in an upstairs room with all the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Bassist Charles Mingus inspires his quintet Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7. The following Friday and Saturday (Dec. 13-14), drummer Art Blakey and his latest Messengers deliver some forthright, mainstream missiles. They begin at ten. On Thursdays, Hellman's Angels, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman, provides the sounds from nine to midnight. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Reedman Jimmy Heath finishes up with his quartet on Sunday, Dec. 8. On Tuesday, Dec. 10, guitar whiz Kenny Burrell descends the murky staircase with his quartet. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and vocalist Juanita Fleming take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Nat Jones on piano, and a bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Chuck Fowler and bassist Duke Cleamons collaborate Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, Franc Williams on trumpet, and pianist Robin Clark. Durham, a Kansas City jazzman during the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Benny Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, as well as his own band. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes plays a bluesy, bebopping guitar with bassist Ted Cromwell and Ronnie Cole on drums. Fridays and Saturdays, boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price romps all over the piano, as trumpeter Ed Lewis, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and the drummer, Ditto (whose name rhymes with "Perdido"), try to keep up with him. On Sunday, Dec. 8, Sammy Price and some of his friends get together to play some blues. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **café,** pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room,** soprano Ednita Nazario appears at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Friday and Saturday. On Monday, Dec. 9, singer Saverio Saridis takes over the premises. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **plaza restaurant** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **palm court,** from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Guitarist Charlie Byrd's quartet is performing opposite pianist Barbara Carroll's trio on the grand rooftop at dinner and supper. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Elea-

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nor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette**, a celebrated groaning board, is also a sounding board, at dinner and supper, for Jonah Jones' jazz quartet. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals done in primitive style, some with backgrounds evocative of millefleur tapestries. Through Dec. 21. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent works by this color-field painter. Through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Abstract brush drawings as well as oil-tempera and watercolor miniatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Frank Bowling—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Charles Bragg—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of elf-like figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 21. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Carmen Cicero—Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William Dole—Collages made up of pieces of old letters, scraps of printing with distinctive typefaces, and other papers. Through Dec. 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—A softer, less polemical side of the artist is revealed in this collection of paintings, drawings (including sketches of his parents), and prints, some of them on loan from museums. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Color woodcuts, primarily portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Roland Gebhardt—Small abstract gray-and-white-marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Leonel Góngora—Works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Douglas Gorsline—Recent paintings, including some landscapes of China. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Grausman—Sculptures (portraits in pewter, for example) and drawings. Through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Dec. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Philip Guston—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Dec. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Newton Harrison—Proposals for ecological systems executed in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Seven paintings, all on shaped canvases. Through Dec. 21. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings in this artist's free-flowing, rich colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Friday, Dec. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Koch—Realistic paintings of figures in elegant interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small still-lifes of fish and fowl, vegetables and flowers. Through Dec. 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Levine / Laura Ziegler—Satirical drawings of political and literary figures. / Sculpture portraits. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Golda Lewis—Abstract assemblages, some incorporating African themes, combining handmade paper, canvas, and found objects. Through Dec. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Joan Luby—Animals, flowers, fruits, and vegetables emerge in geometric patterns. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Paintings by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 10. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings, including three albums, by the British sculptor. Starts Thursday, Dec. 5. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Andean-inspired acrylics on canvas by a Bolivian-born artist who lives in New York. Through Dec. 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Kenneth Price—These bright-colored ceramic cups aren't meant for drinking but are the basis of some cheerful small sculptures. Through Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Sarai Sherman—Figurative paintings with literary and social themes. Through Friday, Dec. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul R. Smith—Drawings and hand-painted porcelain pots. Through Dec. 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Albert Stadler—New abstract works by a color-field painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Yves Tanguy (1900-55)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings by the French-American Surrealist. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)—Paintings and drawings, mostly of Italy, by an artist who was a well-known muralist and illustrator. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joe Zucker—Compositions made by dipping cotton in paint and applying both the cotton and paint to a canvas surface. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **artweave**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: An exhibit of quilts, including Amish specimens from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; a log-cabin quilt from Kentucky; and a quilt from Massachusetts in which each large square and rectangle contains either a house or a barn, the over-all effect being that of a New England village. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Poster art done between 1890 and 1930. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Moore, Picasso, and Dubuffet, to name a few. Through Jan. 4. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American and European paintings by Ralph Earl, Pierre Bonnard, George Bellows, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small works by such contemporary painters and sculptors as Fairfield Porter, Lois Dodd, and George Sugarman. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by Tamayo are part of this showing of paintings and sculptures. Through Jan. 18. . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Collages by Abbie Zabar, constructions by Barry Cohen, and paintings by Domenick Turturro. Through Dec. 21. . . . **doris weiner**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Dec. 28. . . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works in mixed mediums by Malcolm Bailey, Grace Hartigan, and five other gallery artists. Through Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman / Charles Seliger—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Dec. 28. / Small abstract oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jackie Ferrara—Surreal wood constructions. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gotthard Graubner / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Color-field paintings by a German artist. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Auguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Geometric abstractions by a French painter. Through Dec. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joyce Kozloff—Paintings and drawings, some with architectural or textural effects. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Dec. 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings completed in the twenties, many of them of New York scenes. Through Dec. 31. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh, through the white and drifted snow. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Roger Nellens—Oil paintings of machinery and drawings that are studies for the paintings; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of Portugal, Ireland, and upper New York State. Through Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—New paintings inspired by his daughters' Japanese coloring book. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Recent wood and metal sculptures in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jim Sullivan—Abstract oils. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Animal sculptures carved in stone, plus watercolors of landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.:

EVERYTHING IN THIS ROOM IS ONE-HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
EXCEPT THE BLANKET, WHICH IS ONE-HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD OF ITS TIME.

Quite simply, the Vellux® blanket does everything you want a blanket to do. And none of the things you don't want a blanket to do.

It provides delicious warmth. Yet it weighs about a pound less than other blankets, so you're hardly aware of its presence.

(A pound may not sound like much, but, in a blanket, the difference is substantial.)

The Vellux blanket is incredibly plush in both appearance and feel. Colors range from delicate to bold, with great-looking patterns added for good measure.

(We call the one you see here "On the Square.")

To the hand, the blanket is smooth and soft.

These attributes are a direct result of the revolutionary way in which the Vellux blanket is made. Over 340-million soft nylon fibers are electrically positioned onto layers of insulating foam.

This ingenious process is also the reason the Vellux blanket is free of the drawbacks that plague other blankets.

It doesn't mat. Or pill. Or shed. Ever.

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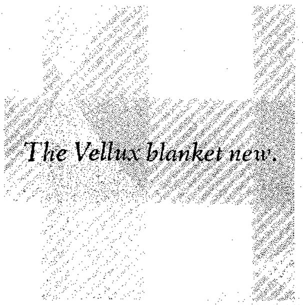
Not after more washings than most blankets go through in a lifetime. (As you can see, fifty washings couldn't change its appearance.)

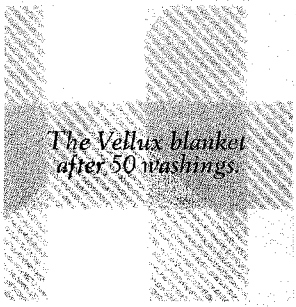
It can be machine washed at any temperature or cycle setting. And machine dried at any temperature or time setting.

What this means is that the Vellux blanket is not only the best blanket you can buy today. It may very well be the best blanket you can buy for a long time to come.

West Point Pepperell



The Vellux blanket new.



The Vellux blanket after 50 washings.

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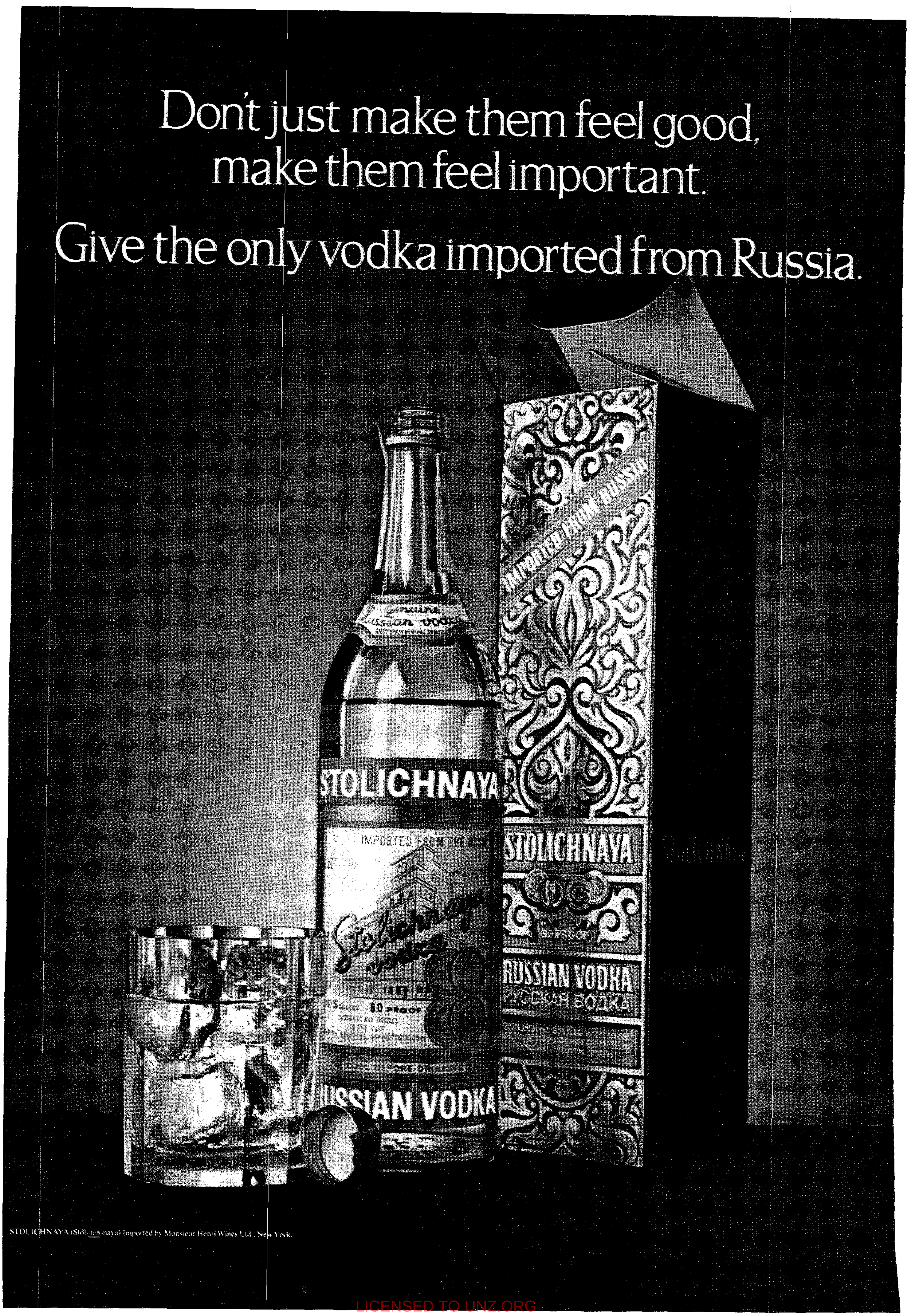

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Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 28. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Kandinsky, Kline, Schwitters, and others. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Myril Adler / Ruth Talman Kazez—Embossed prints. / Paintings, collages, and drawings. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Martin Bressler / Ivan Biro—Line drawings cut into plastic foam with an X-Acto knife. / Fibre glass, latex, and wood sculptures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (55 Mercer Street.)

Charles Cajori—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 19. (Landmark, 460 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Muriel Castanis—This artist places fabric over an object (a box, a table, a motorcycle), pours resin over the material, and then removes the object, leaving the shape. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Barbara Coleman / Kate Resek—Six paintings, all of them in white acrylic impasto. / Chalk and acrylic on canvas. Through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Kenneth Davis—Marble sculptures; first one-man show in New York. Starts Saturday, Dec 7. (Bare, 475 Broome St.)

Harriet FeBland—Vertical painted-wood constructions called "totems," and other pieces. Through Friday, Dec. 6, at 2. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Louise Fishman / Robert Moskowitz—Abstract oils. / Large acrylics. Through Dec. 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Kunio Izuka—Aluminum sculptures that move and make sounds. Through Wednesday, Dec. 11. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Richard Joseph—Realist paintings, one a large depiction of a sort of King of the Hill struggle, the others focussed on a family engaged in some kind of household ceremony; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Andrea Klein—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold / Lucio Pozzi—Paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Natkin—Acrylics blotted with textured materials. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Guy Peellaert—Lurid illustrations, in mixed mediums, used in the artist's book, "Rock Dreams." Through Dec. 22. (Star, a new gallery, at 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Group Show—Jason Seley's sculptures made from automobile bumpers, drawings of figures by Mal Luber, and sculptures by Steven Linn. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Marvin Goldstein—Collages made from billboards. Through Friday, Dec. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Otello Guarducci—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite or marble bases. Through Dec. 28. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Al Hirschfeld—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Eric Sloane—Pen-and-ink drawings from his new book, "Recollections in Black and White," together with a group of oil paintings. Through Dec. 21. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays.)

Cedric Smith—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings. Through Dec. 27. (Walker St. Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Pictures of Peru. / Hand-painted photo-collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Doisneau—Photographs of Paris and Parisians. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Walker Evans—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Annie Leibovitz—Studies of rock stars and other notables. Through Dec. 22. (Star, 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Eva Rubinstein / Joseph Saltzer—Photographs. Starts Thursday, Dec. 5. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Minor White—Photographs done during the past thirty-five years. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-white prints taken in Russia by Henri Cartier-Bresson. . . . ¶ Works by Werner Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and Dan Weiner. . . . ¶ Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn, and Jay Maisel are included in a group show of color photography. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.). . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from 1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Reproductions of chairs designed by Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1868-1928), along with drawings and photographs showing them in the settings for which they were intended. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A series of twenty-six oil paintings, each with an accompanying text, by a California artist called Jess. Through Sunday, Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. A complementary show (ending Saturday) is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from both the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. . . , ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Dec. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. . . , ¶ Drawings and paintings by Tony Robbin. Starts Saturday, Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

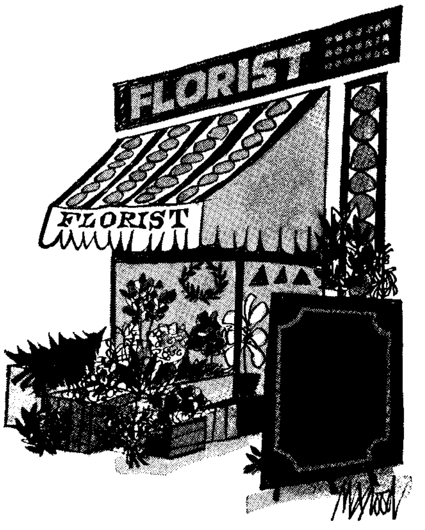
Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This exhibition of contemporary portraiture includes paintings, sculptures, and silk screens by Alice Neel, Chuck Close, Marisol, Andy Warhol, and others. Through Thursday, Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The nineteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints. Through Jan. 5. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mon-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Bergasse 19: The Office and Antiquities of Dr. Sigmund Freud," a showing of photographs taken in 1938—a few weeks before Dr. Freud fled from Austria—together with thirteen of his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities (frescoes, icons, tomb objects) on loan from Anna Freud. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifteen bronze studies for Rodin's monument to Balzac. Through Dec. 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Architect W. Joseph Black's survey of Harlem architecture—including landmarks and new buildings—made up of photographs, some in color. Through Sunday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Acrylic paintings and color etchings by two African artists who are now living and working in the United States. Through Sunday, Dec. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; conducted by Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Jenůfa," with Margaret Tynes, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, Sándor Kónya, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Raymond Michalski; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 9: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 10: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Raymond Gibbs, Ezio Flagello, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Jenůfa," with Margaret Tynes, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, Sándor Kónya, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 14: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marcia Baldwin, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "Tosca," staged by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio," staged by James Lucas and conducted by George Schick. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30 (all with Charles Wuorinen as soloist in the first performances of his Second Piano Concerto). . . . ¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30 (all with Ruth Laredo, piano).

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—At Carnegie Hall, Mario Bernardi conducting—Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: With Barry Tuckwell, French horn. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Gabrielle Lavigne, mezzo-soprano; Paul Trépanier, tenor; Gaston Germain, baritone; Claude Corbeil, bass; and the Rutgers University Choir.

Light Fantastic Players—Daniel Shulman conducting a chamber orchestra. (Horace Mann Auditorium, Teachers College, Broadway at 120th St. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 865-6793.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Concert Band—Roger Nierenberg conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—Gregg Smith directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club, Mount Holyoke College Concert Choir, and the Coro Mount Holyoke—Catharine Melhorn directing a Christmas concert, with the Black Voices of Faith. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Italian music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of twentieth-century Christmas music. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:30. For tickets, call 865-7035.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

Marilyn Dubow—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8, with Barry Tuckwell, French horn, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8; no assisting artists. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in the first two in a series of three all-Scarlatti recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, and Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3702. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Cello and piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 5.)

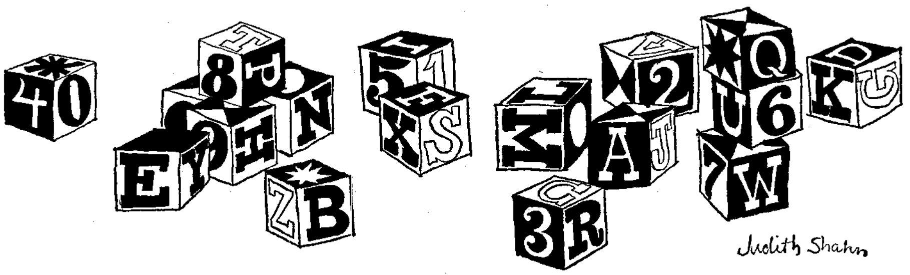
José Luis Lopátegui—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Clavier, with the Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman, in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

James Buswell—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:15.)

Bernard Greenhouse and Menahem Pressler—The first of two programs presenting the



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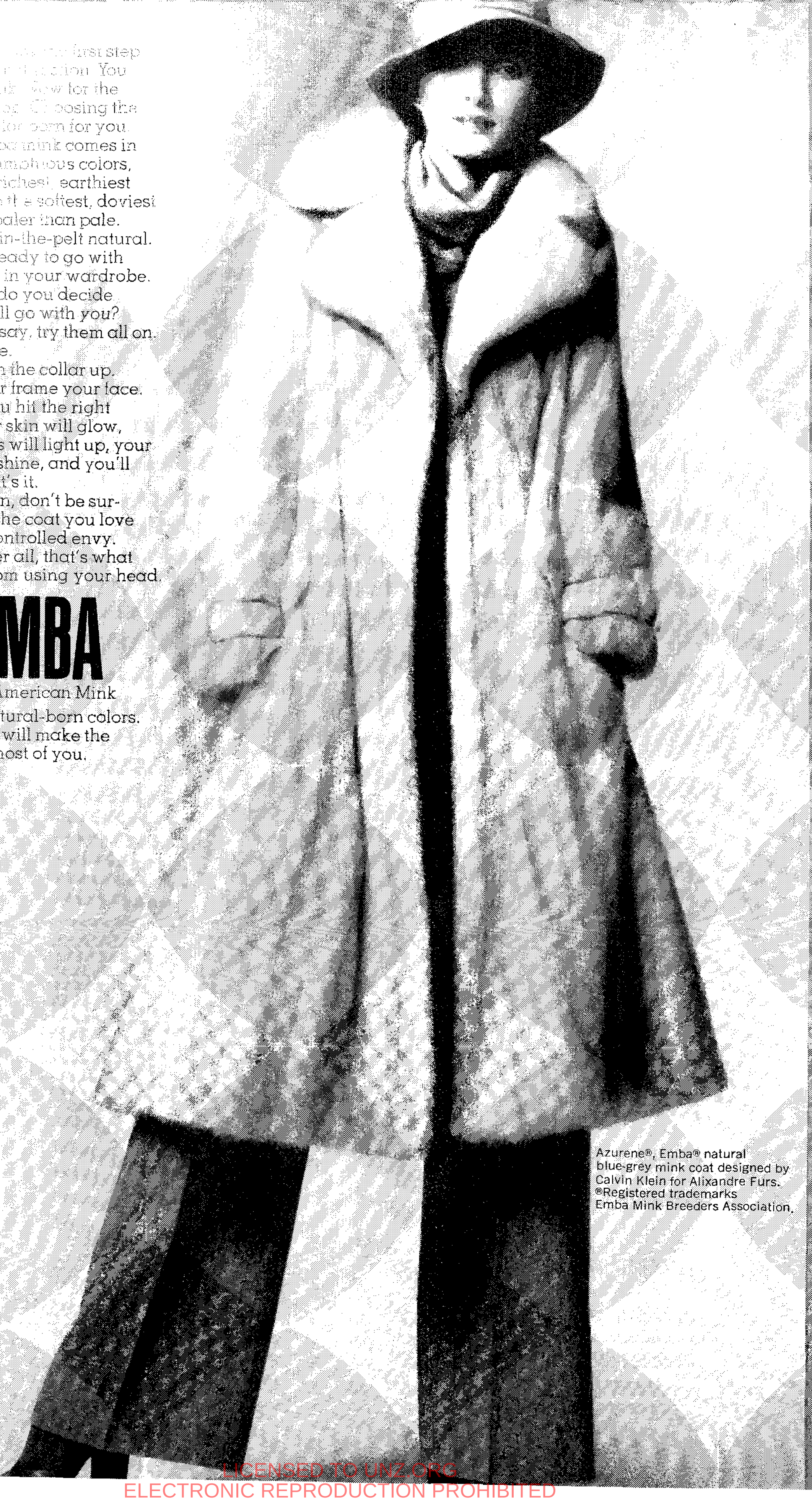

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Beethoven cycle of sonatas for cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:15.)

Veronica Tyler—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Murray Perahia—Tenor and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Paul Green—Clarinet. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The two sextets of Brahms, performed by Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; and Leslie Parnas and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

McHenry Boatwright—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with assisting artists and a chamber orchestra conducted by Samuel Adler. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Michael Ponti—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Rajko Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra, Dancers, and Singers—Gyula Farkas conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

The Music of Dana Suesse—Frederick Fennell conducting an orchestra composed of fifty members of the American Symphony Orchestra, with Miss Suesse and Cy Coleman, piano; Robert Barlow, harp; Carolyn Cubbin-Mohr, mezzo-soprano; and the All City Concert Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Puccini Gala—A benefit concert in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Among those taking part will be Licia Albanese, Lucine Amara, Grace Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Eleanor Steber, John Alexander, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and John Reardon. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 5:45: LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 5:45: WHITTEMORE AND LOWE.

Gregg Allman—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.

The 5th Dimension—With Jo Jo's Dance Factory. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Genesis—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Gordon Lightfoot—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3 and 8.

Stevie Wonder and Wonderlove—A benefit concert. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.

Elvin Jones Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3. No tickets necessary.

New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble—Gunther Schuller conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Julien Clerc—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 9, at 8.

Scott Joplin: King of Ragtime—Piano, vocal, and theatre-orchestra rags, with dance, performed by singer Harold Cromer; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the Gail August Dancers; and a theatre orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, the Four Tops, Jay Black & the Americans, and Tommy James & the Shondells—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 11, and Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.

Gil Evans Orchestra and Rachel Faro—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 7:30.

Tap Roots: The Art of Jazz Dance—Chuck Green and Ralph Brown, with the Larry Ridley Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Country in New York—The third in a series of five concerts, this one with Charlie Rich and Barbara Mandrell. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7.)

David Bromberg and Roger McGuinn—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 8.

Bob Greene's World of Jelly Roll Morton—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Don McLean—With the Persuasions. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9.)

Count Basie and His Bands—An exhibit of photographs, posters, art work, sheet music, audiotapes, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Dec. 13.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 8: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 8, at 7:05. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Dec 14.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 7; the Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 11; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "Princess Ida," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 7-8, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Dec. 14, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "A Midnight Clear." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—At KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A.: Richard Wilbur reading from his own works, Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Ernesto Cardenal reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations read by Donald Walsh, Monday, Dec. 9, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.) . . . DONNELL LIBRARY AUDITORIUM: Alan Dugan reading from his own works. (20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

Architectural Tour—Henry Hope Reed, John Barrington Bayley, and other guides will conduct a benefit tour focussing on the interior of the main branch of the New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., on Sunday, Dec. 8. It meets at the 42nd Street entrance at 2:30. For reservations, call 556-1834.

American Art Deco Architecture—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

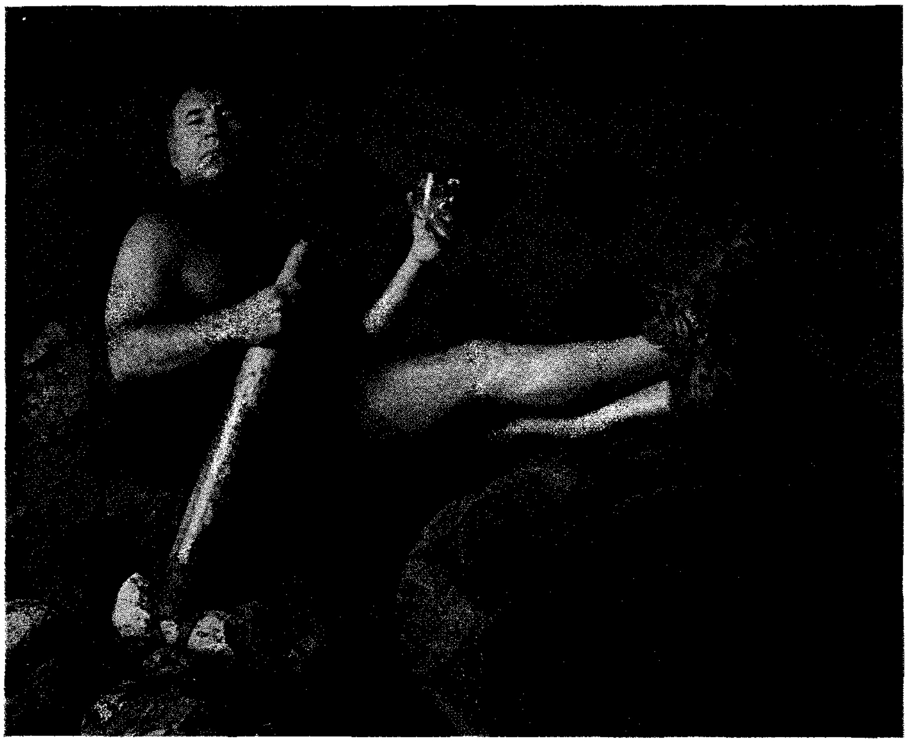
Flower Show—The Christmas Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Dec. 11, from 12 to 6:30.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, chess sets, silver, and paperweights; from many sources. . . . ¶ Four sales of property of the late Mrs. Alan L. Corey. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2: Continental porcelains. . . . Friday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains. . . . Friday, Dec. 6, at 2: Silver, *objets de vertu*, English furniture, and decorations. . . . Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2: Old Master drawings, French furniture, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art and icons, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings and drawings; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 7.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—A seventeen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Wednesday, Dec. 11, from 8 to 9, with twelve different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue from 67th Street to 84th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

2000 years ago, when you had a Scotch on the Rocks, you really had a Scotch on the Rocks.

BY THE 2000 YEAR OLD MAN, MEL BROOKS



Q. SIR, 2000 years ago where did people live and how did they spend their time?

A. 2000 years ago there was no luxury buildings with music in the elevators or single bars where married men hung out.

There was only rocks and caves. More rocks and caves than you could shake a stick at. In fact, shaking a stick at a rock was a good job already. Not everybody could get that job. You had to have a little something. Standing around and looking was also a good job. But that was easy. That was light work. It had to be light work. You couldn't do it in the dark.

And the caves...uhhh. Did we hate each other. The tall blue eyes were in the tall light caves, the short brown eyes were in the short dark caves.

Q. Well, how did everyone communicate?

A. Rock talk.

Q. ??????????

A. Here, I'll hit you with a little rock talk. "Hey you, put down that rock! Don't throw that rock at me. I'll call a policeman." That was your basic rock talk. And rock music followed. Take a couple of rocks and hit them against each other or against people and you got some nice sounds.

Q. Sir, in 2000 years did you begat any children?

A. I gat 42,000. And not one comes to visit me on Saturday or Sunday. Not one calls to give me a "Hi, Pop." But it's all right. Children, let them be.

Q. Sir, when was Scotch discovered?

A. It was during the ice age. We had so many tons of ice we didn't know what to do. So we made drinks. All kinds of drinks. After a few drinks, we all chased around. That's how the chaser was born.

Q. Sir, to what do you attribute having lived 2000 years?

A. Exercise and garlic.

Q. Garlic?

A. Yes. You know, the scientific way how you die? The Angel of Death comes late at night. He rings your apartment bell. You let him in and he kills you. But I'm smart. Before I'll retire and pull up mine crazy quilt, I'll eat a nice pound and a half garlic. And when the Angel of Death taps me on the shoulder and says, "Come along with me," I turn around and talk right in his face."Who is it?", I say. After that he leaves me alone for quite awhile.

Q. Sir, you also mention exercise?

A. Exercise, exercise, exercise. Who would we be...How would we be ...What would we be without exercise?

Q. What do you do for exercise?

A. Everyday early in the morning, I open a window and take a deep breath. Then I fall to my knees and pray fiercely that my brains should not drift too far from my thoughts and my heart should not attack me.

Q. So basically your exercise is praying?

A. You got it Sonny. And, before I run out of breath...a dangerous thing at my age...I better stop. I'll take me a little Teacher's. After all, you monied me for all of this...Let's be pleasant.

Q. Sir, is it true that you have just made a new record with Carl Reiner entitled, 2000 AND THIRTEEN, and that your latest movie, BLAZING SADDLES is breaking records all over the country, and that you have just completed principal photography work on your new comic masterpiece YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN?

A. No!

I want to wish you all love and good luck and give you a little advice. Stay out of small foreign cars especially if they are driven by big foreigners... and eat a nectarine. It's the best fruit ever made.

TEACHER'S
TEACHER'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

No Scotch improves the flavour of mistletoe like Teacher's.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. © Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

You are cordially invited to a personal showing of a totally new car.

Cordoba

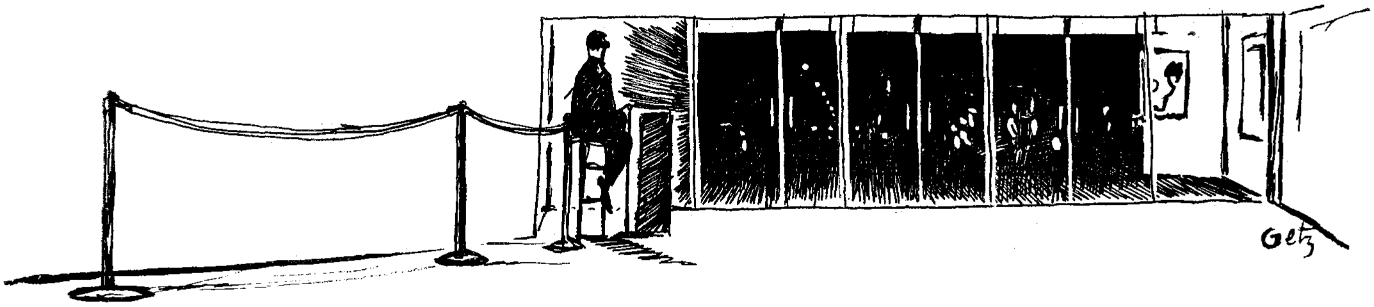
CORDOBA

The New Small Chrysler

This is Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler. With the warm colors of wood in a finely detailed instrument panel . . . and the rich colors of earth in the deep shag carpeting. The soft warmth of glowing lamps in five separate locations. And the thick cushions of contour seats . . . available in rare hues of crushed velour, or fine Corinthian leathers. You're invited to see Cordoba at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's. Luxurious, yet surprisingly affordable. Cordoba. The new *small* Chrysler.

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Death Wish."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 7: "Ladies of the Chorus" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
Dec. 8: "Affair in Trinidad" and "Salome."
Dec. 9: "Twentieth Century" and "The Lady Is Willing."
Dec. 10: "The Heat's On" and "Gilda."
Dec. 11: "Shall We Dance" and "Swing Time."
Dec. 12: "The Gay Divorcée" and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 10: "The Sting" and "Slaughterhouse-Five."
From Dec. 11: "Chinatown" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 10: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."
From Dec. 11: "Cabaret."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 5: "Airport 1975."
From Dec. 6: "Flesh Gordon" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death Wish."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Three Stooges Follies." (The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11, and all day on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Harry & Tonto."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Law and Disorder."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 10: "The Gambler."
From Dec. 11: "The Godfather, Part II."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Death Wish."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 10: "Doctor Zhivago."
From Dec. 11: "That's Entertainment!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Dec. 10: "The Odessa File."
From Dec. 11: "The Godfather, Part II."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Dec. 10: "Airport 1975."
From Dec. 11: "The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Amazing Grace."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Dec. 5: "Without Apparent Motive" and "This Man Must Die."
Dec. 6-7: "The Conformist" and "Last Tango in Paris."
Dec. 8-9: "The Music Lovers" and "Savage Messiah."
Dec. 10-11: "Deep End" and "If . . ."
From Dec. 12: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 10: "The Abdication" and "Anne of the Thousand Days."
From Dec. 11: "Le Trio Infernal."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 10: "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Dec. 11: "Last Tango in Paris."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 10: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 10 at one or another of the theatres: "Cabaret" and "I Never Sang for My Father"/"Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty"/"Doctor Zhivago."
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 4: "Belle de Jour" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."
Dec. 5-7: "Klute" and "Steelyard Blues."
Dec. 8-9: "Fellini's Roma" and "The Clowns."
Dec. 10-11: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Bay of the Angels."
From Dec. 12: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Brewster McCloud."
Note: Sunday, Dec. 8, one performance, at noon: "Born Yesterday."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Klansman."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 5: "Harry & Tonto."
From Dec. 6: "Rumpelstiltskin" and "Charlotte's Web."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 11: "Cabaret." (No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 10.)
From Dec. 12: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Chinatown" and "Paper Moon."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 4: "Our Daily Bread" and "The Fountainhead."
Dec. 5: "Rules of the Game" and "Eléna et les Hommes."
Dec. 6: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
Dec. 7: "Women in Love" and "Sons and Lovers."
Dec. 8: "The Taming of the Shrew" and "Romeo and Juliet."
Dec. 9: "Fists in the Pocket" and "China Is Near."
Dec. 10: "The Silence" and "Through a Glass Darkly."
Dec. 11: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and "Travels with My Aunt."
Dec. 12: "The Big Sleep" and "The Long Goodbye."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Scenes from a Marriage." (No afternoon performances on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 10: "Flesh Gordon" and "Where Does It Hurt?"
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 5: "Harry & Tonto."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Dec. 10: "Law and Disorder."
From Dec. 11: "The Klansman."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 12 (tentative): "A Murder Is a Murder . . . Is a Murder."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Death Wish."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 10: "The Abdication."
From Dec. 11: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 10: "The Sting" and "Slither."
From Dec. 11: "The Groove Tube" and "Heat."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 4 at noon: "Hollywood: The Dream Factory" (1972), directed by Irwin Rosten and Nicholas Noxon. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5:30: "All Fall Down" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Eva Marie Saint and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "The Wolf Men" (1972), directed by Irwin Rosten and Nicholas Noxon, and "Hollywood: The Dream Factory." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30: "Through and Through" (1973), in Polish, directed by Grzegorz Krolikiewicz; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: "Hearts and Minds" (1974), directed by Peter Davis. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "The Hour of Liberation Has

"Sounded" (1974), in Lebanese, directed by Heiny Srour; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 5:30 and Dec. 7 at noon: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; Russian inter-titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 3: "Hearts and Minds.". . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 5:30: "Through and Through." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 12:30: "Young Tom Edison" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Mickey Rooney and Fay Bainter. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3: "Captains Courageous" (1937), directed by Victor Fleming, with Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 5:30: "I. F. Stone's Weekly" (1973), directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2: "La Paloma" (1974), in French and German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Bulle Ogier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 5:30: "The Hour of Liberation Has Sounded.". . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "Union Depot" (1932), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5:30: "Montreal Main" (1974), directed by Frank Vitale. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "The Jazz Age" (1956), directed by Henry Salomon for NBC, narrated by Fred Allen. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5:30: "Union Depot.". . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2: "The Jazz Age." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: "The Death of the Flea Circus Director" (1937), in German, directed by Thomas Koerfer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: "Adieu Philippine" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Rozier; English subtitles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 4: "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing. . . . ¶ Dec. 5: "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969), directed by Richard Lester, with Rita Tushingham and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: "Effie Briest" (1974), directed by E. W. Fassbinder. . . . ¶ Dec. 7: "Bachelor Flat" (1962), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Terry-Thomas and Tuesday Weld. . . . ¶ Dec. 8: "Enter Laughing" (1967), directed by Carl Reiner, with José Ferrer and Shelley Winters. . . . ¶ Dec. 11: "The Big Mouth" (1967), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Dec. 12: "The Family Jewels" (1965), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30, and Fridays at 2:30 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 10: "Death and Devil," directed by Stephen Dwoskin. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 11: "Film About a Woman Who . . . ," directed by Yvonne Rainer. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Gerson, Vasulka, Anger, Schneemann, and others. Showings Dec. 4, at 5, 7, and 9; Dec. 5-6 at 8; Dec. 7 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 8 at 8; Dec. 10-11 at 5, 7, 9; and Dec. 12 at 6.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Waverly, and Thalia; through Dec. 10.)

Affair in Trinidad (1942)—Rita Hayworth in a spy-chase mediocrity. With Glenn Ford, Valerie Bettis, and Juanita Moore; directed by Vincent Sherman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through Dec. 10.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Amazing Grace—With Moms Mabley and Slappy White, directed by Stan Lathan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (Waverly; through Dec. 10.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Regency.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Gramercy; through Dec. 10.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 10-11.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Born Yesterday (1950)—Judy Holliday as a brassy, smart "dumb blonde" who is mistress to a big-time dealer in scrap metal (Broderick Crawford), and William Holden as the journalist who is hired to make her more "couth." When he succeeds, the picture fails; but the first half is good comedy. George Cukor directed, from the play by Garson Kanin. (Elgin; Sunday, Dec. 8, one performance, at noon.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; starting Dec. 12.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 10-11.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Dec. 11. No evening performances on Tuesday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 11.)

Charlotte's Web (1973)—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild; starting Dec. 6.)

China Is Near (1968)—A prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his pompous Socialist brother's chances for political office. Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny, is structured like a classic comic opera. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 11.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell

Historical note based on "Minding the Store" by Mr. Stanley Marcus published by Little, Brown and Company.

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picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 8-9.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6-7.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Art, 34th St. East, Juliet 2, and Symphony.)

Deep End (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, makes a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). The film is supposed to be set in London. It looks like Munich. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 4.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

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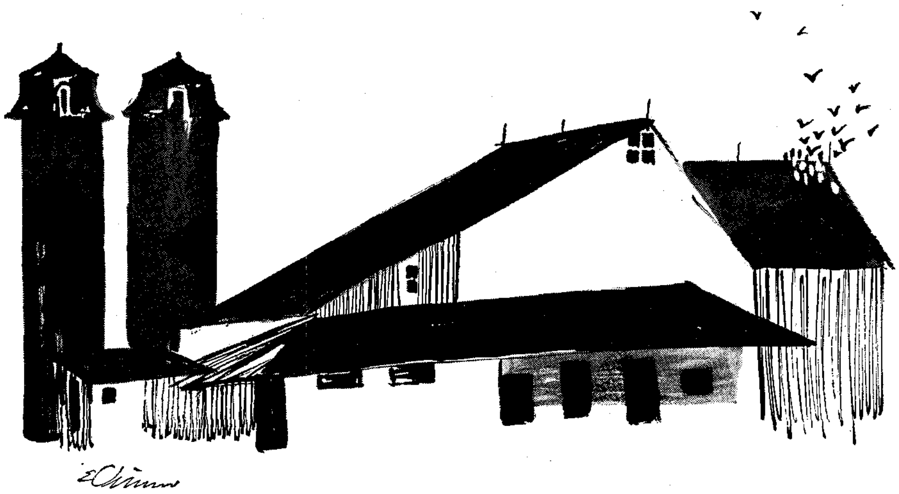
Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Eléna et les Hommes (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed, Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; Dec. 8-9.)

Fists in the Pocket (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial débuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but *why* it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 9.)



Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; starting Dec. 6.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East; through Dec. 10.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 7.)

Gilda (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

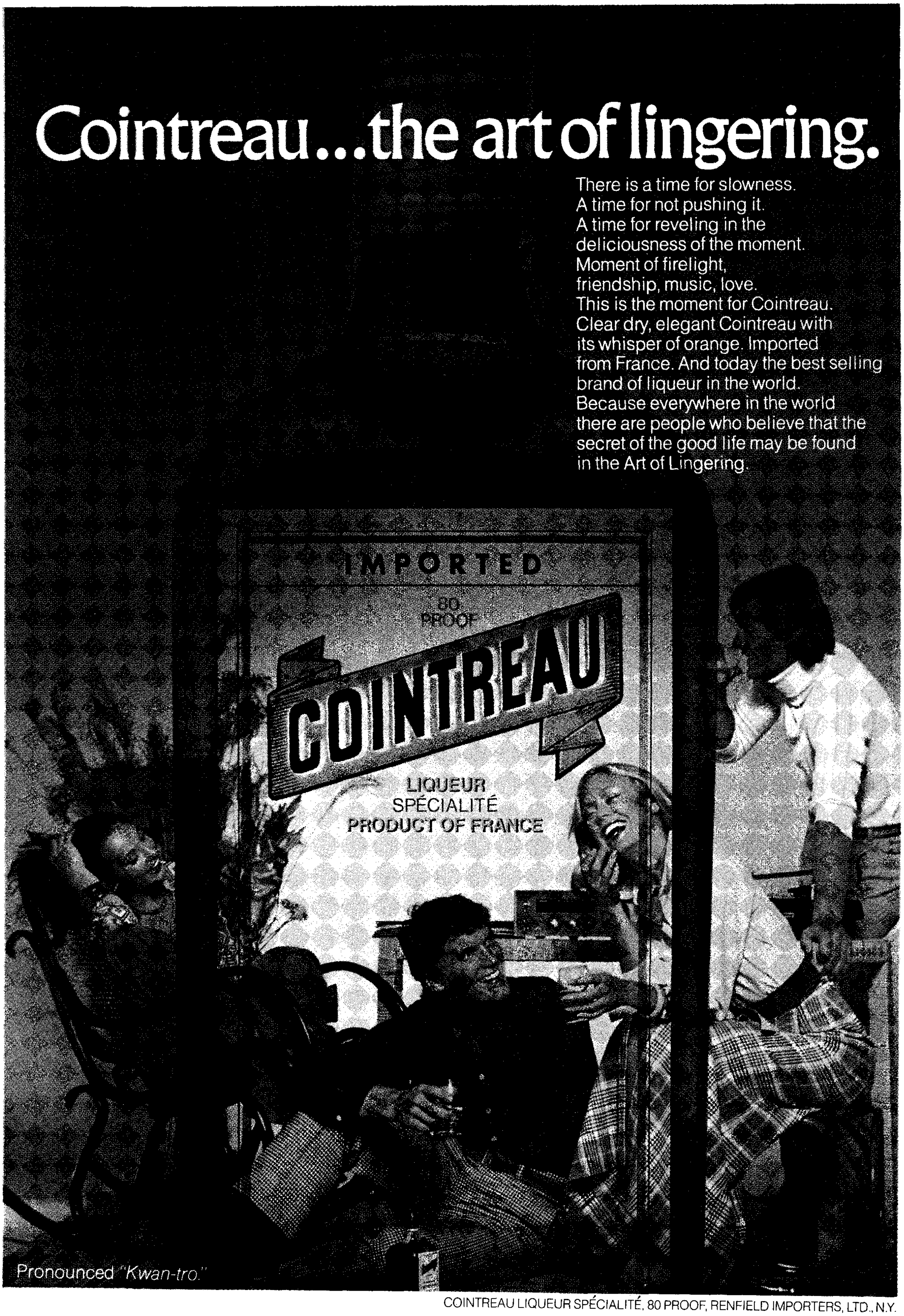
The Godfather, Part II—Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton repeating their original roles. Francis Ford Coppola again serves as director. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 11.)

The Groove Tube—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Olympia; starting Dec. 11.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Olympia; starting Dec. 11.)

The Heat's On (1943)—Mae West's comic whale presence barely shows above the surface of this perfunctory musical, directed by Gregory



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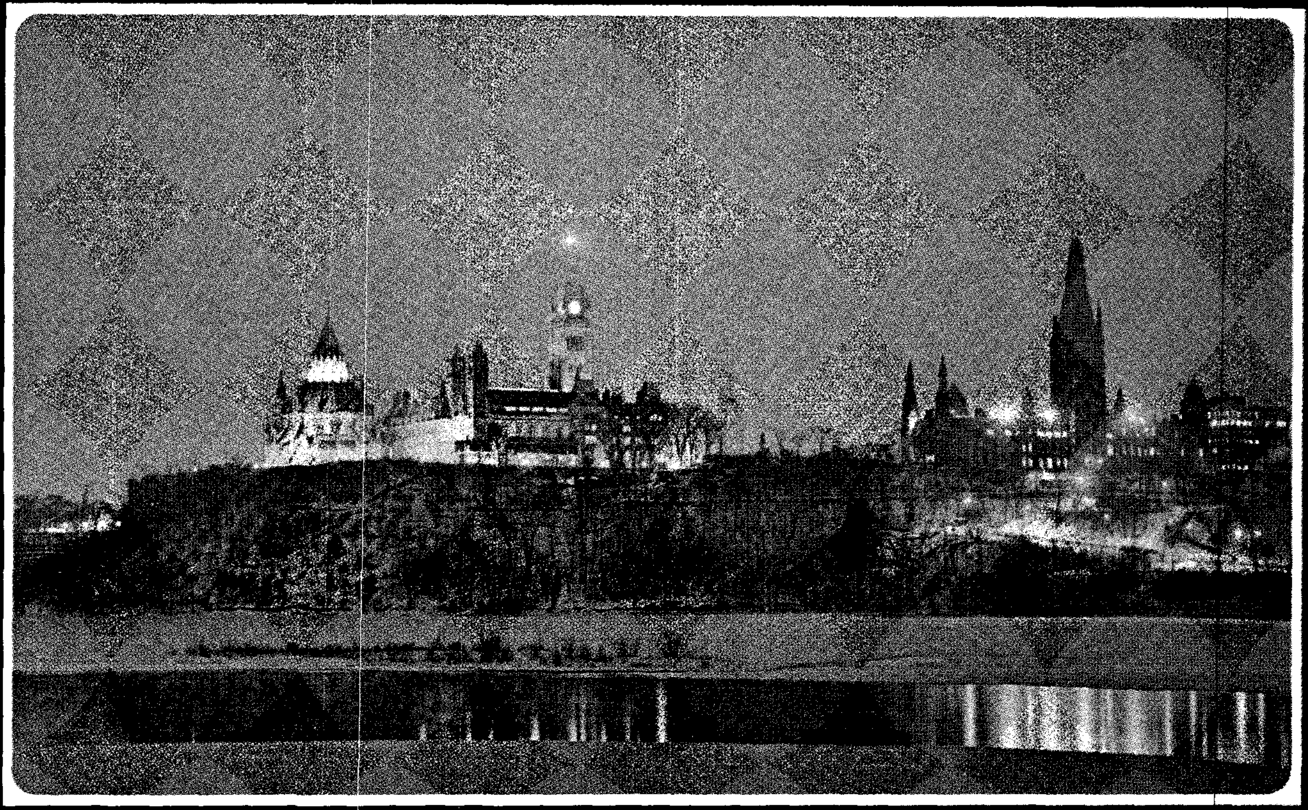

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Ratoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband (1973)—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (Murray Hill; starting Dec. 6.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10-11.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Regency.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 10.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Dec. 11.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Elgin; Dec. 5-7.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies of the Chorus (1949)—Minor musical from Columbia, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe. Directed by Phil Karlson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Dec. 7.)

The Lady Is Willing (1942)—Marlene Dietrich, excruciatingly miscast, as an actress who adopts a baby and marries a pediatrician (Fred MacMurray); the baby has a mastoid operation just as she is opening in a new show. Hatted by John-Fredericks, Dietrich simpers and suffers; every nuance is inane. Mitchell Leisen directed, in a spirit of hopelessness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6-7. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 11.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through Dec. 10.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career (in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco). (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Little Prince—The Saint Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

A Murder Is a Murder . . . Is a Murder—With Jean-Claude Brialy and Stephane Audran, directed by Etienne Perier. In French. (New Yorker; through Dec. 12, tentative.)

Murder on the Orient Express—Albert Finney playing Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's

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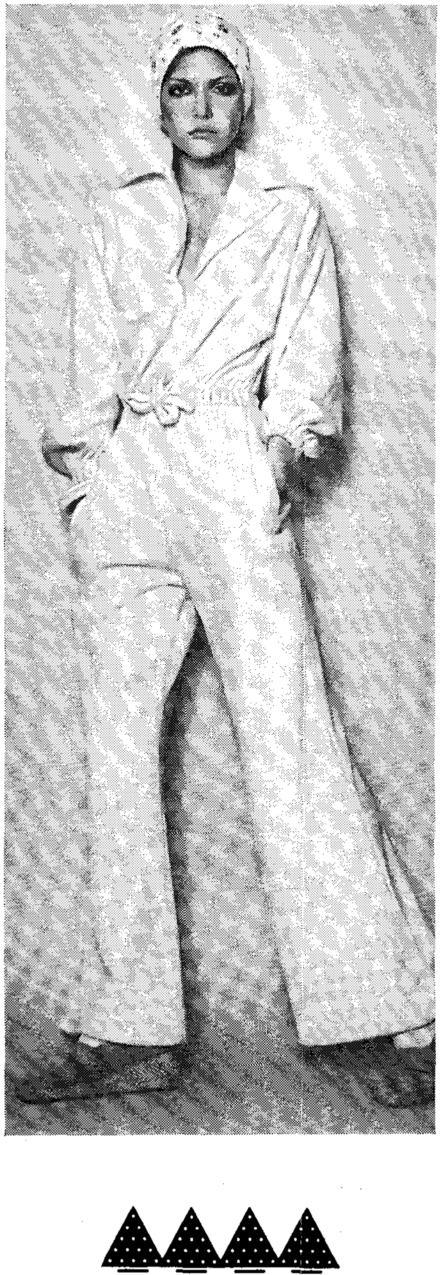

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Belgian detective. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Dec. 10.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage and manages to make a grand finale out of the coöperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Little Carnegie.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith as Jean Brodie, Muriel Spark's witty caricature of a romantic crackpot teacher. In the movie, all too conventionally directed by Ronald Neame, Miss Brodie, with her snobbishness and her affectations and her jumble shop of a mind, becomes a bit of an Auntie Mame, but Maggie Smith is worth seeing, and so are Celia Johnson as her adversary and Robert Stephens as her lover. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Salome (1953)—In this expensively ludicrous version, Rita Hayworth's striptease is intended to coax Herod (Charles Laughton) into giving John the Baptist (Alan Badel) a break, rather than serving him up as the palace blue-plate special. William Dieterle directed; with Judith Anderson, Stewart Granger, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

The Savage Is Loose—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (11/25/74) (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 8-9.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Paramount. No afternoon performances on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 10.)

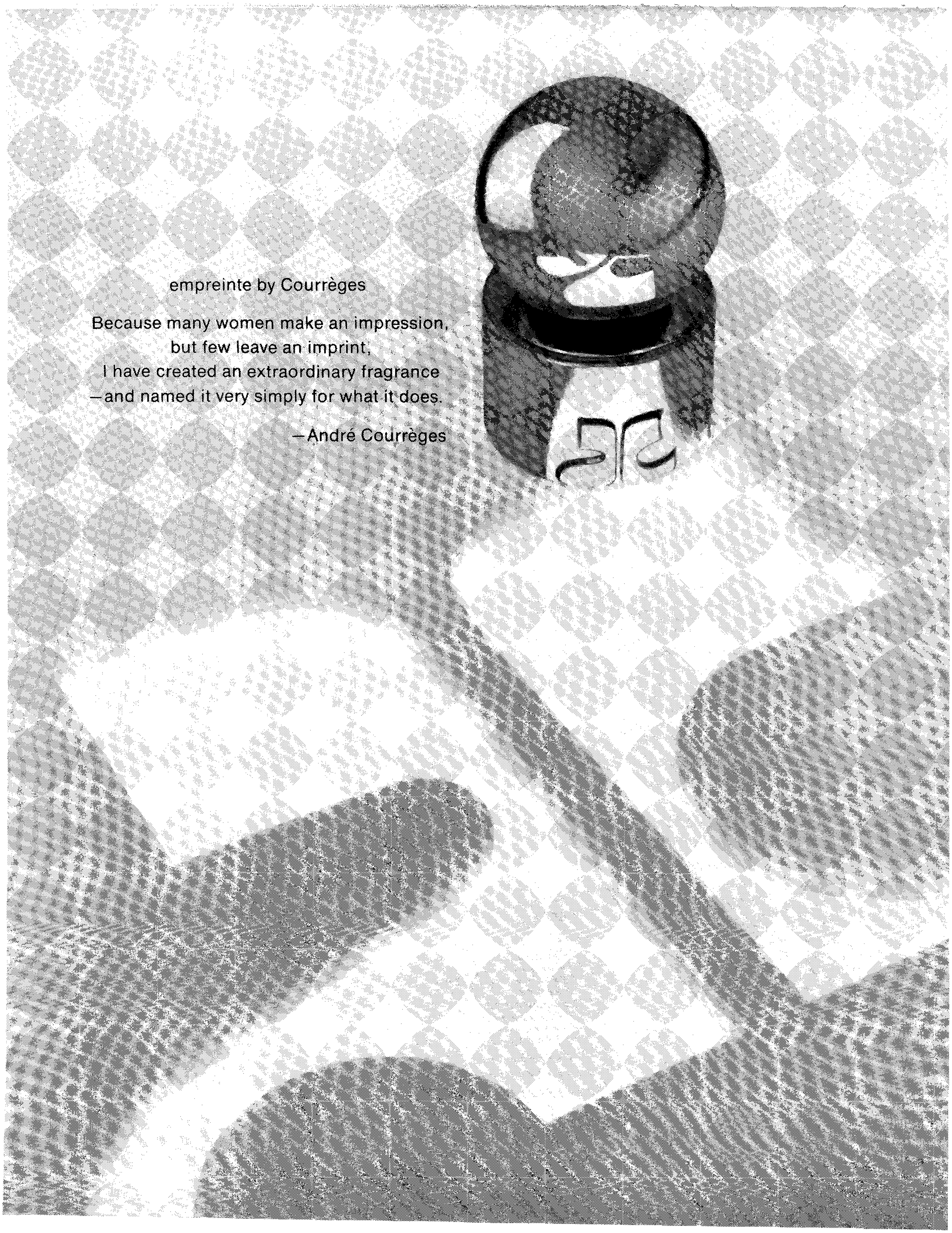
Shall We Dance (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting Dec. 12.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (3/10/73) (Olympia; through Dec. 10.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though not altogether satisfying) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (2/17/73) (Elgin; Dec. 5-7.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 10.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

The Taming of the Shrew (1967)—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 8.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Dec. 11.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 6.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

The Three Stooges Follies—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Sutton. The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11, and all day on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—For two hours and fifty minutes, this maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film and turns into an orgy of victimization for the students of a Southwestern interracial Freedom School, its weepy founder (Delores Taylor), and the Indians in the vicinity. My Lai is reenacted, and there are spinoffs of Wounded Knee, Kent State, and other outrages. The half-breed hero, Billy Jack (Tom Laughlin), is also involved in Carlos Castaneda spinoffs: he turns red and blue, walks among serpents, is attacked by bats, and listens to doggerel wisdom supplied by Indian-maiden guides. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (11/25/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Waverly; starting Dec. 11.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Greenwich; through Dec. 10.)

Where Does It Hurt? (1972)—With Peter Sellers and Jo Ann Pflug, directed by Rod Amateau. (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 10.)

Without Apparent Motive (1972)—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Dec. 5.)

A Woman Under the Influence—With Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands, directed by John Cassavetes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

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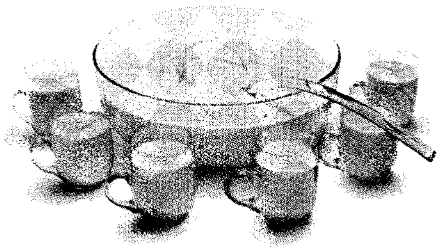

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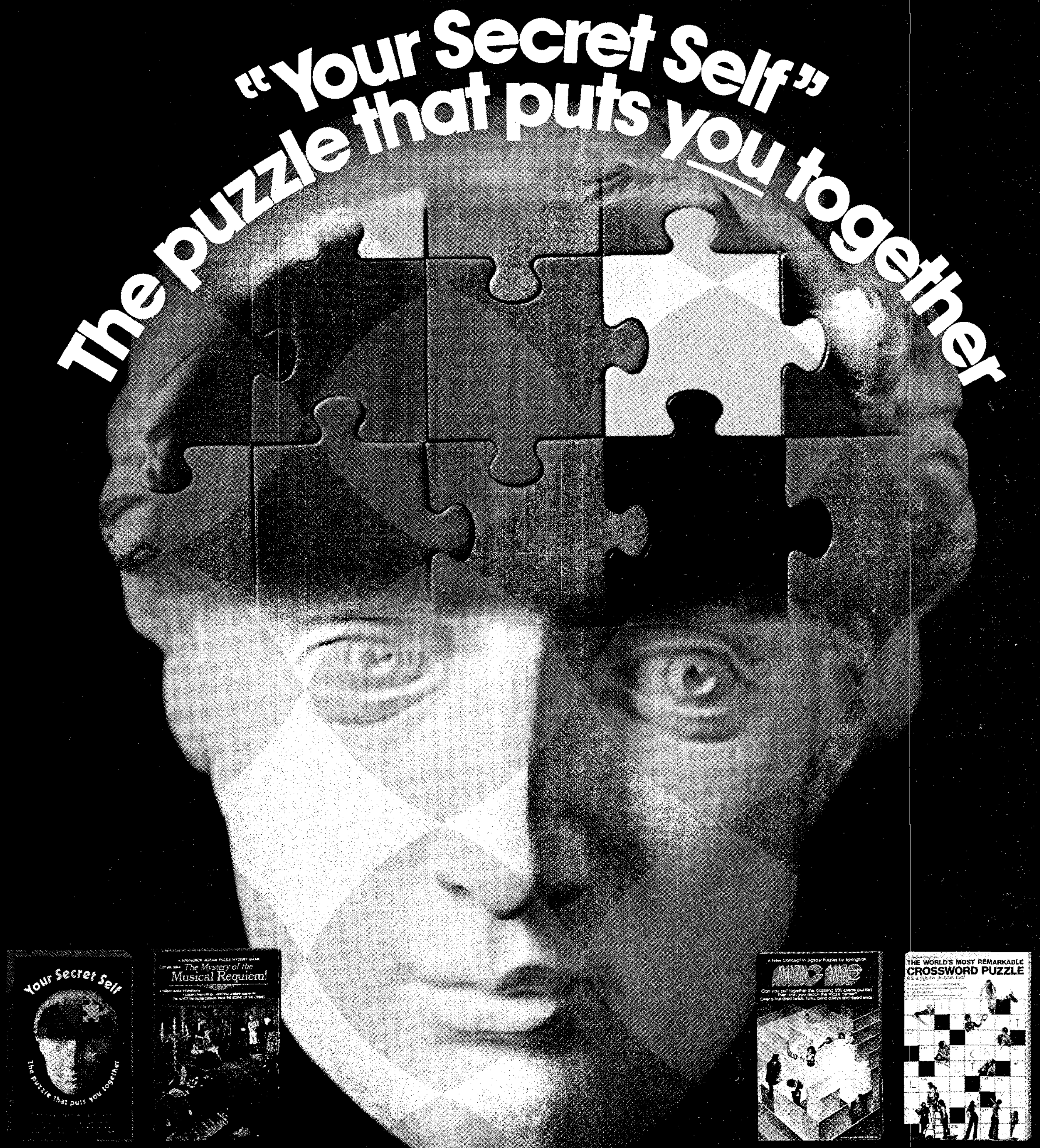
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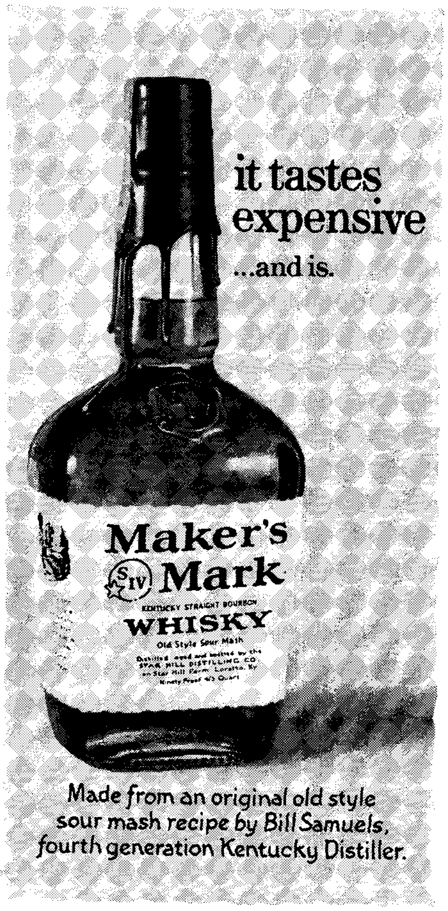

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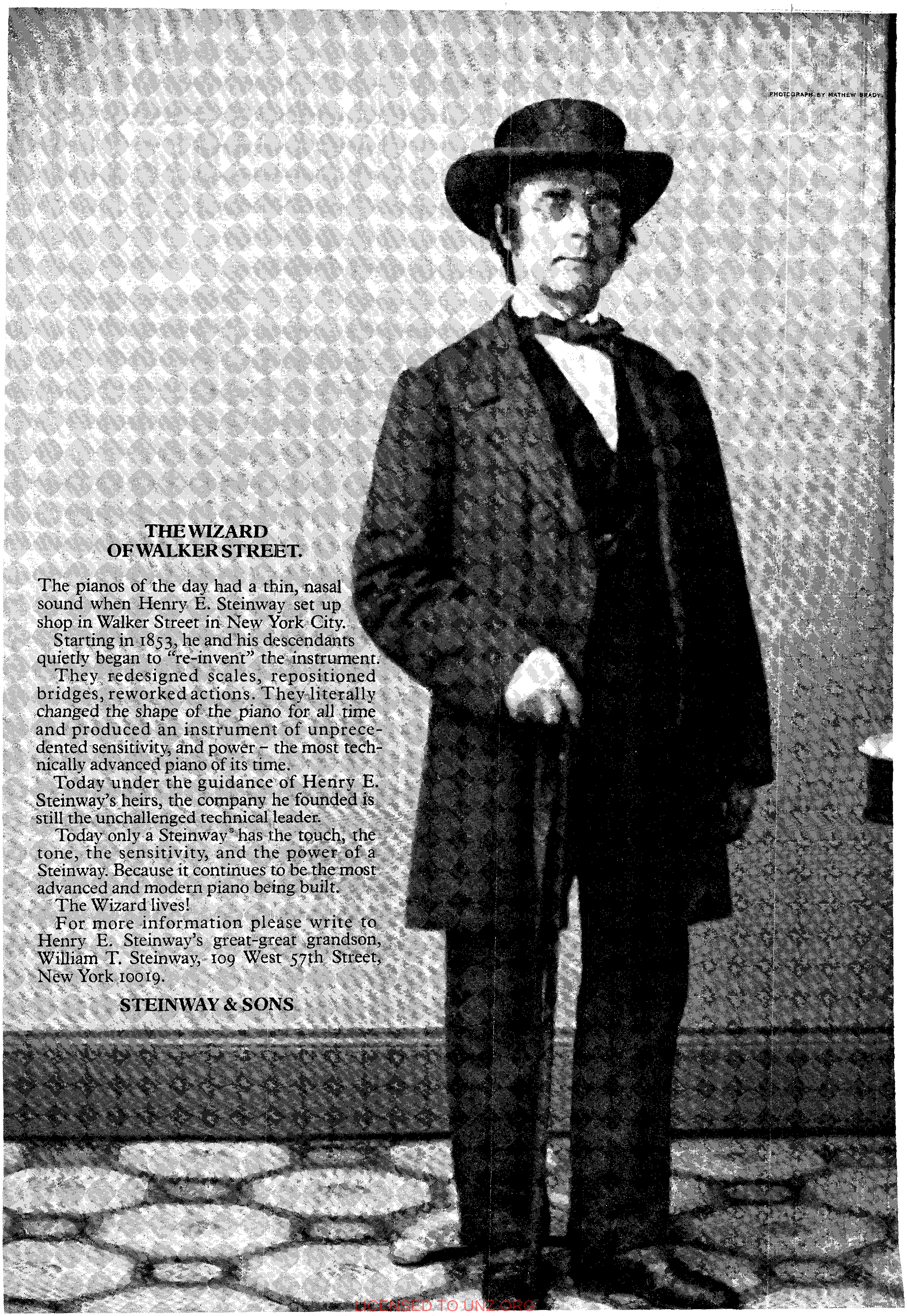

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER received from an overstimulated New Yorker who has been taking the waters at an artists' colony in New Hampshire:

I thought briefly of putting this in an empty can of Tab, which is a sugar-free variety of Coke, and floating it down the Contoocook River to see whether it got to you any faster than the United States Postal Service has been forwarding my mail to me. As you know, writers are an oral-compulsive bunch—talkative and thirsty. Many times a day, I've caught myself reaching for a Tab instead of a tablet. When I glanced at the printed label on the pink aluminum cylinder to see just what I was drinking so often (we're also compulsively literate), I saw that it contained—besides carbonated water—caramel color, flavorings, phosphoric acid, less than one-thirtieth of one per cent saccharin, no fats or proteins, one-thirtieth of one per cent available carbohydrates, and an unspecified amount of caffeine. So, since I also drink a lot of coffee, both hot and iced, I wrote to the Coca-Cola people to ask whether caffeine was contained in a quantity sufficient to affect my nerves, let alone my prose. In passing, I inquired how the product got its somewhat rebarbative name, which you'd associate more with the pull-top opening that curls up like a metal cow's tongue and can slice your fingers than with the effervescent contents, which really don't taste bad. Three weeks and about a gross of empty pink cans later, I received Coca-Cola's reply (and a coupon good for four quarts), which I quote, in part: "It was modern technology which made the selection. We programmed a computer to print every three- and four-letter word in the English language which contained either a vowel or a consonant. This is in line with our trademark research which tells us that short trademarks are remembered more easily by the public than long ones. The computer actually printed some 250,000 words (some unprintable!) and from this list we finally settled on TAB. It was a particularly applicable name since the word 'tab' does have its derivation in the Latin root 'tab,' which means 'a reduction of matter or wasting away (growing thinner).' " After reading this, I went to the box of old newspapers to rekindle the fire (it has been chilly here), and picked up an outdated *Times Magazine* with a cover picture of a young African woman cradling two babies in her lap, under empty breasts. The story told about the consequences of drought in an extensive part of North Central Africa, the Sahel. In connection with that mother and her children, the word "Tab" seemed unprintable. They were wasting away (growing thinner) in spite of modern technology. Now, I'll bet that somewhere in the U.S. "The Exorcist," with its Technicolor answer to the question "What is evil?," is still packing them in, while the real Devil's in the Sahel. The problem is still in the computer. Why can't a technology clever enough to dream up a product with no nutritional value find a way to get milk to famished children in a land where the cattle have died of drought? A thirsty child is a trademark of evil. A used can thrown away in the river is not merely as ugly as sin; it should be taken as a threat to us who are slaked and fat. On this crowded planet, the drought isn't far away from anybody.

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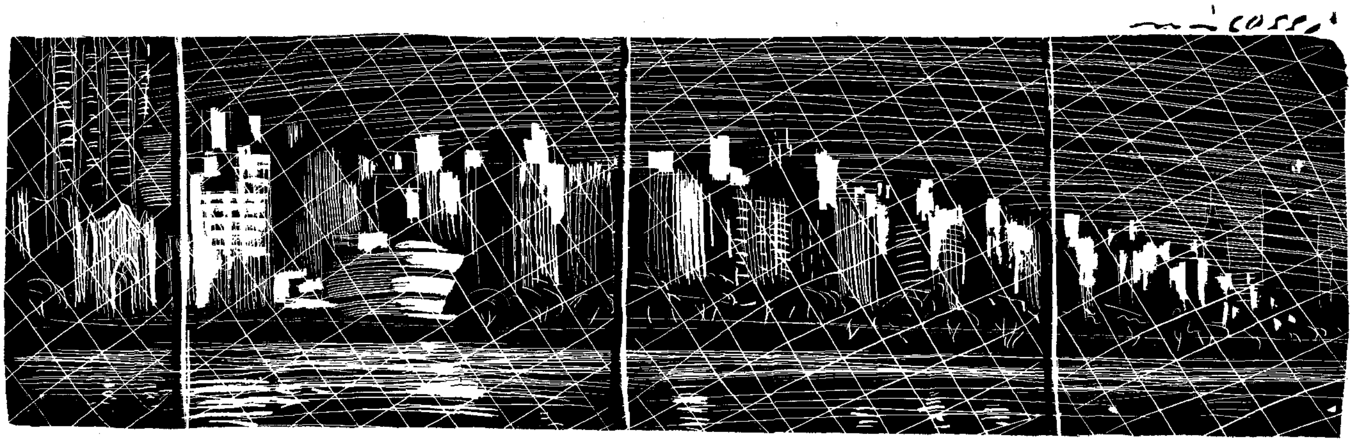
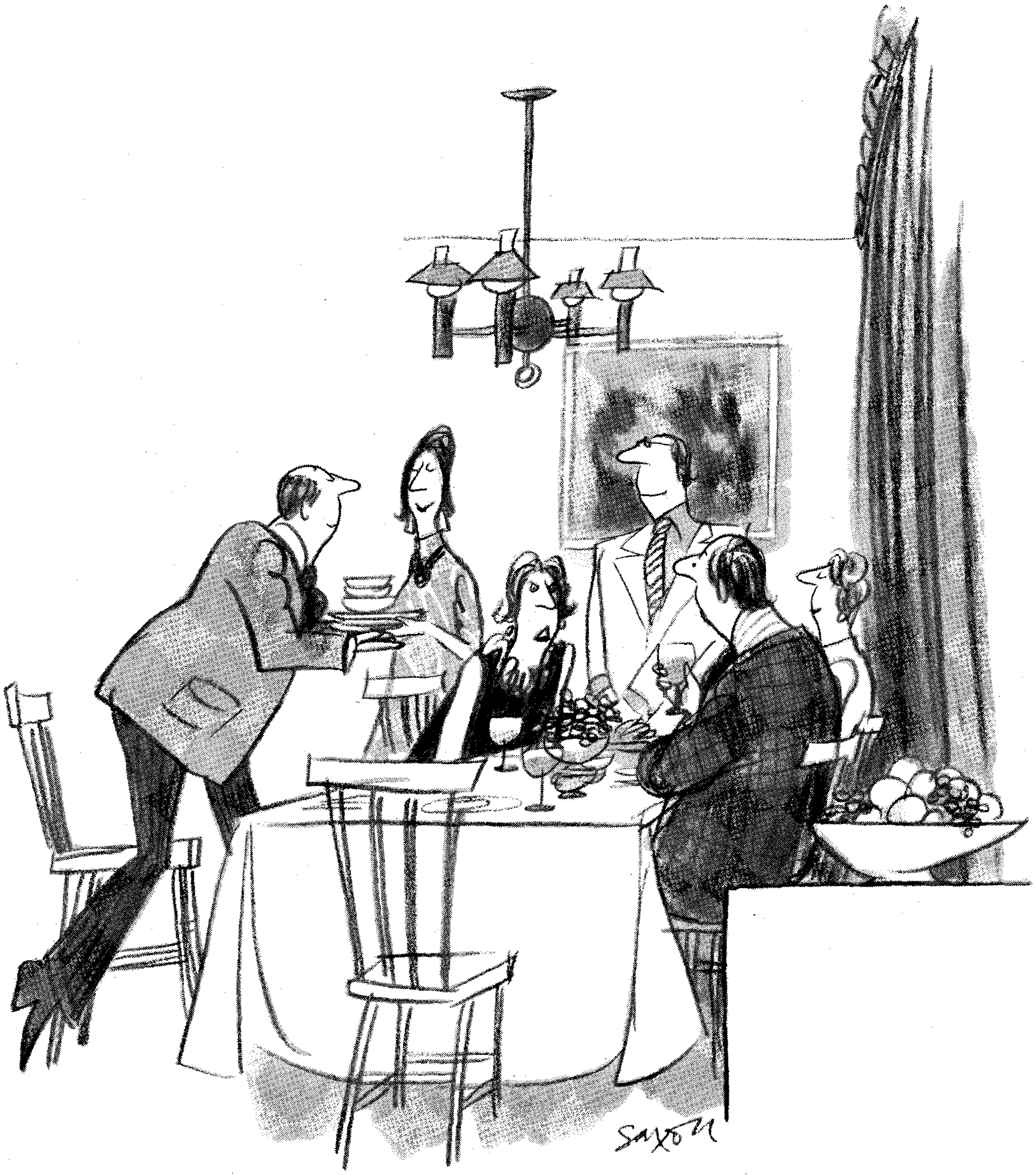
Small Worlds

NEW YORK's happiest lizards live in a new store up on East Eighty-eighth Street. The store, Small Worlds-Vivariums, specializes in making captive animals feel as if they hadn't left home. Small Worlds deals in four basic types of vivariums—woodland, desert, riverbank, and tropical—and the proprietors seem to have mastered the art of creating these environments inside twenty-gallon glass tanks, which are the kind most people use to house tropical fish. The shop is owned by a young married couple, Susan and Vern French, whose vivarium business grew out of a natural interest in wild animals, which Mr.





"Sheldon, why don't you ever leap up?"

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French developed when he was growing up in Muskogee, Oklahoma. "For a long time I worked as a production manager making television commercials," Mr. French told us. "One day, I found myself, at three o'clock in the morning, supervising the building of a kitchen in the shape of a 'G,' and I decided that if I was going to work that hard I might as well do something that I like. I like animals. When I was a kid, I was always bringing home box turtles and lizards and frogs and tadpoles."

We visited Small Worlds one evening, and the first thing we did was to inspect a desert vivarium containing a lone horned lizard. We grew up calling horned lizards horned toads. Now we know better. The lizard busied himself by crawling across the desert sand and nestling among the cacti and succulents. Mrs. French explained that there were actually six animals living in the vivarium—four horned lizards and a pair of Uta lizards—but the others had gone underground for the night. "They bury themselves even with the bright lights turned on," she said. "They're not faked out." The thing that distinguishes a desert vivarium from others is the absence of water and the presence of fluorescent Vita-lites and incandescent lights above the environment. Vita-lites are said to be ninety-one per cent "pure sunshine." The other vivariums also have Vita-lites, but they aren't as intense as the ones over the desert vivarium.

According to the Frenches' scheme of things, woodland, tropical, and riverbank vivariums contain two mediums—land and water. By using pieces of Plexiglas to section off a vivarium tank, the Frenches can create a small pond in the midst of forestlike vegetation. This is particularly convenient for Japanese fire-bellied newts and California newts, which are amphibious; on the other hand, forestlike vegetation doesn't matter very much to a calico fantail goldfish or to a xenopus, an African aquatic frog that we saw in a riverbank vivarium.

We took a special interest in a woodland vivarium containing some exotic chameleons, because over the years we've owned several anoles—the common garden-variety lizards, usually called American chameleons—which we used to buy at state fairs from mustachioed little men wearing fedoras. In retrospect, we realize that we were dead wrong to keep our anoles in an old El Producto cigar box with air holes punched in the top. True chameleons, which are native to the Old World, need to be surrounded by cork bark, rocks, fiddle-leaf-fig plants, and manzanita branches, and they need running water in their cages.

We asked a customer if he would like to have the chameleon vivarium in his living room.

"Are you kidding?" he said, and, pointing at the cage, he added, "I'd like for that to *be* my living room."

Randy Newman

RANDY NEWMAN, the songwriter, composer, and part-time rock star, was in town not long ago, and we went up to the St. Moritz to see him, because he is such a cool guy. Randy Newman's lyrics are about often overlooked topics, such as Utah. He once wrote a song about a girl and a beach-cleaning truck, which he regards as the best song ever written on the subject. He is getting popular, but, although he has been on the TV rock shows "In Concert" and "Midnight Special," he does not have a rhinestone set in his front teeth or a pair of snakeskin boots or a child named god. A good example of a Randy Newman song is "Sail Away," which is sung by a slave trader to his prospective merchandise in Africa:

In America you'll get food to eat,
Won't have to run through the
 jungle and scuff up your feet.
You'll just sing about Jesus and
 drink wine all day,
It's great to be an American.
Sail away—sail away.
We will cross the mighty ocean into
 Charleston Bay.

Here is some of what Randy Newman said: "My latest album, 'Good Old Boys,' is about the South. I'm not from the South—I'm from L.A., and my uncles Emil and Alfred Newman write movie scores. But my mother comes from New Orleans, and my father went to Alabama and L.S.U. My mother thinks Huey Long is the greatest. Someone in her family used to work for Long, and she's passed down myths about going home late one night and seeing him in his pajamas, which is a geographical impossibility. There's a song on the album called 'Every Man a King,' which Long co-wrote with Castro Carazo, who was at the time the director of the L.S.U. band. 'Every Man a King' was Long's motto. I first heard the song from my cousin in Meridian, Mississippi—Howard Barnett. He remembered it, and sang it word for word for me over the telephone. The chorus of people who sing the song on the album are me and my producers. If I had any friends, I'd have had them on there, too.

"I wanted Southerners to like this album, and some of them have. The first song on the album—'Rednecks'—was based on a 'Dick Cavett Show' I saw once when Lester Maddox was on. I was watching the show, and I was waiting for them to cut Maddox up. They didn't even give him a chance. And this is something I notice in myself—when someone opens his mouth and a Southern accent comes out, unless he works for the *Times* a Northerner assumes he's somehow morally inferior. Anyway, I premièred the album in Atlanta with an eighty-seven-piece orchestra, and it went over pretty well. I played it at L.S.U., and they liked it there, too. They love Long there, because he gave them a good football team and a band when he was governor.

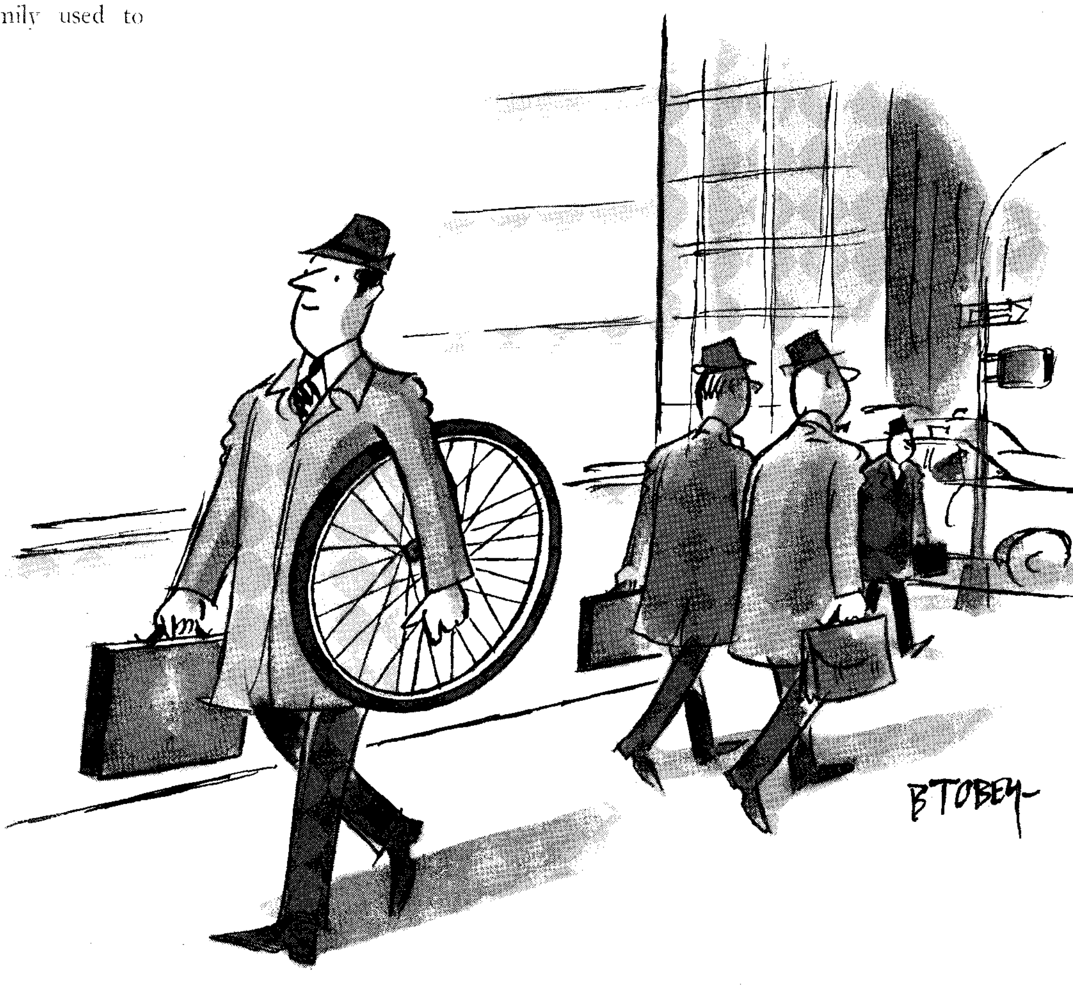
"One of the songs on the album, 'Naked Man,' I didn't do the way I'd originally wanted to. The song is about a woman who has her purse snatched by a naked man. I got the idea for the song from a public defender from New Orleans who told me that the police arrested a naked man in New Orleans for snatching a woman's purse, and the guy's excuse was he had been chased naked from his girl friend's bedroom by her husband, and as he was running away down the street this *other* naked man, carrying a purse, came running from the opposite direction and *gave* him the purse as he ran by. But that was too complicated to put in the song.

"I just came to town from Batavia, New York. Before that, I was in Toronto, and before that Minneapolis, and before that Atlanta. I've heard lots of discussions about the worst city in America. I've heard that the worst city—in fact, the worst place of any size—is Troy, New York."

We mentioned Cleveland, Ohio, because we knew that Randy Newman once did a song about the Cuyahoga River catching on fire. The song is called "Burn on, Big River."

"They really lived that song in Cleveland," he said. "In fact, it was the cause of my being mentioned in *Sports Illustrated* for the one and only time. Mike Reid, who's a defensive lineman for the Cincinnati Bengals and also a piano player, talked about that song and said I was the best pop writer in the business. I meant to drop him a line about that, but I forgot how to write a letter."

"Mayor Perk, the Mayor of Cleveland, once caught on fire," we said. "He was cutting a metal ribbon with an acetylene torch to open a metallur-



gical society's convention, and a spark flew up and landed on the top of his head, and flames shot up from his hair. One of his aides started batting him on the top of the head, but the Mayor didn't realize he was on fire, and he thought he was being assassinated, and he almost turned the torch on his aide."

Randy Newman laughed. He said he'd never actually played a concert in Cleveland but he'd once played at Kenyon College, which is where Jonathan Winters, the comedian, went to school. "I love the parody musicals on Winters' early albums," Randy said. He began to sing, "Oh put that stamp on that aluminum,/ Send that plane up in the blue./ Our boy Roy,/ We're with you."

Newman continued, "I rode in the same elevator with Jonathan Winters once. My father, who's a doctor, was there, too, wearing his stethoscope. We're standing there facing the front, and we hear a soft sound. 'Bum-*bum*. Bum-*bum*. Bum-*bum*.' "

We asked Newman what he was doing now that his album was finished.

"Reading," he said. "Right now I'm reading 'The Age of Reason,' by Harold Nicolson. I'm also reading 'Oliver Twist.' I like Dickens. He did a tour of America, just like Elton John. I'm thinking of taking a speed-reading course. Have you ever taken one of those? I probably shouldn't. I read too much, and I don't live enough, and I don't listen enough."

"Have you visited any of our cultural attractions here in New York?" we asked.

"I never go out," Randy Newman said. "I sit in my hotel room and read those guides to what's going on. *Cincinnati This Week*—things like that. I say to myself, 'This must be a great town.' I watch television. I hate to watch myself on television, though. When the 'Midnight Special' I did was on, I was in the other room, and my wife said, 'Come in and take a look. It's not so bad.' My posture was terrible. I had a fat back. I'd never realized I had a fat back before. My mouth looked like a torn pocket."

Actually, Randy Newman's mouth looks more like a drain that his eyes and nose are going down.

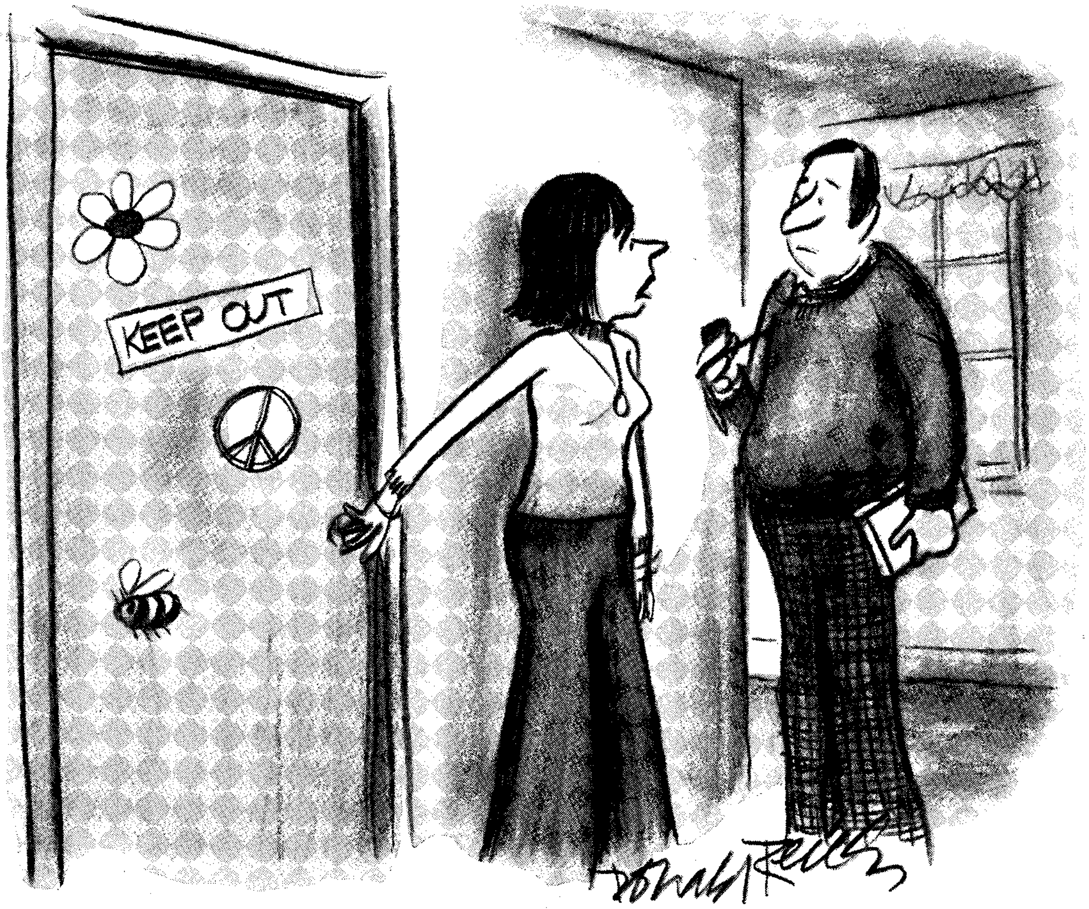
"Television is the only situation in my life where I do exactly as I'm told," Randy Newman said. "I was supposed to introduce Maria Muldaur, and I was supposed to say, 'Not only is she talented but she's a beautiful lady.' I rebelled. I said, 'I'm not going to say anything that *hosty*.' When the time came, I introduced her like this: 'Not only is she talented but she's a beautiful lady.' If you could get enough people in a TV studio, you could rule the world."

Excitement, Fun, and Fiendish Fascination

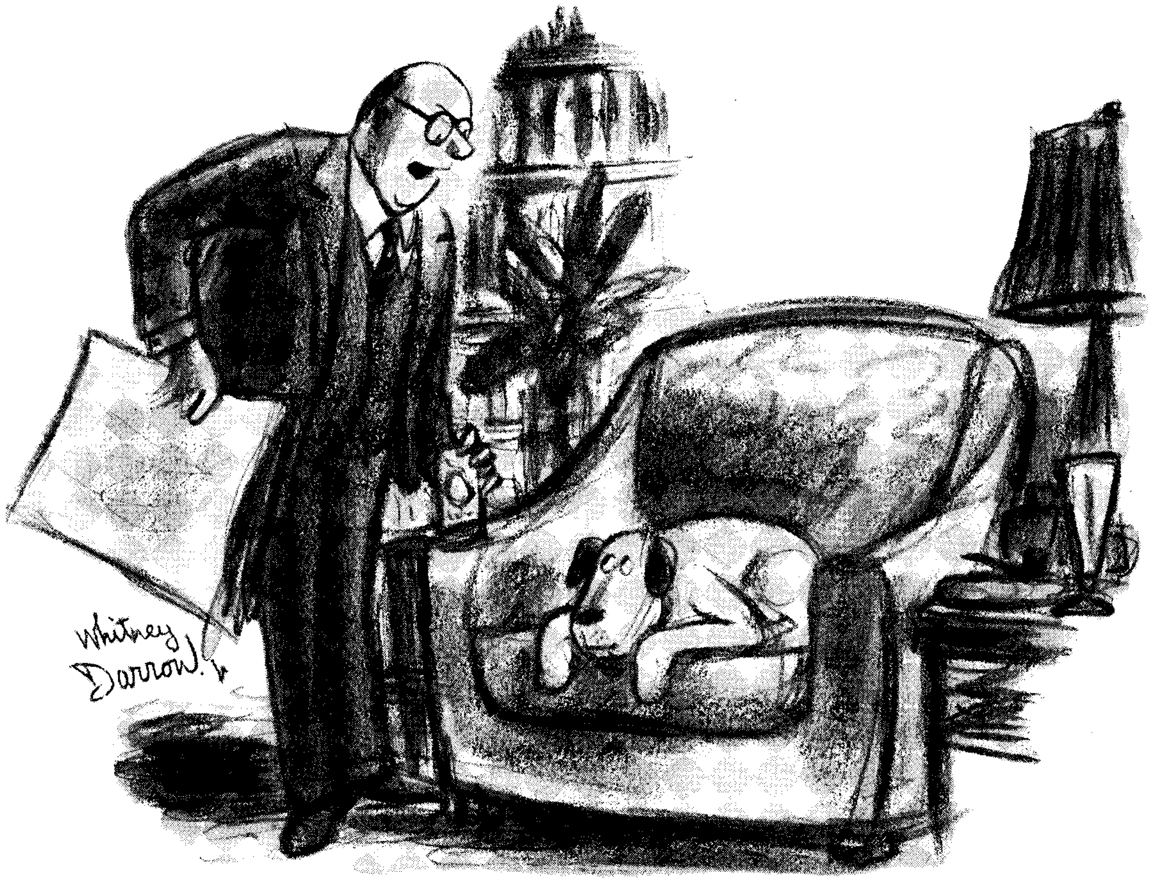
THE computer-art crowd, which we now travel on the fringes of, presented an evening of its creations one recent night at the City University of New York Graduate School and University Center, on West Forty-second Street. Computer art is— Well, most of it exists on television screens and tape recordings. For instance, the purplish sequence on "ABC's NFL Monday Night Football," at the beginning of the show and before Howard Cosell does the halftime highlights, is computer art. So is the marquee effect at the beginning of "In Performance at Wolf Trap," on PBS.

The first things we saw when we entered the auditorium at the Graduate Center were three screens showing rapidly changing geometric shapes. The images, which reminded us of a rug sale at Bloomingdale's, turned out to be "Video Wallpaper," a creation of Louise and Bill Etra, who are graphic designers. The "Video Wallpaper" flashed along to the accompaniment of computer music, which sounded strikingly like an impressionistic interpretation of a Paleo-Siberian folk tune being played on the rim of a crystal wineglass.

The crowd seemed roughly divided into artsy people, computery people, and relatives of the computer artists. We sat behind Rose Fichtenbaum, who is the mother of Dr. Sema Marks, the Director of Academic Computing at the Graduate Center and the evening's moderator. Mrs. Fichtenbaum had had her hair done



"I hate to see her leaving childhood so soon. This year, she said 'The Nutcracker' was a bummer."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"That happens to be the Master's favorite chair, and I, not you, am the Master."

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for the occasion, and she smiled the whole time her daughter was on the podium. Dr. Marks is trying to establish a computer-art archive at the Graduate Center—a center, she says, "for all the mediums within the medium." In her opening remarks, she warned that the world is rapidly separating into two groups, "those who know computers and those who don't"—much the same way, we suppose, that it has already separated into people who own boa constrictors and those who don't. Dr. Marks talked about the "excitement, fun, and fiendish fascination of computers," and then she introduced Charles Dodge, a composer of computer music, who has recorded an album titled "Earth's Magnetic Field." With the aid of a computer, Mr. Dodge is able to stretch sounds of human speech over time without changing their pitch, or to change the pitch without altering the rhythm. He played several pieces of computer music, including an excerpt from his album, which he produced "by transcribing a graph of the effect of the sun's rays on the earth's magnetic field into music," he explained, adding, "The magnitude of the effect provides the pitch, and another variable determines the rhythm." We found the rhythm rather elusive. Between the pieces of computer music, Mr. Dodge had trouble with the microphone.

We also watched four computer-art films produced by Ken Knowlton and Lillian Schwartz, and then more "Video Wallpaper" by the Etras. During a question-and-answer period, Bill Etra explained that the technology now exists to track a person's brain signals and to show on videotape what his next movement will be a split second before it actually happens. "It's no longer a science-fiction dream," he added, "that if you put on an electronic thinking cap your thoughts can travel across space to someone else."

The next day, we called Charles Dodge to ask him some questions about computer music, and a tape-recorded voice told us to leave our number and he would call back.

Meet Miss Subways

IF you tear your OTB ticket in half by mistake and you want to cash it in, you have to go down to the headquarters of Off-Track Betting, situated at 1501 Broadway. If you go down to the headquarters of Off-Track Betting, you might meet Miss Subways. Miss Subways is named Marci Kilpatrick, and she is an administrative assistant to the vice-president of OTB. She has held her title since October 11th, and will hold it until February, when the next Miss Subways will be chosen. She has a charm bracelet of silver subway tokens, and she also has a banner that says "Miss Subways" on it. So far, being Miss Subways has not brought her a flood of publicity, although Doremus & Company has made arrangements for her to cut the ribbon at the opening of the East River Savings Bank's subway-station extension at Fiftieth Street and Sixth Avenue. She was a winner of the contest because she distributed postcards that said "I vote for Marci Kilpatrick" to all the members of her union (Public Employees Local 37), with the help of her union president, Shiekie Snyder; and because her mother, who works for Loomskill-Gallery-Couleur, in the garment district, distributed postcards to the people she knows there; and because her father, who's a retired policeman, distributed postcards to the folks on his old beat; and because her sister, who works for a large law firm, distributed postcards to the people in the office; and because her brother, who worked at a bank, distributed postcards in the Wall Street area.

Marci is five feet three but very regal. She auditioned for the Negro Ensemble Company a couple of Fridays ago, but she won't know until late December whether she made it or not. She takes photographs, and she reads *Jet*, *Ebony*, *Essence*, and the *Amsterdam News*. She's glad that her father has retired from the police force, because she used to worry about him. And sometimes, when she takes the Eighth Avenue train to work in the morning, she likes to sit right under her picture and wait for people to recognize her.

AND THEN THE WHINING SCHOOLBOY, WITH HIS SATCHEL

AT four o'clock of a late-February afternoon in 1919, an icicle four feet long depending from the nose of Sultan Abdul-Hamid II, the potentate whose granite countenance graced the façade of the Turk's Head Building in Providence, cascaded four stories to the sidewalk below, narrowly missing Morris Schreiber, an insurance salesman who was hurrying at that moment to sell Azouf Harootunian, the manager of the Weybosset Market, an accident policy. In the barbershop of the Crown Hotel, simultaneously, Walt Zymchuck, in charge of the second chair, was lathering Edward Gipf, a retired jewelry executive, when, because of the intense cold, the Bakelite handle of his shaving brush broke off and lodged a soapy pellicle of badger hair in his client's throat, occasioning momentary strangulation. Less than twenty minutes later, the accumulation of frozen snow on the roof of Cherry & Webb's specialty shop on Westminster Street caused a skylight to buckle in such wise that icy drafts whipped down an interior wall. A family of mice domiciled there scampered into the corset department, and in the resultant stampede Mrs. Anna Rubashkin of Central Falls suffered a number of contusions from splintered whalebone.

While these and similar human-interest stories were breaking all over Providence in what was inevitably described as the worst freeze in weather annals, another event, far more epochal from my point of view, was about to occur in the city. On Exchange Place, the municipal mall dominated by an equestrian statue of General Ambrose Burnside, stood a popular tearoom and soda fountain—an Elysian temple of goodies which, to avoid any imputation that it was run by Greeks, bore the prosaic name of Gibson's. So seductive was the ambrosial smell of its cakes, pies, cookies, twists, and rings, its chocolates, caramels, mints, and nougats, and the syrups and garnishes employed in its parfaits, smashes, cabinets, and banana splits that travellers had been known to leap from trains passing through the Union Station, three blocks away, and squander their patrimony there with no thought for the morrow. Five or six years earlier, indeed, a stockroom clerk at the Pussy Willow Ruching Corporation, famed throughout New England for feminine neckwear, had embezzled a quantity of jabots, altered the labels on their boxes, and sold them to unsuspecting French Canadians as sabots. Since the offender had spent the entire proceeds on brownies, éclairs, and macaroons at Gibson's and lapsed into a state of coma, the judge, a compassionate man with a sweet tooth, tempered justice with mercy and remitted the sentence.

It was to the foregoing establishment, then, that I had been invited that afternoon for a rendezvous with a lady a dozen years my senior—a situation that, considering I was a raw youth, might suggest the sort of liaison popularized by Colette or Arthur Schnitzler. Actually, the inception of the meeting was quite innocent. Just as our sophomore English class at high school was dispersing that morning, the teacher, Miss Cronjager, summoned me to her desk. Over the weekend, it emerged, she had been grading some compositions of an autobiographical nature submitted by the class, and she felt that mine needed clarification. "I was originally going to discuss it with you in my office," she said, "but on second thought it might be better if we did so in a less constrained atmosphere. I have an errand or two not far from Gibson's, so let's you and I meet there for a nice cup of tea and a chat."

Inasmuch as Miss Cronjager had honey-colored hair and a figure evocative of the coryphées portrayed in cigarette pictures, I saw no reason to gag at the proposal and turned up well ahead of time. Before long, I began salivating as waitresses ran to and fro bearing charlotte russes, schnecken, and gooseberry tarts to the women shoppers about me; at last, tortured by the rich aroma of hot chocolate and spicy fruitcake, my will power collapsed, and I ordered a portion of jelly roll and a coffee float. The question of payment for the snack did not concern me. After all, I reasoned, since Miss Cronjager had initiated the conference, it was her obligation to pick up the tab.

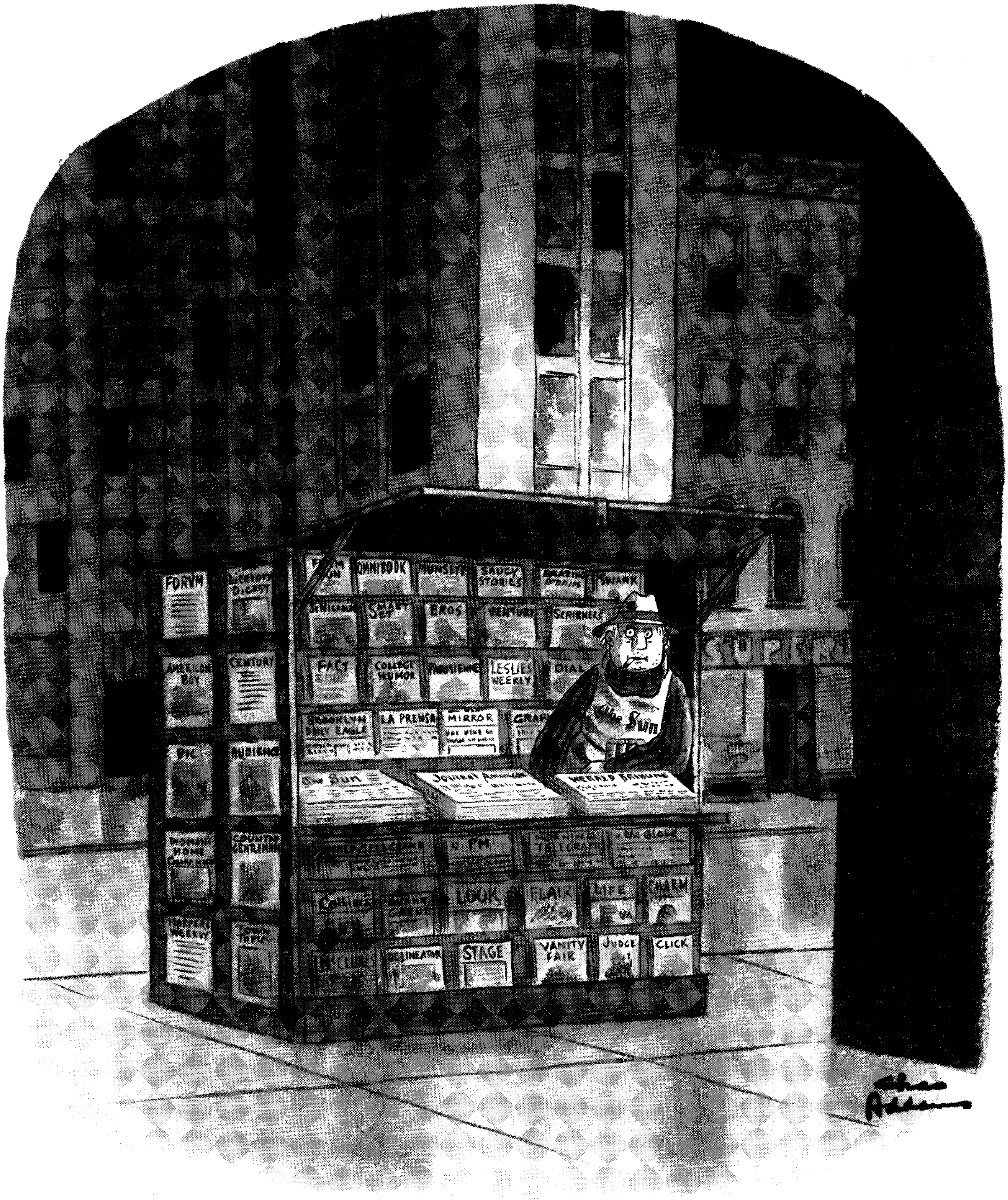
Half an hour passed without any sign of Miss Cronjager, and, fearful that the management might deem me a stiff loitering in the premises to keep warm, I ordered a butterscotch ice-cream soda and a slice of angel cake topped with hazelnuts and chocolate sauce. What with the surrounding turbulence, I succeeded in remaining persona grata for another thirty minutes, but then panic overtook me. My repast thus far totalled one dollar and eighty-five cents, and all I had on me was my carfare home. Fantasies began multiplying wherein Miss Cronjager had broken an ankle en route or been run down by a streetcar. The consequences—a hullabaloo of exposure, arrest, arraignment in juvenile court—were too horrid to contemplate. Moreover, and as if to intensify my qualms, a busboy materialized and polished the table to a high gloss while the manager, arms folded behind his cash register, surveyed me menacingly.

Luckily, before I could throw myself at his feet and plead for mercy, Miss Cronjager appeared, flushed and rosy from the biting cold. She was wearing a Russian pony coat, and every woman in the place immediately turned sick with hatred.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she apologized. "You should have had something to eat." I mumbled some gallantry of a Spartan nature, which she brushed aside. "No, no—order some cinnamon toast or buns, whatever you'd like. I'll just have tea." Feigning elaborate reluctance, I studied the menu, torn between mocha layer cake and a walnut sundae with ladyfingers. Rather than be categorized as a glutton, however, I checked myself and settled for an eight-inch segment of poppy-seed strudel and a vanilla freeze.

"Now, then," Miss Cronjager began, as lethargy from an excess of carbohydrates stole over me, "very likely, you wonder why I chose to hold our discussion here instead of at school. The reason is that the essay you wrote about your past. . ." She

UNSAFE
2 TONS
Albert Hubbell


FORUM
LITERARY DIGEST
OMNIBOOK
MUNSEY'S
SAUCY STORIES
SWANK
SMART SET
EROS
VENTURE
SCRIBNER'S
AMERICAN BOY
CENTURY
FACT
COLLEGE HUMOR
PARISIENNE
LESLIE'S WEEKLY
DIAL
BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE
LA PRENSA
MIRROR
PIC
AUDIENCE
The Sun
JOURNAL AMERICAN
HERALD TRIBUNE
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
WORLD-TELEGRAM
PM
MORNING TELEGRAPH
The GLOBE
Collier's
LOOK
FLAIR
LIFE
CHARM
HARPER'S WEEKLY
TOWN TOPICS
McCLURE'S
DELINEATOR
STAGE
VANITY FAIR
JUDGE
CLICK

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hesitated. "Well, it raised some personal questions that I felt could be better answered in a heart-to-heart talk."

My pulse skipped a beat, a hot blush rose to the roots of my hair, and a mixture of anxiety and guilt churned in my breast. Had I unwittingly divulged some dark corner of my psyche, visible only to an adult? Had Miss Cronjager, reading between the lines, sensed with her feminine intuition the fantasies I sometimes cherished about her, particularly before falling asleep?

"Eh—sure, Miss Cronjager," I said. "What would you like to know?"

She reached under her chair and withdrew my theme from a briefcase. "Well, let's go over it in detail. Your earliest boyhood memory, you say, was of a village on the rocky, fogbound coast of Maine, of rough but kindly fishermen hauling lobster pots and mending their nets. Occasionally, when they voyaged to the Grand Banks in their schooners, they took you along, because you recall men in dories detaching codfish from hand lines. Now, on one of these voyages you made the acquaintance of an English lad, who had accidentally fallen off a transatlantic liner and been rescued by your vessel, with whom you became fast friends. Tell me," she broke off, "did you ever read a book by Rudyard Kipling called 'Captains Courageous'?"

"Not that I remember," I said. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just curious," she said. "One other point. Not far from the village, you state, there was an isolated tavern named the Admiral Benbow Inn, frequented by suspicious characters who clinked gold coins when they roistered and sang nautical chanteys. Together with the boy whose mother ran the tavern—his name, you believe, was Hawkins—you hid in an apple barrel and ascertained that these men were mutineers. How large was this barrel that it could accommodate two boys?"

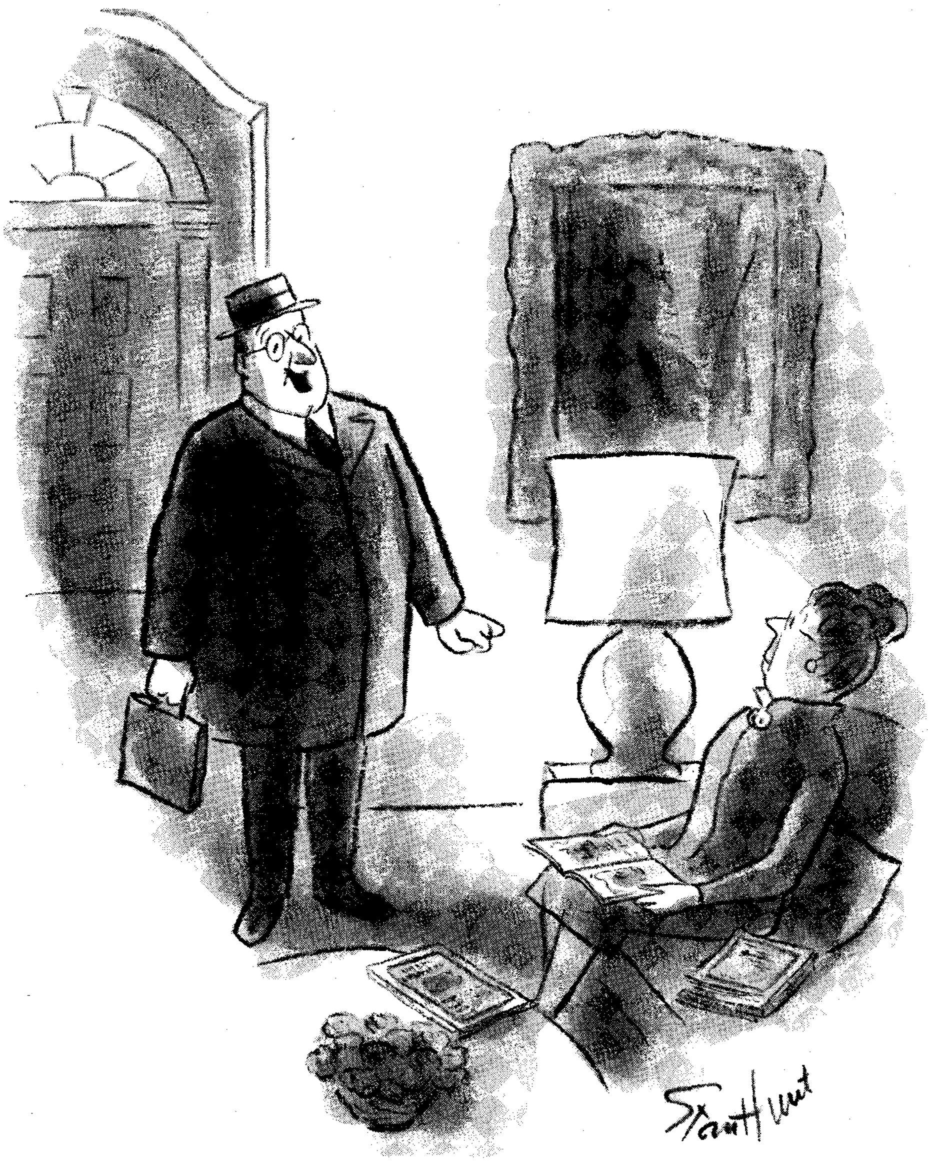
"It was more of a keg—a hogshead, like, with iron hoops," I explained. "They used them for rum and molasses, too. The inside was real sticky."

"'Sticky' is a good description," agreed Miss Cronjager. "I felt that when I read the passage. All right, we come next to the stage in your narrative where your folks have moved to a cotton plantation in Dixie. Your account of their huge pillared mansion, with a family retainer named Uncle Cudgo, Southern belles waltzing with their escorts, and field hands strumming banjos, is very colorful, but you neglect to mention where the money for all this came from. I was under the impression that your parents' livelihood derived from catching finny denizens."

"It came about through a legacy, I believe," I said. "I remember a lawyer bringing us some stocks and bonds in a hamper, but I was too young to understand."

"Besides, you were rebellious," she reminded me. "As you point out, you soon tired of all the fussing, the endless coddling of nurses and tutors, and you ran away to the Texas Panhandle, to live the life of a cowboy. You must have been the youngest cowhand in the West at that time."

I nodded. "I was, but if you read 'Riders of the Purple Sage' or 'The Winning of Barbara Worth,' there were lots of young fellows seeking their fortunes out there. I mean, it was the frontier, and it took plenty of vim to rope and tie the dogies, brand the mavericks, and stave off attacks of the marauding red man."



"Angeline, guess what! I've chucked the Chairmanship of the Board and taken a job as piano player in a bordello."

"From which you didn't flinch one iota, I'm sure," she said warmly. "Was that how you became a rustler?"

"A rustler?" I repeated. "Not a rustler, Miss Cronjager—a *wrestler*. You see, the family objected to my life on the range and packed me off to Lawrenceville, where I made the varsity team and hung around with ginks like your Doc Macnooder, the Tennessee Shad, and so forth."

"What a privilege to have known those fabled characters of Owen Johnson's personally, rather than through the printed page like the rest of us," she observed enviously. "However, at that juncture, I confess, I was mystified. Why didn't you go on to Yale thereafter?"

"Gee, I thought I made that clear," I said. "Dink Stover was the big man on campus there, and I was afraid that our rivalry—well, I hate to say it . . ."

"No, go on," she urged. "You're much too self-effacing."

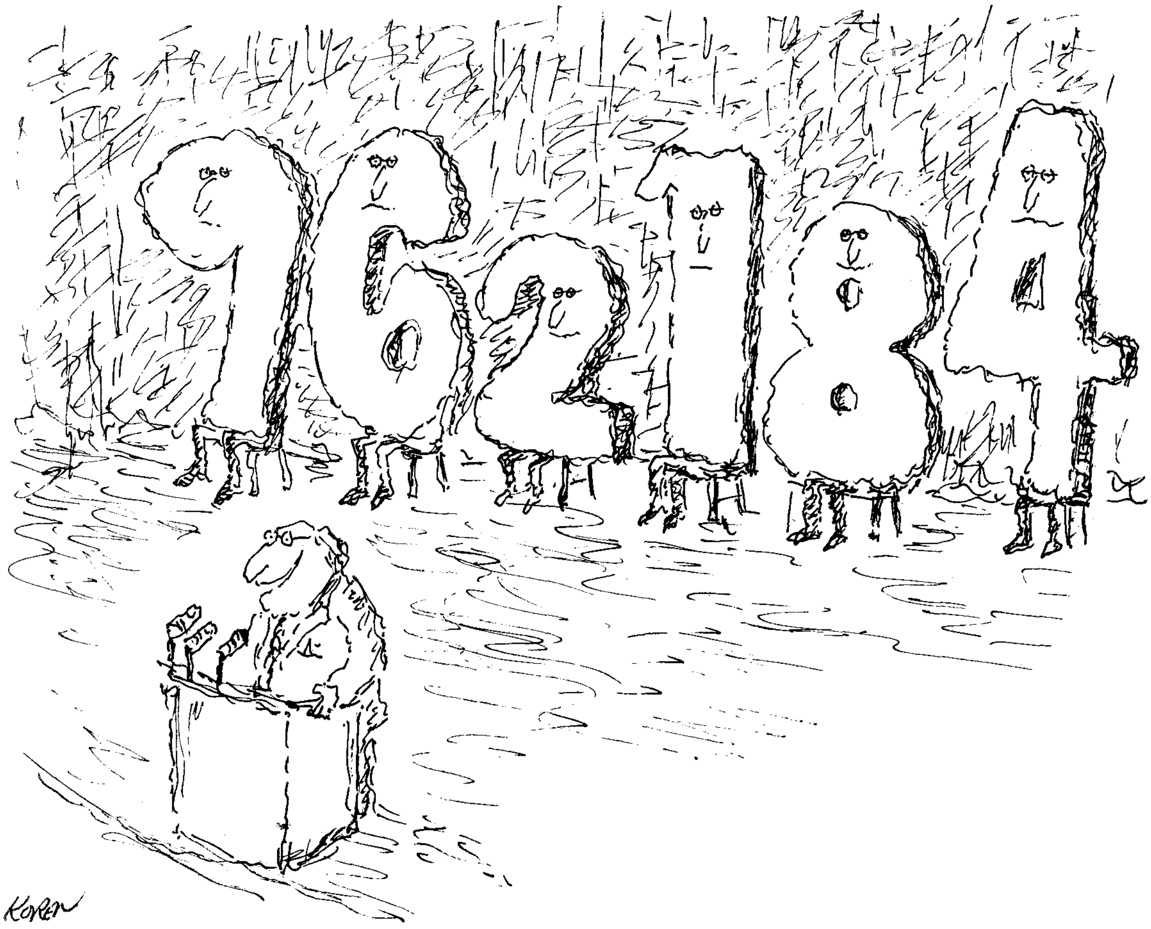
"I felt there wasn't room for us both," I said. "And, besides, I had those two projects I couldn't decide between."

"Oh, yes, I forgot." She consulted my pages. "Whether to track down the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu or to join Allan Quatermain in the Mountains of the Moon. You really were on the horns of a dilemma, weren't you?"

"Worse than that," I said. "The Yukon was calling, too, and the South Seas. One minute, I saw myself skimming over the frozen wastes in a dogsled driven by some laconic sourdough; the next, I was piloting a longboat manned by seven bronzed Kanakas through the surf at Rarotonga."

"Now, that's the part of your reminiscences that puzzled me most," said Miss Cronjager. "With all these clashing impulses, what finally brought you back to Providence and the Classical High School? For one whose history is so colorful, don't you find existence here a bit prosaic—humdrum, in fact?"

"Well, it's not as exciting as some places," I admitted. "I remember one time when I was a supercargo



"Tonight, we're going to let the statistics speak for themselves."

• •

aboard a Swedish tramp bound from Mombasa to Tientsin. It was typhoon weather in the South China Sea, and we were scudding along under bare poles—"

"Wait a minute," she interrupted. "When did this take place? There's no indication here that you ever shipped before the mast."

"Look, Miss Cronjager," I expostulated. "When you assigned us this subject, you said to make it brief—to just emphasize the salient points. If I put down all the adventures I've had, it would read like 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' "

"It does even now," she said. "That in a way is what I'm driving at. Tell me, how old are you?"

I replied that I had recently celebrated my fifteenth birthday.

"Well, you certainly have led a life jam-packed with incident. And," she added, with an enigmatic smile, "you've managed to squeeze in quite a lot of reading, haven't you?"

Stupefied though I was by my sugar intake, some instinct warned me at that moment that the question was loaded, and in a flash the truth dawned on me. In my innocence, I had accepted the teacher-pupil relationship at face value, only to fall victim to the third degree. Miss Cronjager, for all her silken benevolence, sought to trap me into admitting that my past was a tissue of falsehoods—a collage, or mosaic, of the great books that had enriched my youth. Instantly, I was on the qui vive. In the next breath, this woman might very well demolish me with charges of plagiarism, forever ruin my credibility. Luckily, if the hours I had spent with Leatherstocking, with Sax Rohmer's Nayland Smith, and with Craig Kennedy, the Scientific Detective, had taught me nothing else, they had honed my sense of caution to razor sharpness. I had learned that destruction lurked behind the snap of a twig in the forest path, that a trifling cigarette ash could doom even the most cunning individual and bring his house of cards crashing down on his head. It may seem incredible that a mere fifteen-year-old should be capable of so complex a chain of reasoning, yet it hurtled through my mind with the speed of an express train, and in the next instant my foil parried Miss Cronjager's thrust with lightning swordsmanship.

"Why, yes," I returned, my lips curving in the exact Oriental smile that Sydney Greenstreet was to popularize several decades later. "I occasionally like to while away the idle hour with a book, as who does not? However," I went on, rising, "I fear I detain you. If you have no further questions, Miss Cronjager, it is incumbent on me to scoot. The Y.M.C.A. gymnastics team, which I captain, is competing tonight for the Horace Dooley silver cup, and I must insure that everything in the way of sweatshirts and similar gear is in apple-pie order."

Had Miss Cronjager known that far from being captain, or even a member, of any gymnastics team, I could not vault over a sawhorse without sustaining multiple fractures, I would not have escaped so easily. For whatever reason, though—possibly out of sheer ennui—she interposed no objection, and I beat a hasty retreat. Several days later, I was chopfallen to discover that I had received a mark of D-minus for my handiwork. To this day, I can think of no adequate explanation. Perhaps, aggrieved by the staggering bill she paid at Gibson's, Miss Cronjager revenged herself by flunking me—a disheartening instance of the Dickensian cruelty prevalent at that time in New England high schools. Nonetheless, and by what rare gift of forbearance in my makeup I cannot say, I never bore her a grudge. Maybe it was that stern upbringing in the Maine fisheries, mellowed by plantation life in the old South and matured at Lawrenceville and in the South Seas, that made me incapable of vindictiveness. Or maybe it was that honey-colored hair and exquisite figure I still remember, particularly before falling asleep. *Quién sabe?* —S. J. PERELMAN

•

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI)—The U.S. District Court trial of George F. Gamble, 36, Procter & Gamble heir and a Napa County rancher, began Wednesday with the mounted heads of an elk and three bighorn sheep in the jurors' box.—*Salinas Californian.*

Yeah, but that's not a full panel.

BURIED CITY

1
If you have come, expecting miracles . . .
But you I need not warn. We worked for years
Only to arrive at deeper mysteries:
This cave, for instance, these rarities.
Notice the wall painting, strangest of all;
The hunter hunts himself, his animal—
Can you make it out, its pure illusion?

2
We've had it reproduced a hundred ways:
Reversed, blown-up, mirror-reversed, X-rayed,
Reduced, and so forth. Still we're in the dark.
And here, look close, an alphabet of shards—
Two perfect halves of shell, one broken one,
Intended, we believe, to signify
The pairings of the soul, the harm of love.

3
Some slanted stag—perhaps a buffalo
With horns above a human face, a spear
Pointing to its childlike heart and held
In . . . what? Paws? Fingers of a hand?—may be
A suicide at bay. Behind, a tree
Half drawn to light and yet quite shadowy
Proves the more we look the less we see.

4
And so the very subject of the painting still
Remains an enigma. I have stared at it
As if I were in love with its other side,
A silversmith inside a mirror, say,
Inventing winter, or a snowman turned
Into a figure-skater on the moon—
These icy images too soon give way

5
To tropical motifs: a diver in
A South Seas coral-blue lagoon—you know
Those afternoons we never think about
Until we're there in animal sunlight . . .
To be a diver and a scholar both
And not divided into north and south—
Could that be the painting's ambiguous myth?

6
Now we know that what we do not know
Stamps its print upon the brain in shadow,
A kind of Hegelian doubletalk
Has wrung the neck of all things straight. Behind
The mask its opposite, and so on. Where
The surface says all living things are one,
A deep disunity botches the design.

7
Imagine the rehearsals of the mad,
A stormswept gully where dead cats rain down
On peasants praying for food and water,
The inextinguishable pain of children
Destroyed by what can never happen. Think
Of houses, dinners, all mendacious calm,
Then, rising at the edge of Paradise, a slum

8
In whose bleak tenements some poor souls sit
Forever, staring into a machine,
Muttering about youth. A young girl, sick
At heart, keeps travelling through a town
Projected on a screen (of which she's unaware);
Trying to get to the other side each time,
And always failing, she begins again.

9
The painting is changing from this angle. Watch.
Among surrealist bits of paint and flame,
Coal barges burn themselves to water music,
Crass winter hazards clutter the spring stream,
Boats float past, reflected upside-down,
As if the malignant bridges of the town
Formed full circles—an optical illusion,

10
Along with many others. It's just one step
From the banquet hall to the garbage dump
And most of life is on the routes between.
We love high notes, expensive memories,
One more giant among the concertos,
Whose soloist needs rescuing from time to time
From heights on which he's suddenly stranded.

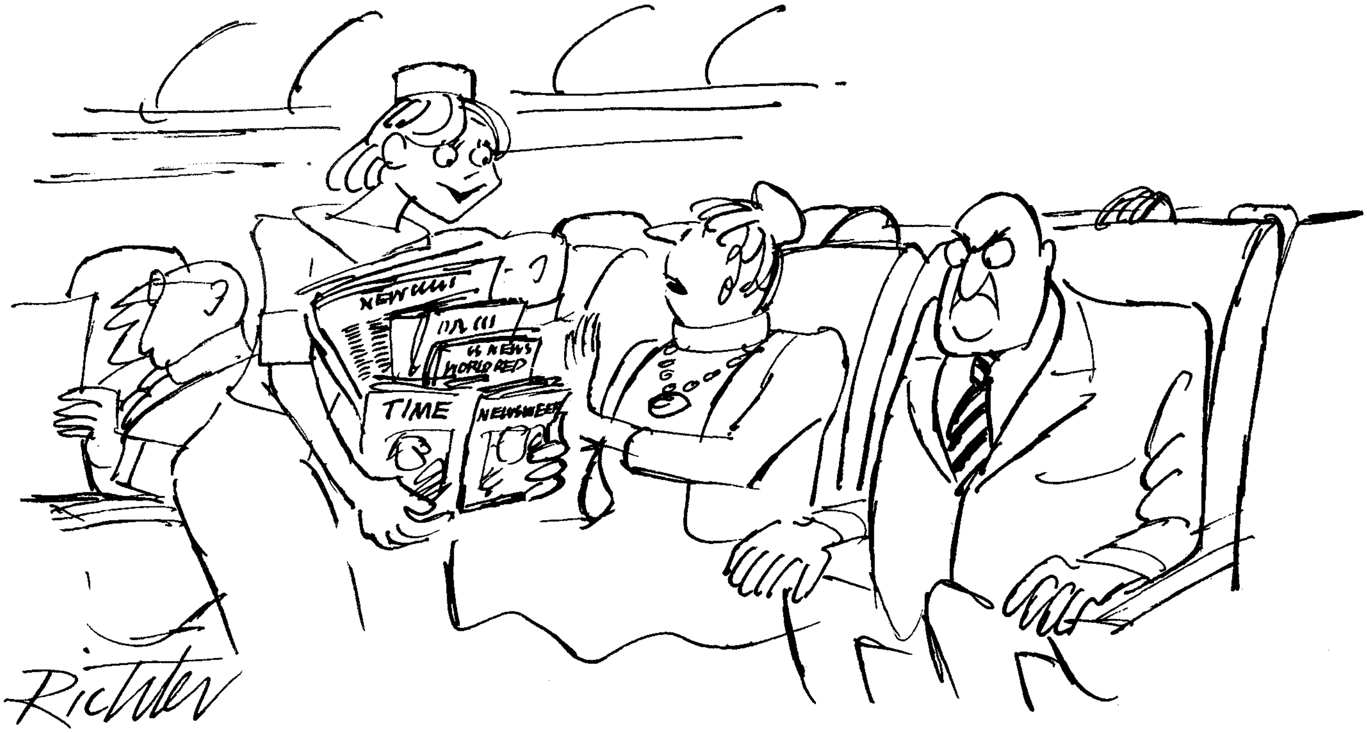
11
The sound of a light breather took us years
To trace, a joke of sorts too close to home;
At first the syllables were jumbled, words
Toppled on each other till we made them out:
Whispered art lectures, obscene taunts, and then
The sound of footsteps, running, running,
The breath of someone suddenly choked off.

12
Terror is a rumor till it grinds on fact:
Once more the threat of the internment camps
Drilled inside a mountain—somebody's ironic
Little hole-in-one. Wry memory games
Are not sufficient to explain how cruel
Power is, and was, and always will be—
You name the one perfected revolution

13
Whose ends and means didn't separate in time!
The painting might symbolize the war between
Social classes, the ego and the id,
Black and white, man and woman, heart and spleen . . .
Or illustrate how God is territory,
Or could it be an anagram?—"You know . . . ?" "I mean . . . ?"
An early myth the shells are meant to story?

14
Prevailing easterlies, the winds that sit
In the hills beyond the roofs are ready to blow
Even this museum to salty pieces.
The sails rise up like salvaged dirty laundry,
The cranks churn rust, and off we go again,
This time slightly askew, and slowly—
Once more turned away from the nearby harbor.

15
Baked in lava, the figures at Pompeii
Were art imitating life, and vice
Versa. Lovers locked in stone became



"Nothing for him, thanks. He's going to stew in his own juice."

• •

Worldwide pornography, a warning sign
To make ye haste, the rosebuds are soon gone;
Graffiti on the walls read *mene, mene,*
Tekel, upharsin—and the city fell.

16
And with it went the logs of fine apparel,
The rangy autumn days of walks and smoke,
The silver flanks of rock, the sulphur smudges
Floating on the bog's abandoned grasses
Housing a million forms of crawling life
That rose in gauze among the spring allotments—
Life so rich it oiled the hinge of feeling—

17
But when the city went, so did the country.
It's possible the painting is that world
Too soon pockmarked, diseased with furrows, or
Conversely mountained with the hilly scales
Of greasy patches of a sickness where
Beauty once had claimed a sure perfection—
Civil order crumbled into fiction?

18
Caveat emptor. Caves are everywhere:
Eye-pit, labyrinth of ear, skull-hollow,
Cavern of the grave. What appetite arouses
Pleasure defiles in age's tittle-tattle.
From here on in, we synchronize our watches,
For looking at paintings is a form of waiting
And time's the one disease everybody catches.

19
The wards of poverty remain the real
Real estate of history: Butchers share
Rooms at the top, those little royal roosts—
The King's chair here, the Queen's chair there;
Implicit hierarchies worked into the plan
Reveal the obvious: Envy, a small town,
Grew into the housing project of the world.

20
And yet that cemetery Valéry
Glazed into a permanent rooftop shimmer
Endures . . . but as a poem or a reality?
Even the truest of philosophies
Founders on the death of the philosopher.
The sea's a grave. A graveyard at the sea
Occasions, and subverts, the poetry.

21
Slowly this buried city came to light.
Up from the ruins, all its riddles blank
(Its verses, too), with no one to look out
While all of us looked in. We were the mere
Observers, really, not the partisans
Of life. At the exit, sign the pledge
Forbidding you to say that we exist at all.

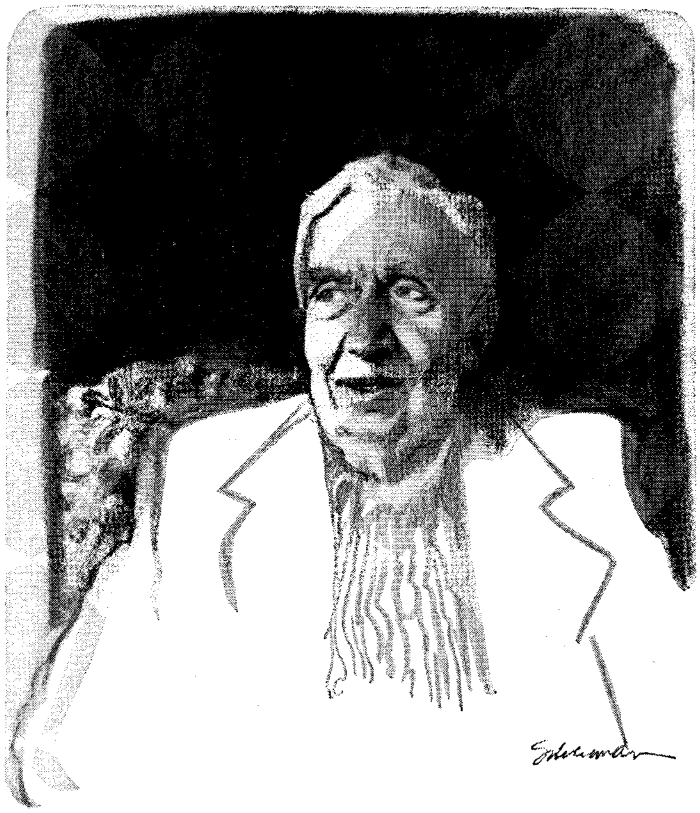
22
Let them not wash in the wake of the uttering
Seagulls or blind themselves white on embankments
Of chalk or devour the dry egg of madness . . .
That thin-ribbed pattern on the wall revives
A city in the brain, its choked canals,
Its crowded terminals . . . We're rising through
Levels of thought where dark and light converge.

23
And now the World . . . We've reached the upper air.
Goodbye, goodbye . . . The deer stop dead to hear
The first retort of gunshots in the wood.
Exiled from exile, you will always bear
Two sacred marks of the interior:
Memory and art. How early it grows dark!
They say the snow will bury us this year.

—HOWARD MOSS

PROFILES

BOFFOS AND BUSTOS



Arthur Loeb Mayer

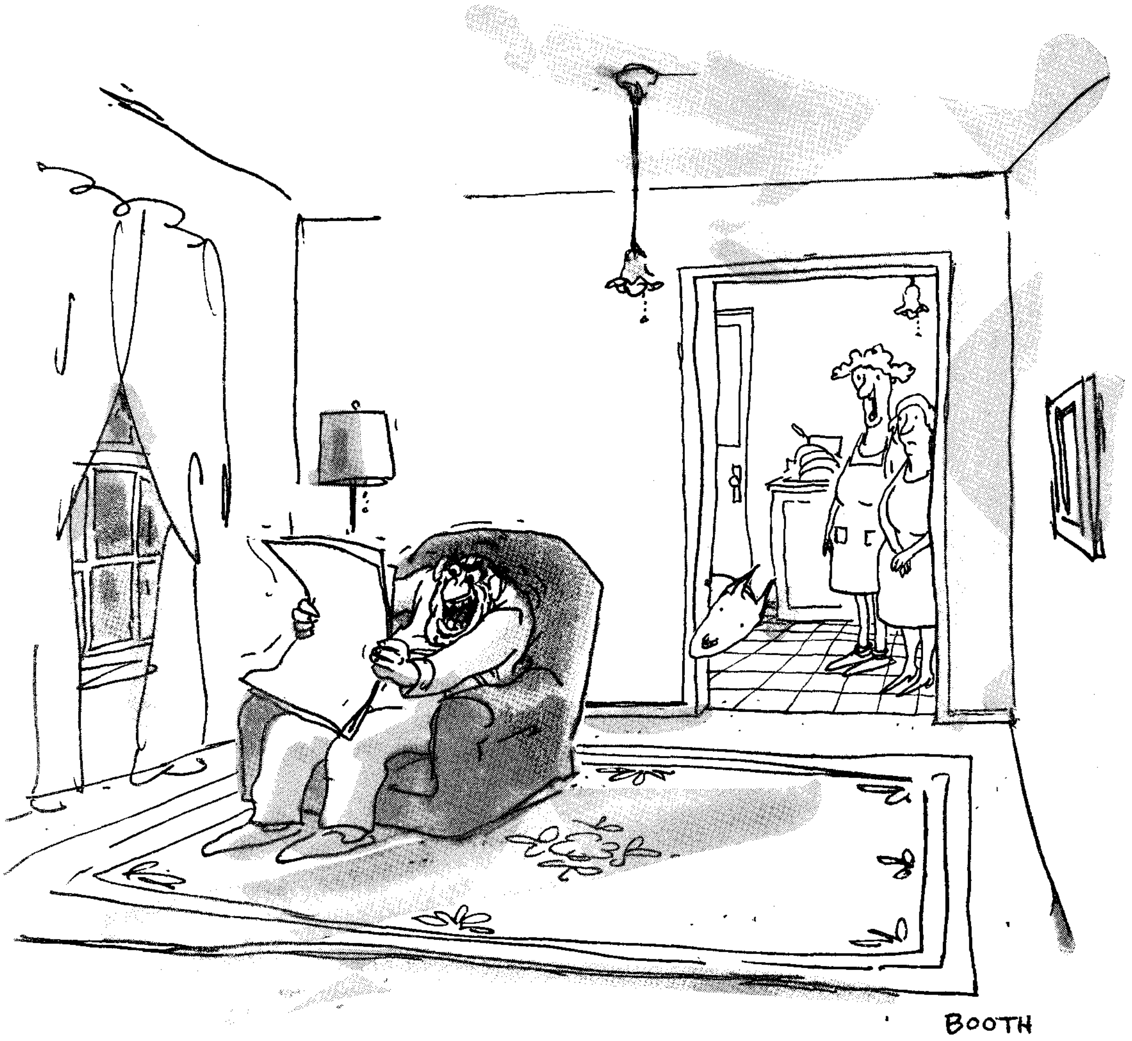
AT two-thirty on the afternoon of December 3, 1973, Arthur Loeb Mayer, Adjunct Professor of Cinema at the University of Southern California, left the apartment his wife, Lillie, and he were occupying in Los Angeles and went to the U.S.C. campus for a haircut. Then, between four and six, he conducted a semi-weekly class called Cinema 562, the Economics of the Motion Picture Industry—at Von KleinSmid Hall. Next, disdaining a proffered ride and also disdaining a cane that Lillie, who was concerned about his health, had urged on him, he walked to the Faculty Center to treat a visiting East Coast friend to a cup of coffee. At seven, after walking back to Von KleinSmid, Mayer presided genially while a guest lecturer—his old friend Max Youngstein, who used to help run United Artists and recently engineered the success of "Billy Jack"—talked to a reconvened Cinema 562 about some of his experiences in the film industry. At nine, when the session ended, Mayer proposed taking Youngstein out to dinner. Lillie Mayer, who had been auditing the class alertly from a rear-row seat, scotched that. Her husband's activities that day would not have been excessively strenuous for most university teachers in most circumstances, but, as it happened, that very morning Professor Mayer had been told by a doctor that he had probably suffered a slight stroke a few days before and, particularly in view of the fact that he was eighty-seven years old, ought to betake himself to a hospital. (A week later, at what Mayer considered an opportune moment, he did so, and was told that, although he had apparently had a minor stroke, there was no reason he could not pursue his academic career.)

Mayer, a gadabout New Yorker who at other times of the year is also Lecturer in Communication at Stanford and Visiting Professor of Drama and Lecturer in Film at Dartmouth, decided to become a full-time motion-picture pedagogue when he was seventy-seven. By then, he had achieved elder-statesman status in a relatively young industry. As a boy, he had seen some of the earliest movies made—the nickelodeon fare that was flickeringly unveiled in 1896, when he was ten. He had been engaged for some sixty-two years in the production, the distribution, the exhibition, the promotion, and, as a writer for various publications, the historicization of films. He had been one of the pioneer American importers of foreign films. He had operated his own New York theatre for many years. He and his wife had been lifelong film buffs. Indeed, Mayer had been involved in just about every aspect of movies except acting, and some of his students maintain that he has more than made up for that with his classroom performances, which a Stanford graduate has admiringly likened to Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain impersonation. The difference is that Mayer is portraying himself, with random digressions for imitations of such old occupational cronies as Samuel Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, and assorted Warner Brothers. Once, hearing that a Dartmouth sophomore was scoring points at parties with impersonations of *him*, Mayer begged the student for a private demonstration. Assessing the takeoff, the Professor judged that there were certain marked technical deficiencies in his own elocution. So, at the age of eighty-five, he went out and took voice lessons.

Mayer, by his own rough reckoning, has seen at least twenty-six thousand pictures—an average of more than ten a week for more than half a century—although, sensibly, he hasn't sat clear through every one of them. He has never walked out on any of his all-time favorite directors: Ingmar Bergman, Jean Renoir, and Jean-Luc Godard. Max Youngstein—like Mayer, an uncommonly erudite pillar of their business—fancied himself an obsessive moviegoer until he met the Mayers, who do everything together, including suffering much of the way through deservedly unknown pictures. Youngstein, after his lecture at U.S.C., told some students, "When I first met Arthur and Lillie, thirty years or so ago, I couldn't believe it—they were seeing more movies than I was. If you mentioned some obscure little Polish documentary to them that they *hadn't* seen, they'd drop whatever they were doing and take off after it like bird dogs. But Arthur's importance in the industry doesn't derive from any statistical accomplishments—it derives from the fact that he was one of the first to make people aware that motion pictures were a truly international art and an international form of communication. He was, further, almost unique in the industry in that he was an intellectual. The great film magnates of history were intuitive men, who made decisions by gut reactions. To a business ruled by men like that, who tended to be condescending toward anybody who had had any formal education and hadn't worked—or clawed—his way up from the bottom, Arthur, who came from a fairly affluent family and had graduated from Harvard, brought something even more puzzling than these strange academic credentials: he brought a highly developed intelligence. You could have dinner with him and discuss *anything*, and that was a refreshing antidote to the stifling talk of most of the people in the business, who were so maniacally dedicated to their work, in or out of their offices, that their idea of a trenchant philosophical dialogue was one that began with 'How did you open up in Keokuk?' Arthur, unlike so many people of his age, is concerned—as he always has been—not with the past but with what is current: the new books, the new plays, the young directors and stars, and the whole social and cultural scene of which they and he are a part. He has been a kind of external human being in an ingrown business—a person who, to the astonishment of many of his peers, actually belongs to the outside world. The movie industry, accordingly, used to be almost afraid of him. They thought he was over-intellectualized. [*Variety* once called him "a very esoteric fellow."] They were scared of him the way politicians were scared of Adlai Stevenson. In a business of highly specialized small minds, he was one of the rare individuals with an over-all concept of how that business affected the cultural and political aspects of our lives. He filled an essential need, for which he has never been given enough credit: he served as a bridge between the recognition of creative talent and the making of money out of it. And this is what he's been bringing to young people through his teaching—a sense of what the industry is all about. That he should have been relegated *only* to teaching is one of the saddest and dumbest things the industry has ever let happen. He should at least have been president of a big film company. But he was considered too intellectual, too witty, and people were suspicious of him. How could a man with a first-rate mind, they would wonder, be in the motion-picture business to begin with?"

The closest Mayer ever got to holding the kind of job that Youngstein has envisioned for him was serving for a couple of years—from 1950 to 1952—as executive vice-president and chief administrator of something called the Council of Motion Picture Organizations. "The industry needed, or thought it needed, an outfit that could represent all its diverse branches, and the council was forthwith set up, with great fanfare—practically everything but my footprints in cement," Mayer once explained. "I had a lavish suite of offices in the Paramount Building in New York, a galaxy of starletlike secretaries, and crackling letterheads with everybody's name on them. I went to meetings all over the country and made ringing speeches, and I even got paid reasonably well. But the council functioned as I thought it should only as long as the people in the industry believed that they had common interests—which turned out, not terribly much to my surprise, to be not terribly long."

A NUMBER of countries—Canada, Britain, France, several of the Iron Curtain nations—have for quite some time taken education in the field of motion pictures seriously. A few of them have national film schools. But until the mid-sixties—which, as it happened, was when Mayer began teaching full time—few institutions in the United States, let alone the government, considered movies a fit subject for sober study. No particular training was deemed necessary for employment in the industry; the way to get a job in it was to know somebody—or, better still, to be somebody's nephew. Now not a bad way is to know Arthur Mayer or to have been one of his prize students, but back in the 1963-64 academic year, according to Mayer, there were only a hundred and fifty-two college-level courses being offered anywhere in America in movie history, criticism, or appreciation, and nearly all these were given on just nine campuses. In the 1973-74 academic year, by contrast, six hundred and thirteen institutions of higher learning—in recognition of or resignation to the fact that to many of their students films were the most fascinating, and perhaps the most significant, of all cultural media—were known to be giving credit courses in motion pictures or television. A hundred and ninety-four of these institutions offered degrees in films (or in television), and more than twenty-two thousand students were enrolled in film-educa-

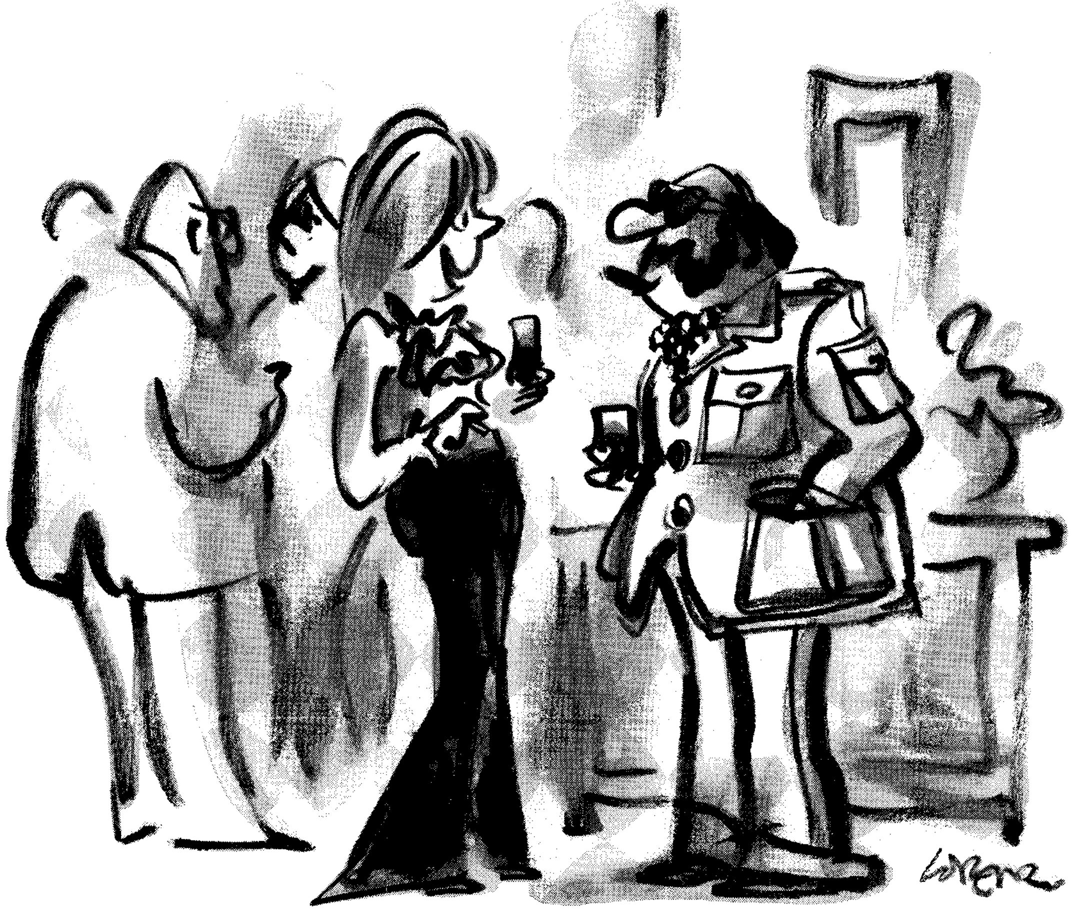


"Burgess has enjoyed his evening paper as long as I've known him. It's only recently he's developed that graveyard laugh."

tion programs. One upshot of this was that a whole textbook literature on films was springing up. Mayer is more keenly aware than most people of how recently motion pictures have acquired academic respectability. In 1968 at U.S.C., he was worried about one of his students who persistently cut classes in order to campaign for Eugene McCarthy. When Mayer asked a dean how he should handle this delinquency, the dean said to ignore it; if the lad had been skipping Latin or chemistry, that would have been a cause for grave administrative concern, but missing a course in the *movies*—why, it was probably more important for the student to indulge in outside civic activities than to preoccupy himself with anything like *that*.

A present-day movie producer who has visited a good many of the campuses where film programs exist says that they are all pretty much the same. "The students who elect them are largely bright, dedicated, intense, artistically oriented kids who know absolutely nothing about the realities of the picture world and are eager to be enlightened," he says. "But most of the instructors are people who never quite made it in the industry themselves—who have grudges and are full of sour grapes, and who, though they are superb at little else, are superb at biting the hand that never quite adequately fed them. They can't wait to transmit their bitter feelings about the legendary moguls to their classes. The students, who know enough about the sorry state of the industry to anticipate failure in it, gladly gobble up these gripes. Now, Arthur is different. For one thing, he believes that it is almost a fraud to turn out graduates specializing in films unless they have some knowledge of the mechanics and economics of the industry. Accordingly, he tells his students what to *do*—how to make deals, and handle advertising and foreign distribution, and nitty-gritty things like that. He even takes his classes to film exchanges, where theatre owners meet with distributors to haggle over booking schedules. For another thing, Arthur insists on being optimistic about the industry at a time when it seems to many people to be at its lowest ebb. But then he has always been an optimist. At previews, when most movie folk are hoping that their alleged best friend's picture will fall flat on its face, Arthur is sitting there rooting for the picture. He just happens to be in love with the movies—with all movies. And, for another thing, Arthur has no axes to grind or hurts to avenge; he merely gives a down-to-earth view of what this strange business is all about. He tells how commerce and art interact. He knows as well as anyone else that all the clichés are true—that it's a viciously immoral business, and that the only thing that counts is box-office. But the fantastic thing about him is that although he's been through it all himself, he retains the kind of humanity you'd expect from somebody like, say, Mark Van Doren. Arthur comes across as a man who has proved that you don't have to be a louse to survive. At a time when all sorts of frustrated people—who in other eras might have decided to be English professors—have decided to teach movies, here, in sharp contrast, is Arthur, this wonderful octogenarian humanist, with whom students can feel an affinity, as once they might have felt themselves in communion with some old man who seemed himself to be in communion with Shakespeare."

Mayer takes himself less seriously. He likes to introduce himself to new students as "a garrulous, ancient character, thoroughly commercial and therefore totally unfit to be considered an academic professor." When a Dartmouth undergraduate wrote him that the welcome mat would always be out for him at her Texas home, because what he had given her was "not simply a course but an experience, and one that has affected my life," Mayer commented to a friend, "There must be something very wrong with our educators and education if students are so grateful for the meagre sustenance they get from me in three months."



"Dynamite, Mr. Gerston! You're the first person I ever heard use 'paradigm' in real life."

MAYER has lectured on films, from time to time, at Columbia, Fordham, and New York University. (N.Y.U. dispensed with his services after a budget-minded official looked in on one of his classes and saw, to his displeasure, that the room was packed with many more young people than were enrolled in the course, most of them apparently non-tuition-paying bodies whom Mayer had cheerfully invited to stop by.) Mayer's career as a lecturer on movies began in an oblique way when, in the winter of 1962, he was rather flatteringly paid court

"Oh, baking. I love baking. So tactile!"

by the administration of Brandeis University. In response to entreaties that he and Brandeis get better acquainted, Mayer, being at fairly loose ends, offered to come up to the campus, at Waltham, Massachusetts, and give a talk. People at Brandeis seemed happy about his lecture, but afterward Mayer sensed some disappointment; he subsequently had reason to suspect that his hosts had been hoping less for a personal appearance than for something on the order of, say, a Mayer Indoor Polo, Court Tennis, Arboretum, and Garage Complex—that, in fact, they had mistaken him for a potentially pledgemaking heir of a nonrelative, the late Louis B. Mayer. Before Louis B. Mayer's death, in 1957, the two movie Mayers were slightly acquainted—and sometimes confused with each other. Arthur Mayer travelled around the globe during the Second World War arranging for the distribution of films on behalf of the Army and the American Red Cross. (President Truman later awarded him the Medal of Merit for his pains.) Time after time, he got V.I.P. treatment from people who thought he was the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Mayer. One fawning admiral, who had apparently read somewhere that Louis B. had an annual salary of a million dollars, asked Arthur L. for a twenty-five-thousand-dollar contribution to the Navy Relief Society; Arthur settled for ten dollars and a polite lecture on mistaken identity. Toward the end of the war, Arthur, visiting Rome, was surprised when the office of Myron C. Taylor, the American envoy to the Vatican, arranged a private audience for him with Pope Pius XII. Taylor later spread the word that His Holiness had enjoyed his visit with Louis B. Mayer. Arthur, for his part, couldn't resist reporting the misunderstanding, when next they met, to Louis B. himself. L.B. was not amused. He thought it an absolute outrage, and said he would have his people get hold of the Pope right off and straighten him out.

If Brandeis was disappointed at the dénouement of its overtures, Arthur Mayer was not. For he soon received an invitation to speak at Hanover, New Hampshire, from a Dartmouth vice-president who, having been an M-G-M executive in another incarnation, could clearly distinguish between Mayers. The timing was ideal from Mayer's viewpoint. He was seventy-seven and felt he couldn't wait much longer to make some permanent career decisions. Dartmouth was restive, too: not long before, two hundred students there had signed a petition that stated, "The motion picture is a legitimate art form of great significance in our society, and deserves serious study in a liberal-arts college." Even so, Mayer's début at Hanover was not an unrelieved triumph. Hearing that the newcomer was almost fifteen years beyond the average retirement age for professors, and assuming that anybody that far gone had to be stone-deaf, one of the undergraduates who welcomed him bellowed into an unprotected ear, "Hello, Mr. Mayer! I'm very glad to meet you!" "I'm glad to meet you, too," Mayer said when he had recovered from the sonic onslaught, "but you don't have to shout at me." Mayer himself makes few concessions to his age, but later on he did preface one final exam at Dartmouth with the note "Clear and clean penmanship that is easily readable is a joy to an ancient instructor and may, without his so intending, make the difference between a good grade and a poor one."

Mayer was asked back to Dartmouth in 1964 to give a twelve-week course, and by 1969, after a bit of random shuttling from campus to campus, he had worked out a tidy annual schedule, which he has adhered to ever since—twelve weeks at U.S.C., twelve at Stanford, and twelve at Dartmouth. He is quite happy to be allotted as many as eight hours of classroom time per course each week, and this quirk sometimes gets him in trouble with the people who draw up academic timetables; few of them can believe that any professor would want to see that much of students. The head of the History and Criticism section of the Cinema Department at U.S.C. is Arthur Knight, an old friend of Mayer's. In Italy during the war, Knight, whom Mayer had met in 1939 at the film department of the Museum of Modern Art, was an Army officer in charge of a film exchange. His superior officer rushed up to him one day to reveal that "Mr. Mayer of Hollywood" was expected momentarily, and could they find some appropriate film to distract him with? Knight, assuming that it was Louis B., dug up the most mawkish picture on hand and began the screening without having a chance to greet the visitor. When the lights came on, he was highly embarrassed to perceive that it was Arthur Mayer whom he had plunged into two hours of bathos. Arthur Knight and Arthur Mayer, because of *their* shared name, and because they are both film historians and film teachers, are sometimes mixed up by those in the field. Some of their friends seek to differentiate between them by referring to them as Arthur West (Knight) and Arthur East (Mayer). In 1973, during his U.S.C. stint, Arthur East put up at Arthur West's mother-in-law's apartment. Though the Mayers were grateful for the arrangement, they felt a little confined, because the apartment wasn't commodious enough for them to entertain more than a dozen students at a clip. Mayer's notion of the perfect teacher-student relationship is to spend as much of the day as possible in a classroom and then carry on his dialogue with students at home. At Stanford and at Dartmouth, the Mayers are provided with more spacious quarters, on or near the campus, and can thus entertain in a manner more to their taste. Until a student party gets well under way, however, Mayer is a fidgety host. He is always afraid that only a handful of guests will turn up, and he scrutinizes campus calendars to see what rival attractions he may have to face on any given evening—perhaps an itinerant guru or folksinger, perhaps a basketball game or political rally. He was a theatre proprietor for so long that he cannot sit down and relax at home until he has counted the house. The students seem at ease, however. "Going to Arthur's is just like visiting a close friend," one twenty-year-old said recently, "except that the friend is your teacher and he's eighty-eight."

MAYER's Dartmouth course, Drama 51, is called History of Film, and the undergraduate guide to courses said of it two years ago, "Warning: The registrar has determined that [History of Film] and movie-going in general is habit-forming and may be hazardous to your other courses." In Drama 51, Mayer shows films, or excerpts from films, as the mood strikes him. He habitually decorates the corridors leading to his lecture hall with still photographs from motion pictures, some of them verging on the salacious; it is like a fisherman strewing chum. The films he projects inside, though, are more apt to be along the lines of "Potemkin" or "The Birth of a Nation." The latter used to be one of his all-time favorites. "I saw 'The Birth of a Nation' more times than I care to think about," one of his old Dartmouth students has recalled. "And I hated it every time. Arthur showed it silent-speed-silent, silent-speed-with-musical-accompaniment, sound-speed-silent, and sound-speed-with-music—all the dreary way through every time. But we all knew he would be offended if we walked out. Still, it's a sign of his continuing flexibility that when I ran into him not long ago and we got to talking about 'Birth' he said that maybe it wasn't as good as he'd always cracked it up to be."

At each of his campuses, Mayer invites guest lecturers to complement his own performances—people like Arthur Penn, Joseph E. Levine (who once worked for him as a foreign-film salesman), Judith Crist, Walter Wanger, Budd Schulberg, and, of course, Youngstein. If these visitors have time to hang around after class, Mayer's students get a chance to mingle with them at his residence. The U.S.C. students are regularly impressed when Mayer produces the director Martin Ritt, who has somehow earned the reputation of being one of Hollywood's most inaccessible recluses. There is apt to be slightly more such after-hours fraternization at Dartmouth than elsewhere, inasmuch as Hanover is a place that is notoriously hard to get out of; before the place went coeducational, young women were known to go there for a Winter Carnival and not escape till spring. In addition to visiting celebrities, Mayer spices his offerings with an occasional sneak preview. In 1973, when Costa-Gavras's "State of Siege" was barred from the Kennedy Center, in Washington, its importer, Donald Rugoff—whose father had known Mayer fifty-odd years earlier, and who had himself solicited Mayer's help in publicizing Costa-Gavras's "Z"—had a nice testimonial idea. Rugoff bundled Costa-Gavras and a print of the controversial film onto an airplane and flew them to New Hampshire, where the movie was shown to Mayer's class in observance of the sixtieth anniversary of the Professor's marriage.

Lillie Mayer, now eighty-five, comes from a long-living family herself. Her brother Clarence Stein, the architect, is ninety-two; her sister Gertrude still runs an employment agency at eighty-eight. When Lillie was well into her eighties, it took some doing to argue her out of calling on the older of the Mayers' two sons, a coconut-grower and motion-picture consultant in Mexico, who was at the moment in a remote village down there, reachable only by donkey. She can often be found sitting in the back row of one of her husband's classes. While the Mayers are at Stanford, they always get together with another durable couple who are in permanent residence on campus—Bruce Bliven, the retired editor of *The New Republic*, and his wife, Rose. The Mayers enjoy joshing the Blivens about being a pair of comparative newlyweds, because the Blivens were married just one day after they were.

Although Mayer changes little as he makes his rounds from one campus to another, there are perceptible differences among his students. Most of those at U.S.C. intend—or, at any rate, hope—to spend their lives working in motion pictures. And, of course, if they are natives of southern California they have a special predilection for films. At Stanford and at Dartmouth, Mayer's courses are more likely to attract students who simply want to have some fun and see some movies. Students who take the industry seriously are, naturally, apt to interest Mayer the most. Nowadays, Mayer's courses are usually booked to capacity. His former students are his best proselytizers. One Dartmouth graduate who is currently teaching films himself was, as a student, going with a girl classmate who had a crush on another professor and wanted to take a course of his that conflicted with Mayer's. "I got her to agree, after some arm-twisting, to try just one of Arthur's lectures before she made up her schedule," her friend said later. "At the end of an hour, she turned to me and said, 'You win.' Actually, in a sense, it was Arthur who won, because I think he gets even more kick out of giving his classes than his students get out of taking them. I remember that the first time I ever saw 'Ninotchka' was when Arthur showed it in class, and the experience was overwhelming. I had to write a review of it, as a course paper, and I loved Garbo so much I gave it a rave. Arthur gave me an A, with the comment 'Anybody who feels the same way I do about Garbo can't be all bad.' At that time, I'd planned to become a geologist, but Arthur either made or ruined my life—it's too early to tell which—by giving me tickets to a Museum of Modern Art festival of Garbo films. It was during a college vacation, and I was living in Philadelphia and holding down a job. Every day for two weeks, I'd leave there at four in the afternoon and drive to New York, see two Garbo pictures, and then drive back. From then on, geology was out. My life had been changed by Arthur Mayer and Greta Garbo. When I told Arthur that I had decided to make film teaching my career, he was distressed and tried to talk me out of it, but he didn't stand a chance; he had done too inspirational a job on me for that."

Most of Mayer's students tend to agree that his appeal for them stems not so much from what he says as from what he is. "Every course that Arthur gives anywhere, whatever its formal designation, is essentially an anecdotal history of the film business, from his personal viewpoint, which makes it unique," says a student who has observed Mayer in action from coast to coast. "His course is a course about how one human being sees life—a sort of perspective on living. It's really not a course about movies at all. You come out of it understanding more about a man's soul than about block booking. For all of us who have this terrible dread of growing old and becoming useless at thirty-five, it's marvellous to be exposed to a close-to-ninety person who gets up every morning with a real purpose." Another student, a Dartmouth alumnus, recalls that while he was in college he was an assiduous note-taker, who would jot down anything of any possible consequence any instructor said. One night, somebody who had missed a Mayer lecture asked to borrow his notes, and the note-taker was astounded to discover that he had only half a page. "There was no particular point in writing down much of what Arthur said," he explained later. "Whenever he talked about anything substantive—the date of the première of some classic, say—he was likely to be five years off. And the important thing about him didn't lend itself to note-taking anyhow—the fact that here before you was a serene, white-haired storyteller, a sort of Homer of Hollywood, spinning out his yarns of yore with embellishments of his own, a man who had supped with the gods of the industry and could still vividly convey the sweet, fresh taste of their nectar. It was almost as if you were lucky enough to be able to listen to Vince Lombardi talking about football." Mayer brings voluminous notes of his own to every class, but he has no pat lectures; he has an insatiable drive to be *au courant*, and whatever he may have planned to say on a certain afternoon is apt to be altered by what he read in that morning's *Variety*.

No one, least of all Mayer himself, knows in advance in what direction one of his lectures may veer. Perhaps he will discourse on the encroachment of conglomerates like the Kinney Corporation on the industry ("Imagine!" he will say with a shudder. "Warner Brothers lumped in with coffins and comic books!"), or on the effect television has had on his beloved industry. "Television, you know, destroyed the automatic once- or twice-a-week moviegoing habit, which was the backbone of the industry in your parents' day, and, yes, even in my day," he said on one occasion. "And as there aren't many ordinary moviegoers left, so also there aren't many ordinary pictures. Today, they're either smash hits or total flops—in movie parlance, boffos or bustos. Alas, there's nothing in between." One criticism that is sometimes levelled against Mayer's teaching habits—though not by students—is that he is oversensitive to his students' feelings. "Arthur simply cannot bring himself to treat an idiotic question as idiotic," says another of Mayer's ex-students who is now a full-time instructor in the field himself. "And last year when a student fell asleep in one of his classes he was so shaken he phoned me about it and asked for advice on how to handle that kind of situation. 'Don't worry about it,' I told him. 'Hell, I sometimes fall asleep in my own classes.' "

Mayer uses textbooks but, partly out of diffidence, does not make either of two hardcover works of his own prescribed reading. The first, "Merely Colossal," is a lighthearted memoir

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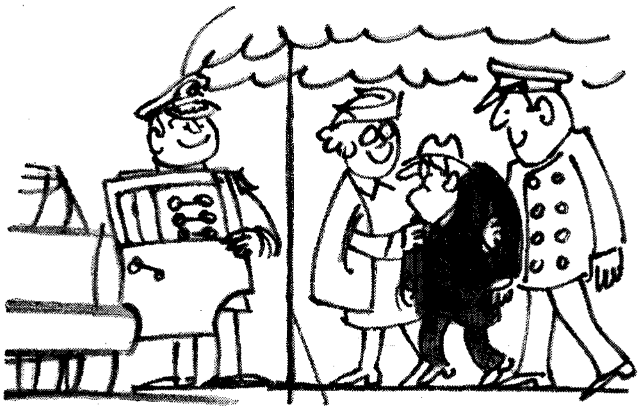

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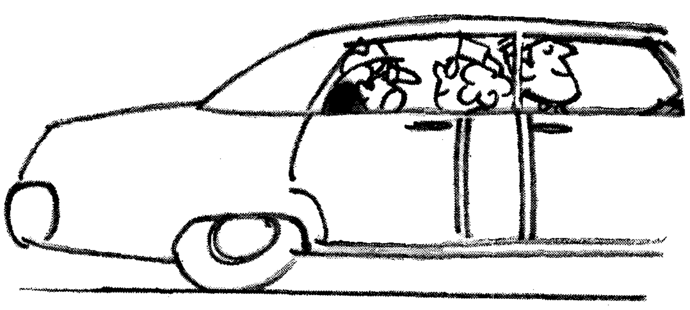

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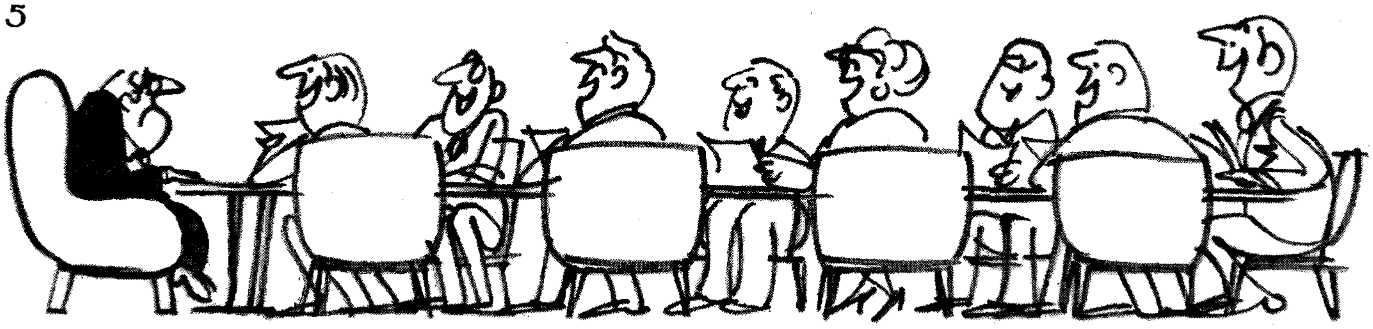

that was published in 1953, when he was in his mid-sixties and was persuaded by some of his peers that it was time for summing up. The second, "The Movies," was written a few years later, in collaboration with the late Richard Griffith, a film critic and lecturer. Mayer is a proud author. He is thought to hold the record for the most consecutive days on which a writer has drifted into Brentano's to ascertain if his book is visible. But he could hardly recommend "The Movies" as a textbook except to those students who customarily do their homework on their parents' coffee tables, for it is a bulky volume that costs $19.95. It first appeared in 1957, and was reissued in 1970 with some revisions. In the original edition, there had been sections called "Waiting in the Wings" and "Teen-Age Faves." In the second edition, both were scuttled, with all hands aboard. Mayer has been writing about motion pictures for forty years, mostly for magazines and newspapers. Twenty years ago, in a magazine article, he observed, with reference to violence in films, "Hollywood's previous flirtation with sadism has developed into a fixation." He likes, when he can, to put the contemporary predilection for violence into historical perspective. He points out, for instance, that the final sequence of one bad picture he did sit all the way through, though he can't remember its name, in which a disgusted law-enforcement officer threw his badge away, is really not much different from the sequence in which a disgusted Gary Cooper threw *his* badge away toward the end of "High Noon." "It's hard to believe, but back in the nineteen-forties there were charming pictures made with neither sex nor violence," Mayer remarked to an acquaintance the other day. "I am not convinced, the gruesome example of 'Prime Cut' notwithstanding, that depicting a man being ground up into sausage meat constitutes a notable contribution to the national culture." Mayer, it should quickly be added, has long been a vigorous opponent of any kind of censorship. He thinks ratings may be all right for olives but not for art. After the Second World War, he was chief of the motion-picture branch of the American military government in Germany. Mayer's assignment was to de-Nazify the German film industry and to decide what pictures could be shown in the American zone. "My job was a sort of composite version of Eric Johnston, Anthony Comstock, and Louella O. Parsons," he says. In 1948, Mayer took over a studio just outside Munich and put together a documentary he entitled "A Tale of Two Cities," which was supposed to show the differences between East and West Germany by contrasting Dresden with Stuttgart. His boss, General Lucius D. Clay, wouldn't let it be shown, because he thought the Russians might be offended by it: it made Stuttgart look too good. Clay and Mayer had another Dickensian confrontation over the proposed exhibition of a British production of "Oliver Twist," in which Alec Guinness's characterization of Fagin was widely thought to have anti-Semitic overtones. Clay didn't think at first that it would do any harm to let the picture be shown, but he was moved to change his mind when Mayer argued that Germany in the years immediately after the war was not the right place to put on a film that might revive old hostilities and fears. Later, some Jewish groups in the United States who were opposing the release of "Oliver Twist" here were taken aback when Mayer declined to join them; the circumstances, he argued, were quite different, and he would have no part of any campaign that smacked of censorship.

At Expo 67, in Montreal, where many of the pavilions featured avant-garde motion pictures, an old friend bumped into Mayer scurrying around the grounds, notebook in hand, and asked what he was doing there. "Why, covering the fair for *Motion Picture Herald*," Mayer replied. He was then eighty-one. He has a soft spot for Montreal; several decades ago he used to go there frequently to preview new films from Europe. Now he sees pictures whenever and wherever he can catch up with them. He has passes to

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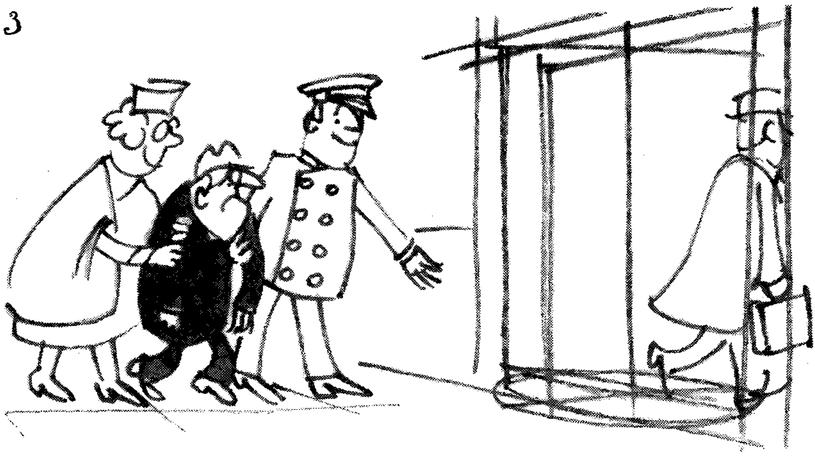

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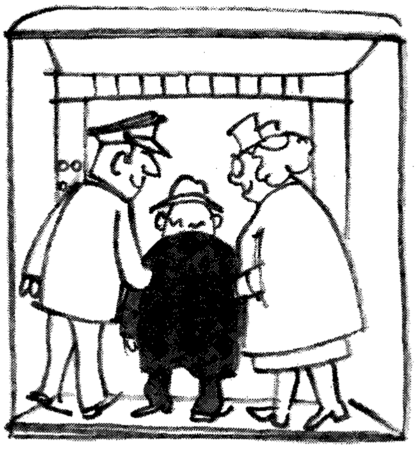

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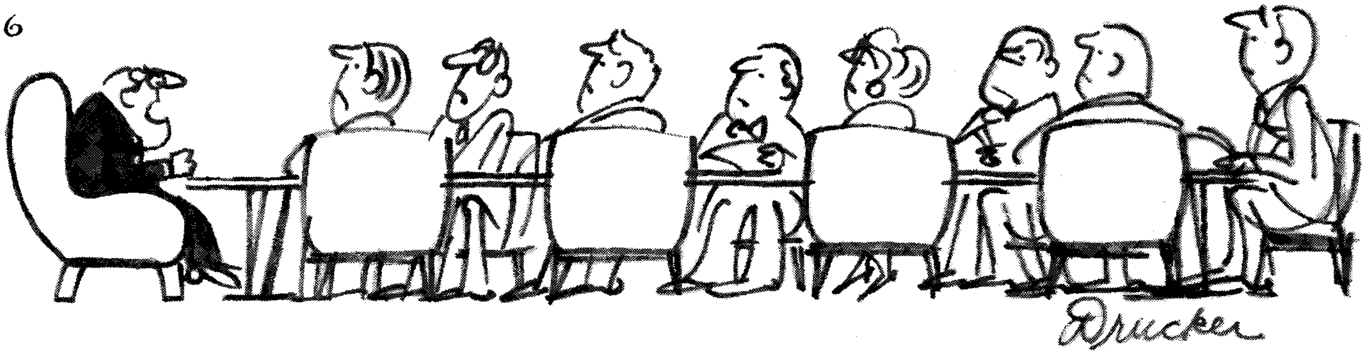

"*No.*"

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a number of theatres, and he is invited to many previews. "Arthur and I don't like to pay to see movies if we can avoid it," his wife says. "To tell you the truth, it kills us." She and her husband are very careful about money (although there is an Arthur and Lillie Mayer Foundation, which bestows annual grants upon promising young filmmakers), and they consistently use public transportation in preference to taxis. Lillie Mayer is surely one of the few people resident in Los Angeles who regularly take buses; most people there aren't even aware that Los Angeles *has* buses. After Mrs. Mayer turned eighty, one of her children gave her a hundred one-dollar bills for Christmas, stipulating that they were to be used for cab fare. She spent them on groceries. But when the Mayers have missed a free showing of a picture they want to see, they will buy tickets rather than not see it at all. On such occasions, inasmuch as movie audiences these days are predominantly youthful, they are often stared at. While they were waiting in line to get into "Woodstock," a theatre employee came over to inquire if he could give them directions to wherever it was they thought they were going. When "I Am Curious (Yellow)" opened in New York, on West Fifty-seventh Street, the Mayers took a bus downtown from their city apartment, just off Central Park West, and saw two queues on the street—one largely of older people, one largely of younger. They fell in behind the younger group, and followed it into Carnegie Hall, where a Horowitz recital was scheduled. "It's the dirty old men like me who flock to the sex pictures," Mayer told a *Times* interviewer when he was eighty-five. Actually, in his extended family there is room for both Deanna Durbin and Linda Lovelace.

LIKE most professors, Mayer has three months off a year. He spends them in New York State, either at the Mayers' city apartment or at a country place they have had in Rockland County for nearly forty years. Their children and grandchildren are scattered, but, with so many of his ex-students at large by now, they are rarely at a loss for companionship. One former student says, "A lot of people will say to people like me, 'If you're ever in New York, drop by and see us.' Of course, you say yes and then never do anything about it, because you know they don't mean it, either. In Arthur's case, I'd feel like an absolute *rat* if I were in New York and didn't call on him." The country place, too, has long been a sort of youth Mecca. During the Second World War, the Mayers' older son, Peter, was assigned to a Signal Corps unit that made training films in Astoria, Queens. Almost every weekend, he would shepherd a bunch of fellow-soldiers to Rockland County; the only requirement was that they bring along their ration coupons, so that the Mayers could ply them with steaks. Out there, when Arthur and Lillie are not in matching "His" and "Hers" overalls they are likely to be naked. They were aficionados of nude swimming back when a theatre that showed a bare breast on a movie screen would have been padlocked. The only person who ever objected to their back-to-nature penchant was the wife of their second son, Michael—a New York attorney who specializes in film law and is the chip-off-the-old-block author of "The Film Industries: Practical Business-Legal Problems in Production, Distribution, and Exhibition." Michael's wife, Janet, once declared that if the senior Mayers ever expected their grandchildren to visit them, they'd have to cover up. The grandparents meekly obliged, to the indignation of local small-plane pilots who had got into the habit of making the Mayers' pool a routine feature of sightseeing flights. The Mayers' pool has also attracted the attention of at least two non-cinematic artists. Over the living-room mantel of their city apartment hangs a Waldo Peirce painting of their pool, with a bevy of naked bodies, Arthur's and Lillie's among them, strewn about. John Cheever was one of the wartime soldier guests, and among the pools visited by the peripatetic hero of his story "The Swimmer" is one alongside which the protagonist finds an elderly couple, the paterfamilias collecting leaves, the materfamilias reading the *Times,* both buff bare.

In the best Hollywood-producer tradition, Mayer has always had an appreciative eye for handsome women, dressed or undressed. In Chungking during the war, an American Red Cross colleague saw him gazing at a young Chinese woman, and said, "I thought you told me you were fifty-nine." "I expect to act like this when I'm eighty-nine," Mayer replied. Time will tell. Just two years ago, when a striking-looking woman of nineteen or so sashayed past a window of the U.S.C. Faculty Center, the then eighty-six-year-old Mayer turned to a professorial colleague and remarked, "If I were twenty years younger, there's a girl I could be seriously interested in." Mayer's female students admire his healthy admiration of their sex, and by way of reciprocation often bake him cookies—delivered, as like as not, in film cans. Recently, one of his male students, having heard that the Professor was under the weather, asked how he was feeling. "I don't know," Mayer answered. "I've never been eighty-eight before, and I don't know how you're supposed to feel at eighty-eight."

Mayer can manage to generate laughter in a classroom even by the narration of old movie jokes like the one about somebody's saying to Mae West, "Goodness, what lovely diamonds," and her replying, "Goodness had nothing to do with it, honey." What enables Mayer to get away with that sort of thing is his ability to convey the impression that if he was not actually a participant in such momentous dialogues, he was within earshot. He has a number of stock stories, which he tells and retells, changing them as his fancy dictates; the chances are that by the time he hits ninety-seven he will be complimenting Mae West himself. In "Merely Colossal," he had Samuel Goldwyn hearing from "an associate" that the leading female character in "The Captive" was a lesbian, and replying, "We'll get around that. . . . We'll make her an American." In a lecture at Dartmouth, Mayer had it that Goldwyn uttered the words to *him;* in a subsequent magazine piece he recounted the story again and this time said it was "wholly apocryphal." No matter; Mayer likes to hear his students laugh, and he especially relishes provoking their mirth with behind-the-scenes jokes about the industry. For instance, he tells them how, when he was a theatre proprietor and took sick, he received a get-well telegram from Local 306 of the Moving Picture Machine Operators Union—a message whose text, according to him, the union membership had approved by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-eight. From him, the students even smilingly tolerate a succession of labored and predictable puns. Sample: Cecil B. De Mille to Arthur L. Mayer: "How could you write in *Liberty* that good pictures lose money? *My* pictures don't." Mayer to De Mille: "Ah, but yours are run-of-De Mille pictures."

Mayer's students are further partial to him because he is, all things considered, an easy grader. His courses are not snaps: in some of them students are required to submit an original film or screenplay in lieu of a conventional thesis—and to one Dartmouth undergraduate, who handed in a two-reeler that its creator thought was the most sensitive treatment ever of a girl going crazy, the Lecturer in Film remarked with acerbity that, having seen just about every bad picture ever made, he had wondered until that instant how he could ever determine which was the worst. Notwithstanding, Mayer has only once been able to bring himself to flunk anybody. That was a student the softhearted professor could—not without difficulty—steel himself to give a failing grade; he had never laid eyes on the fellow, who had skipped every single session of the course. The next nearest he ever came was at U.C.L.A. in 1967, when male students had to maintain an over-all average above a certain level or face losing their draft deferments. Professor Mayer announced at the outset of the course that he would do everything in his power to keep anyone from going to Vietnam who didn't choose to go; accordingly, he would give every draft-eligible male who did at least rudimentary work an A. By the same token, Mayer went on, he felt constrained to keep the average

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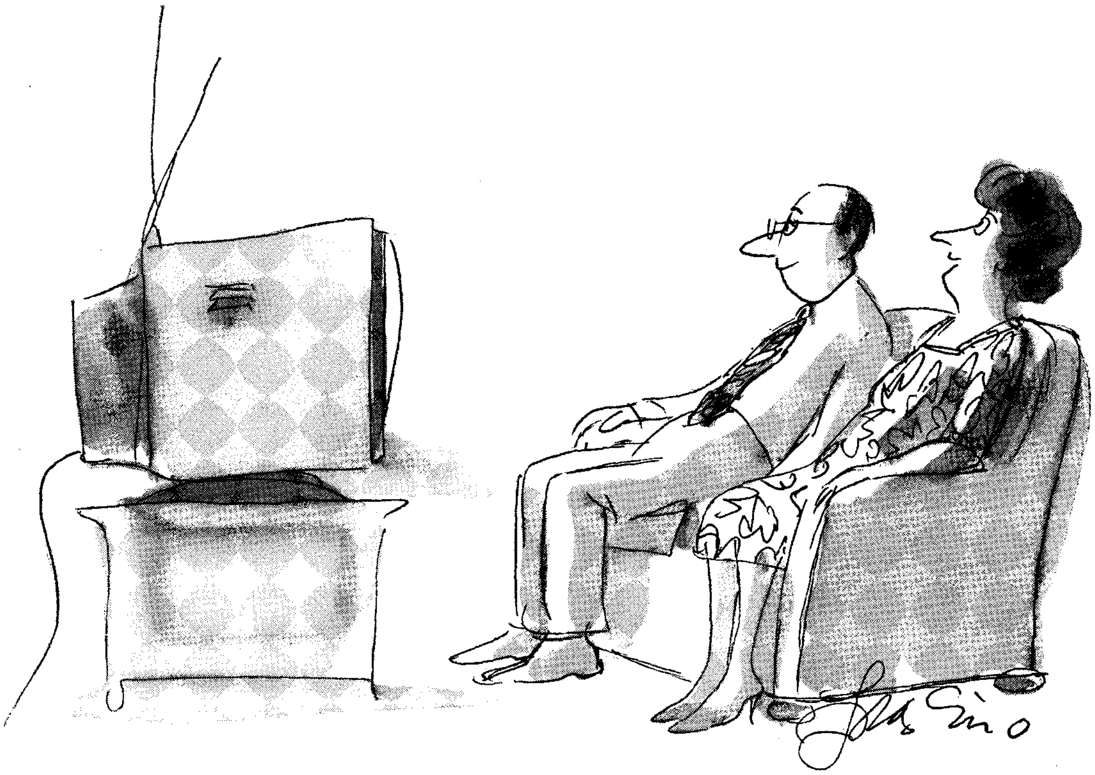

"Why don't we have a battle of wits sometime?"

grades he dealt out at a professionally acceptable level, so he would have to give every female student, willy-nilly, a D. "Think of all the boys I'm keeping at home for all you girls!" he exclaimed avuncularly. Some of the young women thought this an impermissibly sexist approach to fairness, so before long he abandoned the policy. By then, his days at U.C.L.A.—a state institution—were probably numbered anyhow, for he had already declared his opposition to state loyalty oaths at N.Y.U. Mayer's political attitudes have been what could be called progressive, or liberal, all his life. (For Christmas in 1973, instead of sending anybody presents, he and Lillie sent donations to Ralph Nader and to Common Cause.) Lillie Mayer has a similar record—although not long ago she forswore attending the fiftieth-anniversary observance of a suffragette parade she'd marched in, because the reunion clashed with the first showing of a new Andy Warhol opus. During a rambunctious student demonstration at Dartmouth in 1969, when a number of undergraduates were arrested and locked up, it seemed for a tense moment as though one arm of the law were about to grab Mayer, who, with his imposing stature and thatch of snow-white hair, was strikingly visible as he stood very near the milling crowd, but the advancing cop drew back when the five-foot-one-inch Lillie began brandishing a cane at him.

Several comparatively elderly professors at Dartmouth and elsewhere—men between, say, forty and fifty-five—regard Mayer as an impractical chap who appeals to undergraduates because they are so impractical themselves. Students, on the other hand, have suggested that they get along with him as well as they do because their relationship with their own parents is a difficult one, and because Arthur makes a splendid surrogate grandparent—as does Lillie, for that matter. The Mayers have never seemed to be appalled, or even flustered, by some of the life styles or attitudes or idiosyncrasies of appearance that they regularly encounter today, although Arthur, whose own youth was fairly sedate, occasionally winces at some of the language that bounces off his walls. One of his ex-students—now, at the age of thirty-four, a successful film producer—cannot get over the fact that his grandfather is twelve years younger than his own good friend and confidant Arthur Mayer. Among Mayer's students has been a granddaughter of his, who was christened Joan but calls herself Doe. She calls him Bop. So, by now, do many of his students who enjoy only surrogate kinship. Those who do not call him Bop call him Arthur. There are, to be sure, occasional oddballs who call him Professor Mayer. Doe Mayer, now twenty-eight and a fellow of the American Film Institute, in Beverly Hills, majored in films at N.Y.U. and, against her grandfather's better judgment, went to U.S.C. to get a master's degree in the field. He visualized her as a lamb being thrown to lions, a chicken in a coop of foxes. But when she turned out a fourteen-minute short, a satire on the subject of rape, which was shown at the 1973 Lincoln Center Film Festival (Arthur was a judge, but only of full-length entries), it was greeted with enough boos and hisses to convince her grandfather that she had a knack for audience impact.

IT was Arthur Mayer's own grandfather, in the spring of 1896, who introduced him to Edison's Kinetoscope, at the Koster and Bial Music Hall, on Herald Square. Arthur had been born ten years previously in Demopolis, Alabama, where his father ran a small department store. The father died when Arthur was an infant, and his mother brought him and his brother Leo, who was almost two years older, to New York, to live in an East Sixty-fifth Street brownstone with her father, Henry Bernheim, who was a well-to-do shirt manufacturer. The Bernheim household was a large one; among its members, for a while, was Morris Ernst, the son of another Bernheim daughter. Arthur and Leo—who was a prominent orthopedic surgeon until he died, in 1972, at the age of eighty-seven—were unusually close brothers, though there was some rivalry between them. It was Leo who collected stamps, Arthur who pasted them up. Arthur dug the worms with which Leo fished; Arthur carried the tripod for Leo's camera. Arthur took piano lessons principally so he could accompany Leo's violin. Despite such discrimination, Arthur came to be devoted to Leo, but he always regarded his doctor brother as a trifle square, the compelling evidence being that Leo liked to go to synagogues and concerts. Arthur attended a private school in New York which catered to prosperous German Jewish families, and in the fall of 1903—just about the time that "The Great Train Robbery" was released—he entered Harvard. He studied mostly American history and English literature, under the professorial guidance of, *inter alios*, Charles Townsend Copeland. (When Mayer decided to become a professor, he loyally made tentative overtures toward Harvard, but these were rebuffed, on the ground that he was preposterously over age.) After graduating, in 1907, he fiddled around for several unrewarding years, trying to settle on a career. There were chapters of a long unpublished novel. There was a disastrous attempt to corner the Panama-hat market. There was a stint in the mirror business. Eventually, he concluded that he was best fitted to run an art gallery. When he mentioned this to one of his maternal uncles, a banker with connections, the uncle was only half listening, and the one word that came through clearly was "pictures." So the uncle gave him an introduction to an aspiring motion-picture producer to whom he had recently granted a loan—Samuel Goldfish, who would soon be Goldwyn. Goldwyn gave Arthur a job as a sort of travelling auditor of theatre receipts. Mayer has since been credited, or has credited himself, with a number of vintage Goldwynisms. Once, for example, Goldwyn visited the Rockland County place and, on seeing a sundial, asked Mayer what it was. Mayer told him. "What ever will they think of next?" was Goldwyn's response, according to Mayer. Before long, Mayer took over some of Goldwyn's advertising and publicity. One Mayer account of one Goldwyn story has it that the producer, upon reading a Mayer-written ad that went "The directional skill of William Wyler, the storytelling talents of Lillian Hellman, the radiance of Miriam Hopkins, and the genius that is Goldwyn have combined to make this the world's finest entertainment," reflected for a while and then said, "This is the sort of advertisement I like—facts, just facts." (In another Mayer version, it must be reported, the ad was written by somebody else, the skillful director was Rouben Mamoulian, and the radiant star was Anna Sten.)

"The three lowest forms of human life," Mayer once jovially told a Stanford class, "are the motion-picture distributor, exhibitor, and press agent, and I've been them all." For a publicity man, especially if he is a good one, the dividing line between actuality and anecdote becomes hopelessly blurred; it is no surprise, then, that Mayer's reminiscences have got all tangled up with his imagination. There is no telling now whether or not he once really dumped a hippopotamus, on behalf of a long-since-forgotten animal epic, into the Pacific Ocean; it is enough for Mayer's students that he says he did, and that, as he adds, he was chagrined—no one at Harvard having taken the trouble to inform him that most hippopotamuses are freshwater beasts—when the hippo took one swig of salt water and sank from sight. In the nineteen-twenties, to boost another zoological film—this one about a mad scientist whose hobby was turning women into animals—Mayer concocted a nationwide Panther Woman of America contest but curbed his geographical urges sufficiently to make sure that the winner came from Chicago, where the picture had the most bookings. In any event, he was as fond of Chicago as a New Yorker can get, having spent almost a decade out there, helping to supervise the then far-flung Balaban & Katz chain of theatres. Balaban & Katz was absorbed in 1926 by the Paramount-Publix Corporation, of which Adolph Zukor was the grand panjandrum. Mayer soon found himself in charge of Paramount's advertising, exploitation, and publicity. In promoting Mae West's first big picture, "She Done Him Wrong," released in 1933, Mayer featured a full-bosomed portrait of the star and, beneath it, the legend "Hitting the high spots of lusty entertainment." Zukor demurred; he didn't mind the busty photo, but he thought "lusty" sounded off-color. Soon afterward, when another Mae West vehicle, with the working title of "It Ain't No Sin," was being peddled to exhibitors, Mayer came up with one of those notions that win press agents bonuses. He booked fifty parrots into a hotel room and for thirty days exposed them mercilessly to a phonograph record that played nothing but the four words of the title. His intention was to ship the birds wherever their parroting might do the most good. He had them all but fully trained when the fastidious Zukor, leery of offending the powerful Legion of Decency, decided to change the title to "I'm No Angel." Mayer was incensed; Zukor affected to appease him by swapping a long-term contract that Mayer had with Paramount for a lease that Paramount had on the Rialto Theatre, at Forty-second Street and Broadway. Zukor neglected to mention that the theatre was losing two thousand dollars a week.

Mayer took over the Rialto on March 4, 1933, the day that Franklin Roosevelt became President. After the inauguration, Roosevelt's first major act was to order all the banks closed. Mayer put up a sign outside the Rialto saying that the theatre would accept I.O.U.s

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You have to wake up at least once every day. So why not make the best of it?

And this Sony Digimatic* Clock Radio is the best of it.

It not only tells you the hour, minute and second, it lets you know the day and the date.

You can choose FM or AM, music alarm or buzzer alarm.

Or you can hit the "Snooze Bar" and make it all go away for another 8 minutes. And then automatically come back.

What you perhaps wouldn't know is how such a rich, beautiful sound can come out of a radio less than 5" high.

Because the same technology and precision the world admires in Sony television sets, can be admired in Sony radios.

So shop around. There are a lot of radios that do a lot of the things our radios do.

But a radio by any other name is not a Sony.

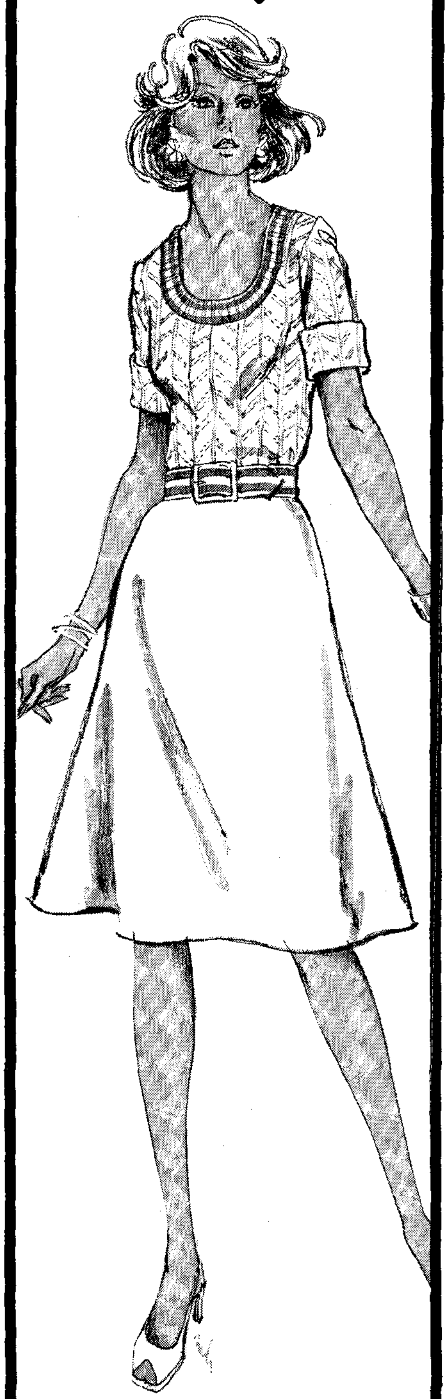
EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW IN YOUR BEDROOM.

Model TFM-C660. FM/AM Digimatic clock radio with "Black Light" digits.

25
WED
8:06
BLACK LIGHT
SONY

"IT'S A SONY."

James Kenrob



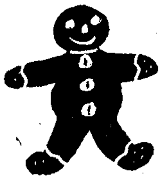
James Kenrob captures spring,
in an eyecatching silhouette
of soft-toned Mango and White.
Sizes 6 to 16. About $52.
Featured at:

Halle's, Jacobson's — Michigan,
Gidding — Jenny, B. Forman Co.,
Woolf Bros., Neusteter's
and other fine stores everywhere.
Prices slightly higher in the West.

A division of Dalton
Dalton of America, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

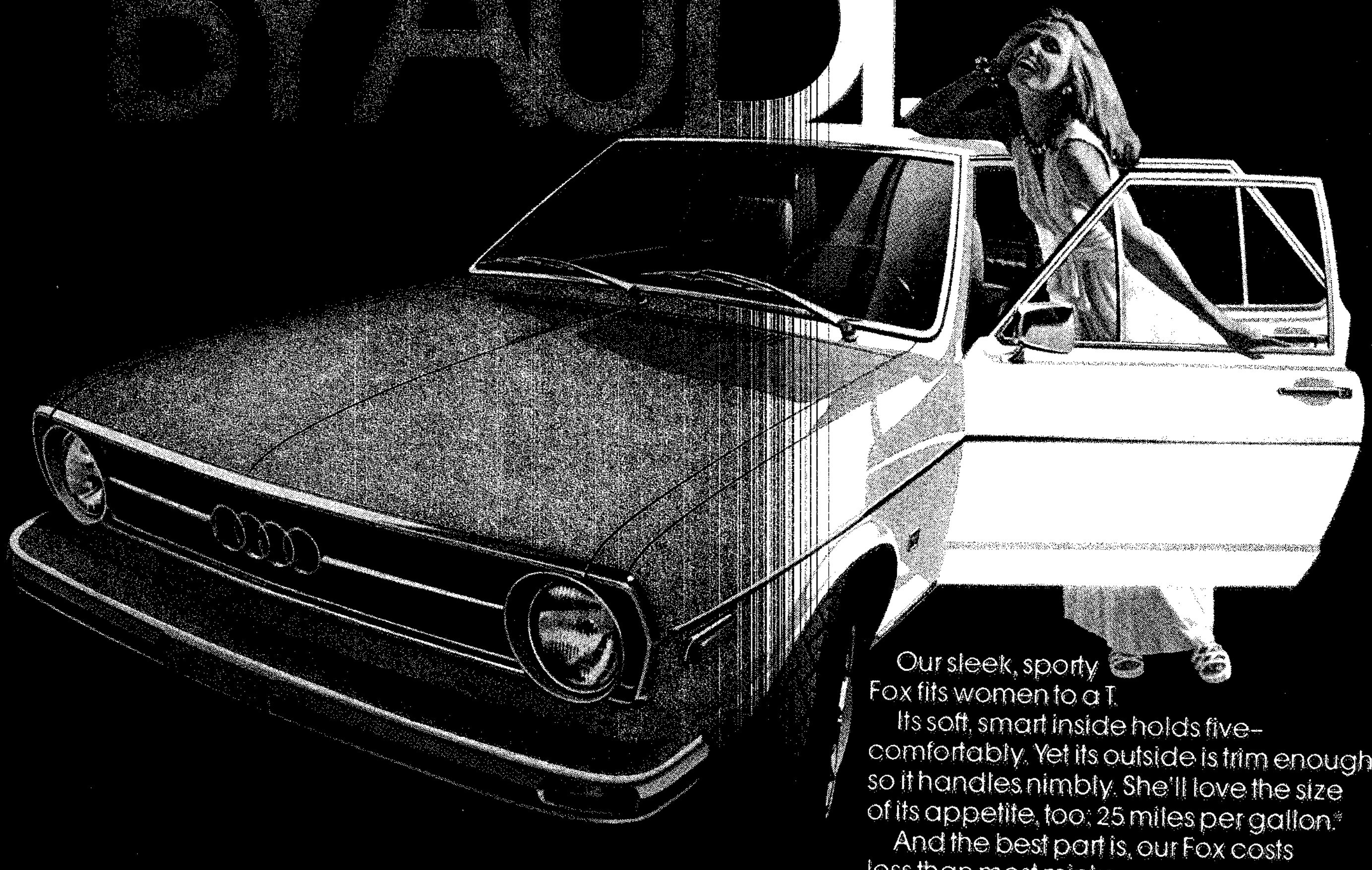
We recommend washing in
Woolite®
For the clothes you care about

instead of cash. "We took in a couple of thousand I.O.U.s, but nobody ever made good on a single one of them," he recalls. "Of course, the show we gave them wasn't worth much, but you'd think *somebody* would have settled up. Still, by then, having already met just about everyone of consequence in the movie business, I had lost much of my faith in human nature." The Rialto sometimes stayed open twenty-four hours a day, and even after it began to demand cash (twenty-five cents at most hours), it proved to be a haven for unemployed men who didn't feel like going home; it gave them a chance to pretend they were out looking for work, and so maintain a shred of dignity. The *Times* ran an unsigned piece on the theatre in which the writer told how he had stopped by at two o'clock in the morning, seeking information. "And we struck oil," the story said. "The gusher proved to be none other than Arthur Mayer." In those days, it was not unknown for the paper to use straight handouts; the writer of the piece was, in fact, none other than Arthur Mayer. The gusher proceeded to categorize himself as a sort of Samaritan running a sort of Salvation Army mission, sheltering male insomniacs who would swiftly be put to sleep by his tiresome shows and have to be gently roused at dawn. Mayer did not present stag shows, but he attracted stag audiences. When he hired a young woman secretary fresh out of college, he said that the first condition of her employment was that on her way to his office—a cramped one upstairs—she was never to set foot in the theatre itself. Among the more presentable of Mayer's male patrons was Jascha Heifetz, who used to find the Rialto relaxing after a concert at Carnegie Hall. Mayer ultimately made a deal with Heifetz: free admission to the Rialto for the violinist in exchange for free tickets to Carnegie Hall; Mayer passed these along to his doctor-violinist brother.



As an independent, Mayer had a hard time getting hold of pictures to screen, since most of the films of any discernible merit were committed to theatre chains by ironclad deals between distributors and exhibitors. Most of his offerings were thus so-called B pictures—those produced to serve as the minor halves of double features. They were often also what Mayer came to call M pictures—those treating largely of mystery, mayhem, and murder. "The only women our customers seem especially interested in are those that have been stabbed, choked, or shot," Mayer once told the *Times*. To his delight, the Rialto soon became known as the home of horror films, and he as "the Merchant of Menace." The again obliging *Times* pinned the appellation on him—or, rather, permitted him to pin it on himself. He wrote that story, too, and noted in it that Arthur Mayer had been spotted in a rear-row seat of the Rialto, at an unspecified hour, "perusing a rare edition of De Quincey's 'Murder as a Fine Art.' " (It was Mayer's even rarer version of De Quincey's title, and the *Times* did not bother to correct it.) Mayer revelled in this kind of tomfoolery. At one point, his switchboard operator, when someone called to inquire what ghastly offering was on view, was instructed to answer the phone with "Help! Murder! Police! This is the Rialto Theatre, now playing 'The Werewolf of London,' best thriller of the year." Mayer spent almost as much on sidewalk displays as on film rentals. To promote something called "Six-Day Bike Rider," he hired four strong-legged men to pedal stationary bicycles out front; anybody who could guess the mileage they racked up over a given period received a pass. For "The Mummy," he commissioned a twelve-foot monster that, to his glee, won him a summons for blocking pedestrian traffic on Broadway; when a bona-fide *Times* writer observed that the show outside the theatre was a cut above the one inside, Mayer had the effigy trundled over to the newspaper office—where, to his further elation, it got stuck in an elevator. He usually showed only one picture at a time, but in 1938 he was inspired to put on a double bill consisting of two seven-year-old films, "Dracula" and "Frankenstein." He offered a prize to anyone who could sit through both without fainting, and, purportedly to take care of those who couldn't, he had an ambulance parked outside, its engine running, and nurses and stretcher-bearers stationed in the lobby. In both editions of "The Movies," Mayer and Griffith, writing about "Frankenstein" and "Dracula" but mentioning no other names, stated, "Eventually one enterprising exhibitor conceived the repulsive idea of double-featuring these two horror attractions, and they were rebooked everywhere

BUY YOUR WIFE A SILVER FOX BY AUDI.



Our sleek, sporty Fox fits women to a T.

Its soft, smart inside holds five—comfortably. Yet its outside is trim enough so it handles nimbly. She'll love the size of its appetite, too: 25 miles per gallon.*

And the best part is, our Fox costs less than most minks.

ITS HER SIZE.

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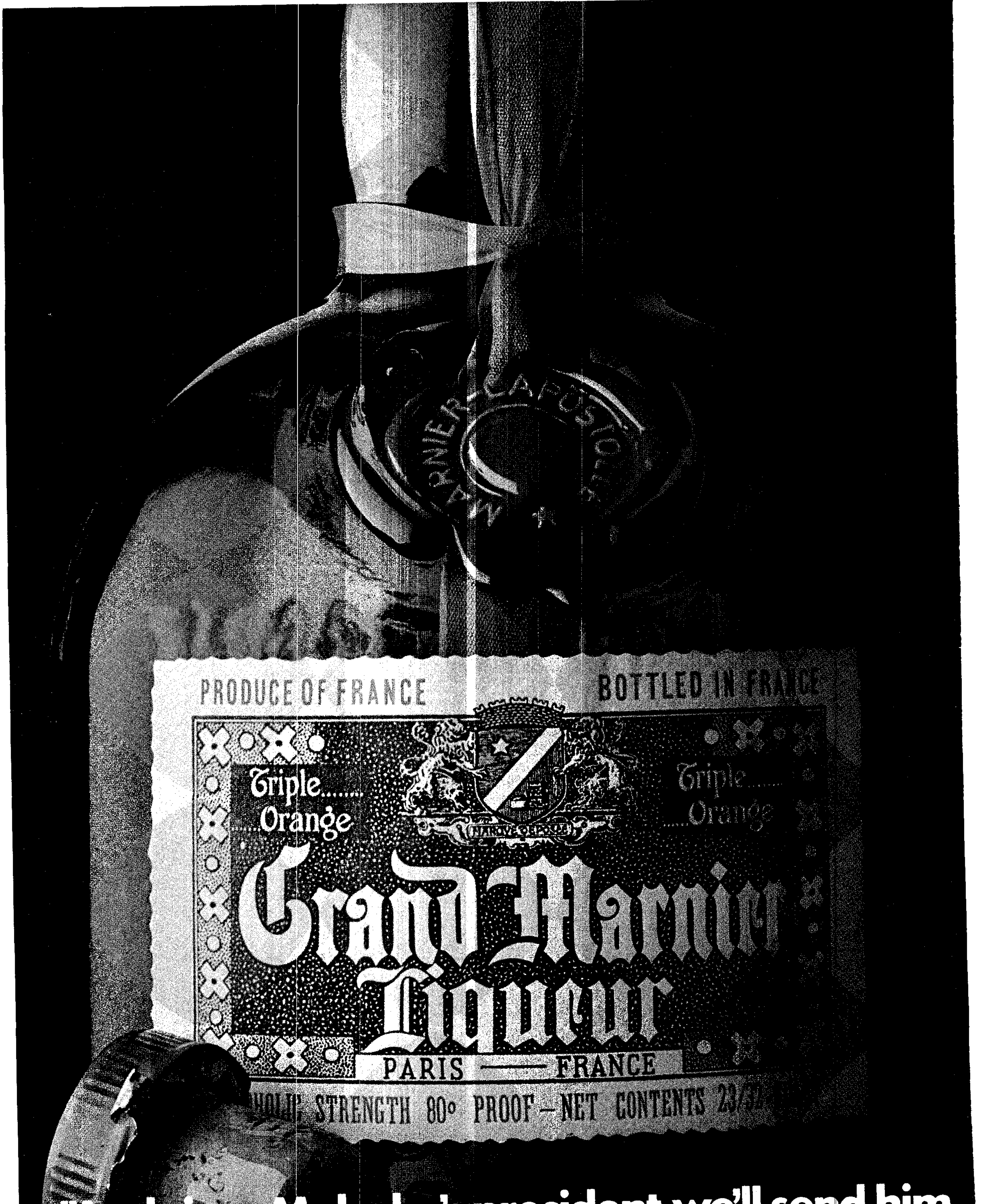
*Mileage based on German Industry Standards (DIN 70030).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Triple Orange
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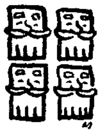
"And since Malcolm's president, we'll send him the Grand Marnier instead of the Chivas."

More good things have been decided over Grand Marnier than any other drink in the world.

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Ave., NYC 10022. Product of France, made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

with doctors, nurses, and ambulances available for stricken patrons." There is no hard evidence that anyone ever actually collapsed, let alone tottered—not even at Dartmouth, where, out of deference to Professor Mayer, the college film society once restaged the repulsive double bill. Mayer labored over the copy for his Broadway marquee as diligently as a haiku poet. The use of the legend "Glorifying the American Girl" at the Winter Garden, where the "Ziegfeld Follies" was holding sway, prompted Mayer's muse to whisper to him, "Gorifying the American Ghoul." Because, or in spite, of such come-ons, the Rialto was soon making a lot of money. It had only six hundred seats, but for a while it averaged four thousand admissions daily. In 1948, though, Mayer got bored with it and decided to sell the by now valuable leasehold that Zukor had fobbed off on him fifteen years before. He announced his departure by composing for the marquee the message "Goodbye to Ghouls, Farewell to Horror." A number of steady patrons all but knocked each other down trying to get in to see what they took to be still another thrilling twin bill.



In 1943, Mayer had been co-producer of an anti-Nazi picture that didn't create much of a stir under its original title, "Education for Death," but did boffo business at the Rialto as "Hitler's Children," in part because the promotional campaign for it stressed one fleeting scene involving a scantily clad girl being flogged by Storm Troopers. Mayer couldn't wait to invest most of his substantial profits in what seemed to him a natural sequel, "Behind the Rising Sun," the promotional campaign for which featured a scantily clad girl being flogged by Japanese soldiers. It was an utter busto. Some time after he forsook the Rialto, he got involved with the only picture that he ever helped put together on location. It was an Alpine thriller called, promisingly, "High Hell," and its distribution possibilities seemed promising, too, for Mayer's director was the late Burt Balaban, whose father, Barney, was then the head of Paramount. The filmmakers took over a hotel near the Jungfrau, where much of their time and energy had to be expended on coping with the shyness of their leading lady. She was supposed to take a bath in a barrel, but she insisted (those were the days!) on wearing a body stocking, which kept developing unsightly, unskinlike wrinkles whenever she immersed herself. The producers did, however, obtain some dazzling authentic outdoor snow shots; to Mayer's dismay, when the picture was edited by supposed experts in London these were scrapped and some make-believe studio blizzards, with cornflakes representing snow, were substituted. At the first showing in New York, Mayer sensed that "High Hell" was another busto when Barney Balaban walked out in grim silence even before the barrel bath. The venture was not without its consolations, though. "High Hell" was such an unrelieved fiasco that certain movie buffs, whose perverse hobby is the connoisseurship of impossibly awful films, have since judged it to be a near-perfect gem of that genre.

During Mayer's Rialto days, he had dabbled extracurricularly in a few other enterprises. He fooled around with parachute-jump concessions for amusement parks. He thought he might be on to something big with "smellies"—movies with olfactory appeal. For a dalliance in a meadow, a theatre would be sprayed with the odors of apples or burning leaves; for an ensuing wedding scene, with rose and honeysuckle perfumes; for, seriatim, a childbirth sequence, with soap and disinfectant. But Mayer couldn't successfully devise a way of getting one smell out of an audience's nostrils in time to introduce the next on cue.

THE principal sideline on which Mayer embarked was the importation of foreign films, with which few Americans had had much acquaintance in 1935. One day that year, a tiny, hunchbacked, prematurely white-haired man named Joseph Burstyn, who was a press agent for a Yiddish theatre down on Second Avenue, barged into Mayer's Rialto office and upbraided him for showing only trash. Mayer thought Burstyn had a good point. Burstyn, it developed, had obtained the American rights to "The New Gulliver," a Russian film, and he was looking for a partner who knew about distribution and exhibition. They teamed up, and before Burstyn died of a heart attack aboard a plane to Europe, in 1953, he and Mayer imported some twenty films. They introduced Roberto Rossellini to American audiences, bringing over his "Open City" in 1946. (Mayer first saw it while he was in Rome hobnobbing with the Pope.) Then came Rossellini's "Paisan." " 'Paisan' was the first foreign picture for which a United States gross

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Imagine spending the entire day opening gifts, enjoying brunch, friends and good cheer. You and your Christmas caftan make a beautiful pair. So lightweight and supple, this caftan is also a pleasure to travel with. Concealed side pockets, zipped back. A triacetate and nylon boucle knit in blue or peach. Petite to large sizes, $30. Young Dimensions in Robes. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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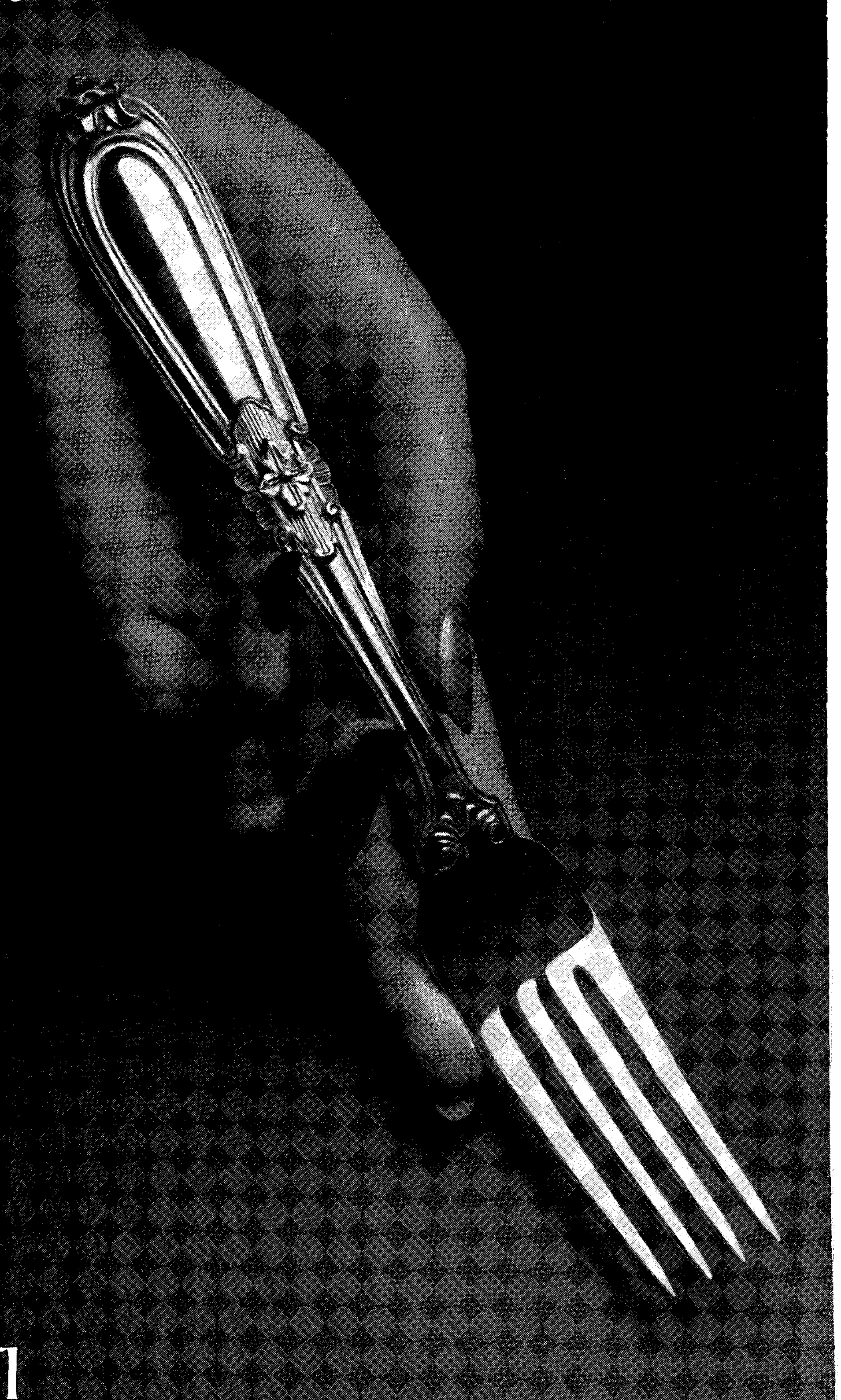
CELEBRATING OUR FIFTIETH CHRISTMAS
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

How it feels in your hand is the ultimate test.



A Buccellati dinner fork will pass every test a woman will give it.

Before you make your final silverware choice, hold a Buccellati fork in one hand, any other fork in your other hand. You'll feel the difference as well as see it. The Buccellati fork feels comfortable, at home, with a good heft.

There's more silver in prestige Buccellati flatware. This extra weight is perfectly balanced so that the fork is a delight to hold no matter what size your hand may be. It works to swiftly entangle a strand of spaghetti, to lift a cloud of souffle, or recapture a runaway pea.

Buccellati offers you 22 original, extraordinarily beautiful patterns. Glide your fingers over the deeply sculptured face, the fully decorated back, the delicately tapered sides.

Once you've held a Buccellati, you'll know: This is sterling you'll want to own. To pass on to your grandchildren. Generations will use it with joy.

The fork she is holding is Esteval. Totally hand made.

Hold Buccellati in your hand. Feel how solidly comfortable it is.

Isn't that the ultimate test?

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Hold Buccellati in your hand at the following stores:

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B.D. Howes & Son, *Palm Springs, Santa Barbara*
Jessop Jewelers, *Chula Vista, Escondido, La Jolla, La Mesa, San Diego*
Rorke's, *Burlingame*
Shreve's, *Palo Alto, San Francisco, San Mateo Walnut Creek*
COLORADO The Habitat Inc., *Aurora*
International Villa, *Denver*
CONNECTICUT Bernie Fields Jewelers, *Middletown*
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DELAWARE J.E. Caldwell, *Wilmington*
D.C. Martin's, *Washington*
Chas. Schwartz & Son, *Washington*
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Home & Hobby House, *Orlando, Winter Park*
Mayor's, *Coral Gables, Fort Lauderdale, Hialeah, Hollywood, Miami, North Miami Beach, Pompano Beach*
Owen-Cotter, *St. Petersburg*
Sobering's, *Boca Raton*
GEORGIA Charles Willis, Inc., *Atlanta*
HAWAII B.D. Howes & Son, *Honolulu*
IDAHO Angleton, *Boise*
ILLINOIS The Ginny Lee, *Decatur*
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INDIANA L.S. Ayres & Co., *Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Lafayette, South Bend*
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W. VIRGINIA C.F. Reuschlein, *Huntington*
WASHINGTON Friedlander & Sons, *Bellevue, Bremerton, Everett, Seattle, Tacoma*
Gunderson, *Tacoma*
WISCONSIN Bake's, *Green Bay*
E.W. Parker, *Madison*
George Watts & Son, Inc., *Milwaukee*

of a million dollars was claimed," Mayer says. "And in fact it did gross close to eight hundred thousand." During their partnership, Mayer and Burstyn brought over Renoir's "The Lower Depths," De Sica's "The Bicycle Thief," and a trove of other treasures. At first, the two Americans believed that audiences here were excited by these foreign films because they were more uninhibited than domestic fare, and that "Open City" had done so well because moviegoers were under the impression that it was a tale about a vice town; Mayer and Burstyn promoted it as "sexier than Hollywood ever dared to be" and, in their ads, played up a photograph of two women embracing each other and a man being whipped. "The Bicycle Thief" had no sex in it at all, but the importers did the best they could; the ads for that, unlike the picture itself, featured a comely young woman riding a bike. The pictures were indeed far franker than the stuff that Hollywood was then manufacturing, and the partners were constantly battling censors, who, for instance, wouldn't give their "Forgotten Village," made in Mexico, a motion-picture-code seal of approval, because there were some rather subdued childbirth scenes in it. When Rossellini's "The Miracle," a modern version of the Nativity, which Burstyn imported on his own, was banned by the New York State Board of Regents as sacrilegious, Burstyn fought the ban up to and through the United States Supreme Court and got it lifted. After a while, independent producers in the United States began making franker and franker films themselves, and for various reasons—including his involvement in the Council of Motion Picture Organizations—Mayer decided to get out of the foreign-film business. It had been an uncertain enterprise economically, but for part of the time he was importing artistic films he had the inartistic proceeds from the Rialto to fall back on. "The profits on the bad pictures enabled me to stand the losses on the good ones," he once wrote.

At Dartmouth, a couple of years ago, Mayer was miffed when he inadvertently came upon a memorandum circulated within the Drama Department relating to long-range curriculum planning which said, among other things, "It can't be anticipated that Professor Mayer will be here forever." The subject of that appraisal was somewhat mollified when, in 1972, Dartmouth conferred on him an honorary Doctorate of Humane Let-

"The Clock," $4400.

We make the most of time.

Ten companies in America make grandfather clock cases. Only Herschede makes grandfather clocks. Because only we make the movement that makes the case a clock. For a full color brochure of America's finest clocks send 50¢ to Herschede Hall Clock Co., Starkville, Miss. 39759. A division of Arnold Industries.

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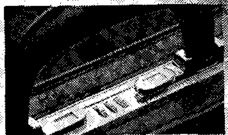

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ters. The accompanying citation said—a trifle uncharitably in regard to the co-subject of this appraisal—"Without your promotional skills America would never have noticed Mae West." Mayer has been threatening to retire from teaching every year for the last three years, and eventually, of course, age will catch up with him. Two years ago, he was at the Hillcrest Country Club, in Los Angeles, and ran into Adolph Zukor. "My God, are you still around?" Zukor exclaimed. Mayer could have retorted, accurately, that he not only was around but was there to have lunch with the ninety-six-year-old mother-in-law of his ninety-one-year-old brother-in-law, but he guessed that Zukor, who was then ninety-nine, might not be impressed.

Zukor went on to say, "Everything lasts too long. Maybe life lasts too long. Don't you think so?"

"No," said Mayer.

When Mayer, who is now just finishing up his stay at Dartmouth, suffered his stroke, last December, the first doctor he consulted gave him a cursory examination and said he had better return the next day for a more thorough checkup. Mayer said he was sorry, but he couldn't—he had promised to take his class out to a studio in Burbank. "Good Lord, man, what's more important to you—your health or your students?" the doctor demanded.

"Why, my students, of course," said Mayer.

Not long after that, Mayer was having dinner with an ex-student, and the subject of life after death arose. Did Arthur believe in it, his companion wondered. Yes, Mayer said. In his view, nothing perished; he thought he would go on, in one guise or another. He rather hoped it might be as an oak tree, rooted on top of a hill, observing everything. The ex-student said afterward, "Arthur doesn't know it, but he already is an oak tree."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

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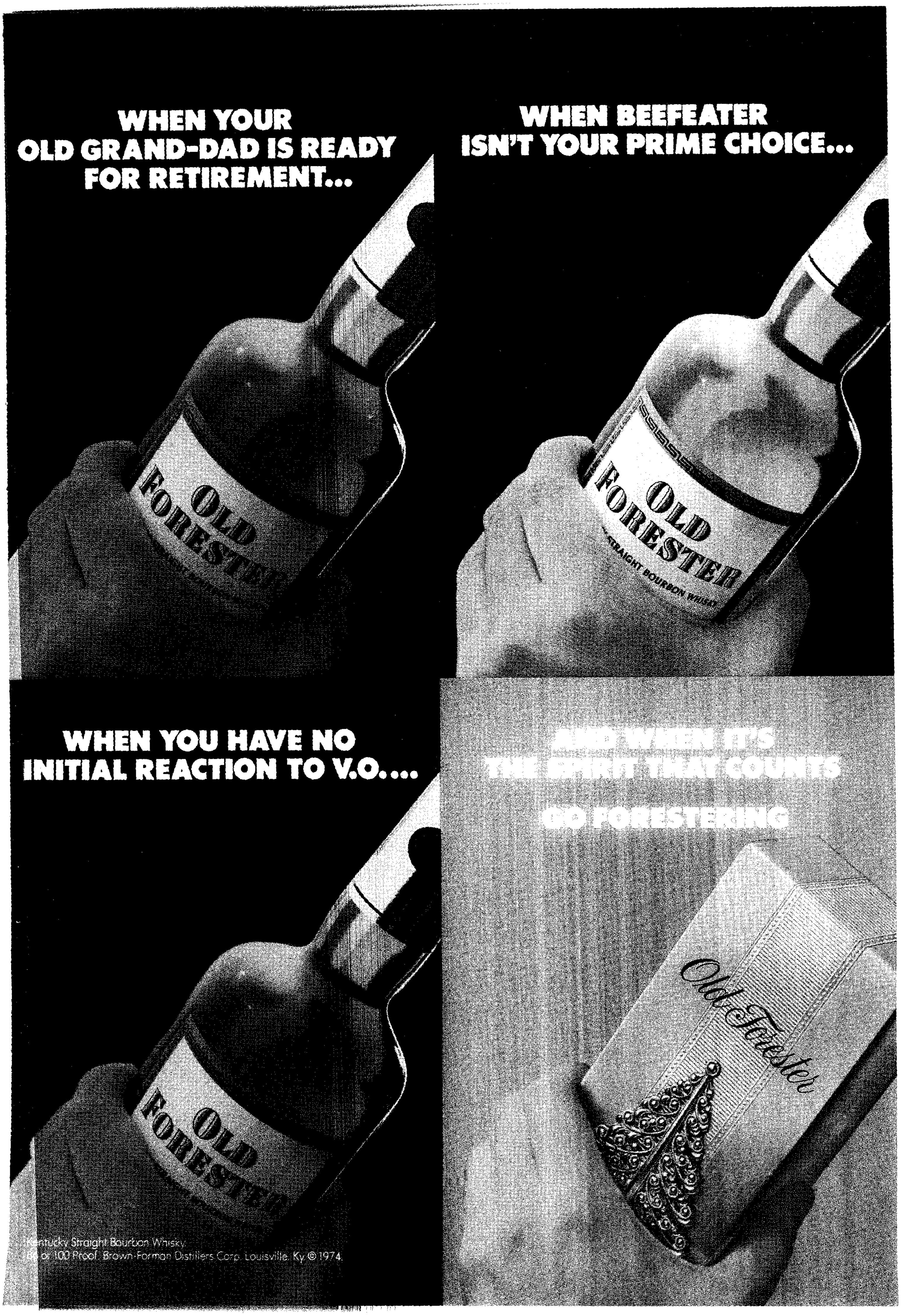
We just sat staring at the picture. Couldn't eat.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Charles of the Ritz

THE THEATRE

BROTHERS

WE have been enjoying such a run of good plays on Broadway this season that assigning them places according to the degree of their excellence becomes a pleasing difficulty; nevertheless, if by some ill chance a devout theatregoer were permitted to attend but a single play out of the many meriting his patronage I wouldn't hesitate to make a choice for him. Go, I would say, to one of the two plays now being given in repertory at the Edison—either "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead" or "The Island." In an earlier review, I noted my admiration for "Sizwe Banzi." I admire "The Island" even more, as being more nearly an autonomous work of art and less a work of propaganda, however lofty in purpose that propaganda may be. Like "Sizwe Banzi," which illustrates and passionately indicts the practice of apartheid, "The Island" has its message, but one receives it in a context from which, despite the topicality of the plot and the particularity of the setting, the least taint of the tendentious has been purged. "The Island" is a small play and a vast one; it has the shapeliness of a poem and a poem's uncanny power to move us by the cunning arrangement of a few seemingly commonplace words. When we begin to recite the lines "In summertime on Bredon" or "They cannot look out far," we find to our astonishment that our voices are suddenly thickening with emotion. What on earth is happening to us at that moment? And why? It is an experience welcomely mysterious, and one that my imaginary devout theatregoer can count on enjoying all evening long at the Edison, among the haunting simplicities of "The Island."

A program note informs us that the setting of the play is Robben Island, seven miles out in the Atlantic Ocean off Cape Town. Once a lepers' colony and later a lunatic asylum, it is now South Africa's maximum-security prison for political offenders. Two black men, apparently laborers, have been incarcerated there for some unidentified crime against the state. They have been put in the charge of a notoriously sadistic warder nicknamed Hodoshe (a Xhosa word meaning "the big green fly that feasts on human feces"). Hodoshe is seeking to break their spirits and, ideally, to kill them by imposing on them the daily, Sisyphean task of moving immense quantities of sea sand from one point to another in large barrows. But the men will not die, and they will not allow their spirits to be broken. On the contrary, their affection for each other increases with each day's physical torment, and with their brotherly affection comes strength, comes joy; so far from being crushed, they look forward to taking part in an annual entertainment staged by the inmates of the prison. They have promised to perform a play, and the play is to be Sophocles' "Antigone." The climax of "The Island" is reached when one of the two black men emerges into the light in a makeshift wig and gown and begins to speak Antigone's almost twenty-five-hundred-year-old lines; it is a moment of theatre so pure and so touching that one's heart threatens to stop. For the playwright and actors to have risked such a scene and then to have brought it off—!

Playwright? Well, according to the program, "Sizwe Banzi" and "The Island" have been "devised" by three men—the white African playwright Athol Fugard and the two black South African actors, John Kani and Winston Ntshona, who make up the casts of both plays. Wonderful to relate, the three men are reported to have brought "The Island" into existence in the course of just fourteen days of intense and sometimes angry discussion and composition; few plays that promise to live long have taken so little time in which to be born. Under Mr. Fugard's direction, Mr. Kani and Mr. Ntshona play their big roles to the hilt; no greater feats of acting skill are likely to be observed on Broadway this year. The setting is by Stuart Wurtzel, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by Ronald Wallace.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

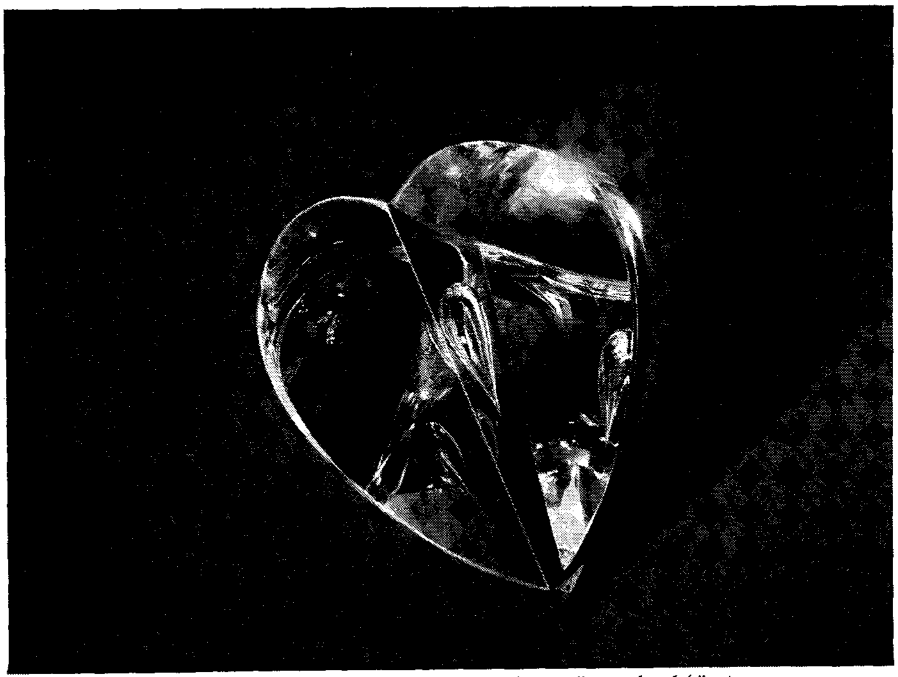
The Second Time Around

WHEN David Rabe's "In the Boom Boom Room" opened at the Vivian Beaumont last year, as the first fruit of the arrival at Lincoln Center of Joseph Papp, the play was obviously unready to be seen and heard. Mr. Rabe has since been working on the script, which is being given a second production in the Anspacher convolution of that chambered nautilus known as the Public Theatre, and one's first impression is of how whackingly the play has been brought down to earth—it has hit with a bump, and the bump hurts. Which is a way of saying that David Mitchell has designed a realistic set, Milo Morrow has designed realistic costumes, and Robert Hedley, the director, has handled the realistic text with a respect that approaches doggedness. The chief result of these efforts is that the play, whether Mr. Rabe has lengthened it or not, feels much longer than it did, with no equivalent gain in its power to move us.

How an ambitious girl in the nineteen-sixties, starting out in a sleazy night club in Philadelphia and dreaming of the day when she will become a celebrated dancer, ends up a topless nonentity in a side street in New York—this cautionary tale is told in laborious detail, in the fashion of a novel, rather than of a play, and we remain at a distance from it. We see that Rabe's Chrissy could never have fulfilled her Technicolor dreams; despite her valor, the poor thing is neither very gifted nor very bright, and the steps she takes are all steps leading down, which she is alone in not perceiving. When she struggles to achieve a successful future by an anguished ransacking of her past, the attempt exposes a dreary assortment of failed clues, which prove useless to her and, alas, boring to us—who cares what Daddy may or may not have done to her in her infancy? Chrissy is a sad case, but not one that can hold our attention for long; we have all known sadder ones, and they were sadder precisely because the protagonists—clever, charming, talented, energetic—received so much less from life than they appeared to deserve. That Chrissy receives her due is the stuff of pathos but not of tragedy.

Ellen Greene is excellent in the role of Chrissy, and so is Christopher Lloyd as her lover. At the very end of the play, they have a blazing scene together, worth all the gritty scenes that have preceded it. Gwendolyn Brown and Fred Grandy give admirable support as, respectively, a bisexual night-club m.c. and an inhibited Wasp admirer.

I WAS dismayed by "The Prodigal Sister," at the Theatre de Lys. A musical with book and lyrics by J. E. Franklin and with music and further



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lyrics by Micki Grant, it turned out to be a coarsely drawn caricature of middle-class black life, and not, as one would have expected from black artists of proved merit, a joyous, accurate embodiment of it. The stereotypes being glibly enacted onstage are those that white musical-comedy writers wouldn't have hesitated to invent back in the nineteen-thirties—a ranting, vindictive father, a strict mother, a gossipy old neighbor, a pious preacher, a slatternly fortune-teller, a skittery undertaker—and these stereotypes are matched in their vulgarity by the plot, which calls for a pregnant schoolgirl to run away from home, be harbored in a brothel-*cum*-casket-factory ("the casket of your dreams"), and be returned in a casket to her family, seemingly dead but ready to rise and join in a happy neighborhood reunion as soon as a doctor happens by and takes the trouble to feel her pulse. I am sorry for everyone concerned with this noisy nonrevel, which has been directed in slam-bang fashion by Shauneille Perry and which has sets by C. Richard Mills and costumes by Judy Dearing.

SOMETHING called "The Madhouse Company of London" is appearing at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which is not at the Brooklyn Navy Yard but is a Manhattan outpost, far west on Forty-third Street, of the Chelsea Theatre of Brooklyn, whose name is derived from the Chelsea district in Manhattan, itself a child of Chelsea in London. This Viconian geographico-nomenclatural circularity is just about as nutty as the operations of the Madhouse group, but in far better taste; the Madhouse folk make a point of trying to be as disgusting as possible, and they often succeed. I found most of their antics highly enjoyable, especially when, on a freezing-cold night, they conjured the entire audience out of the theatre, across Ninth Avenue, and into a public playground, where a low clown known as Hamlet Mac Wallbanger, wearing only a *cache-sexe* and moonlight, attempted, in the most winning way imaginable, to burn off his head. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is a cozy cabaret, where one is encouraged to eat fruit, cheese, and nuts, and to drink whatever one pleases, hard or soft. A fine place to bring broadminded children over the holidays. —B. G.

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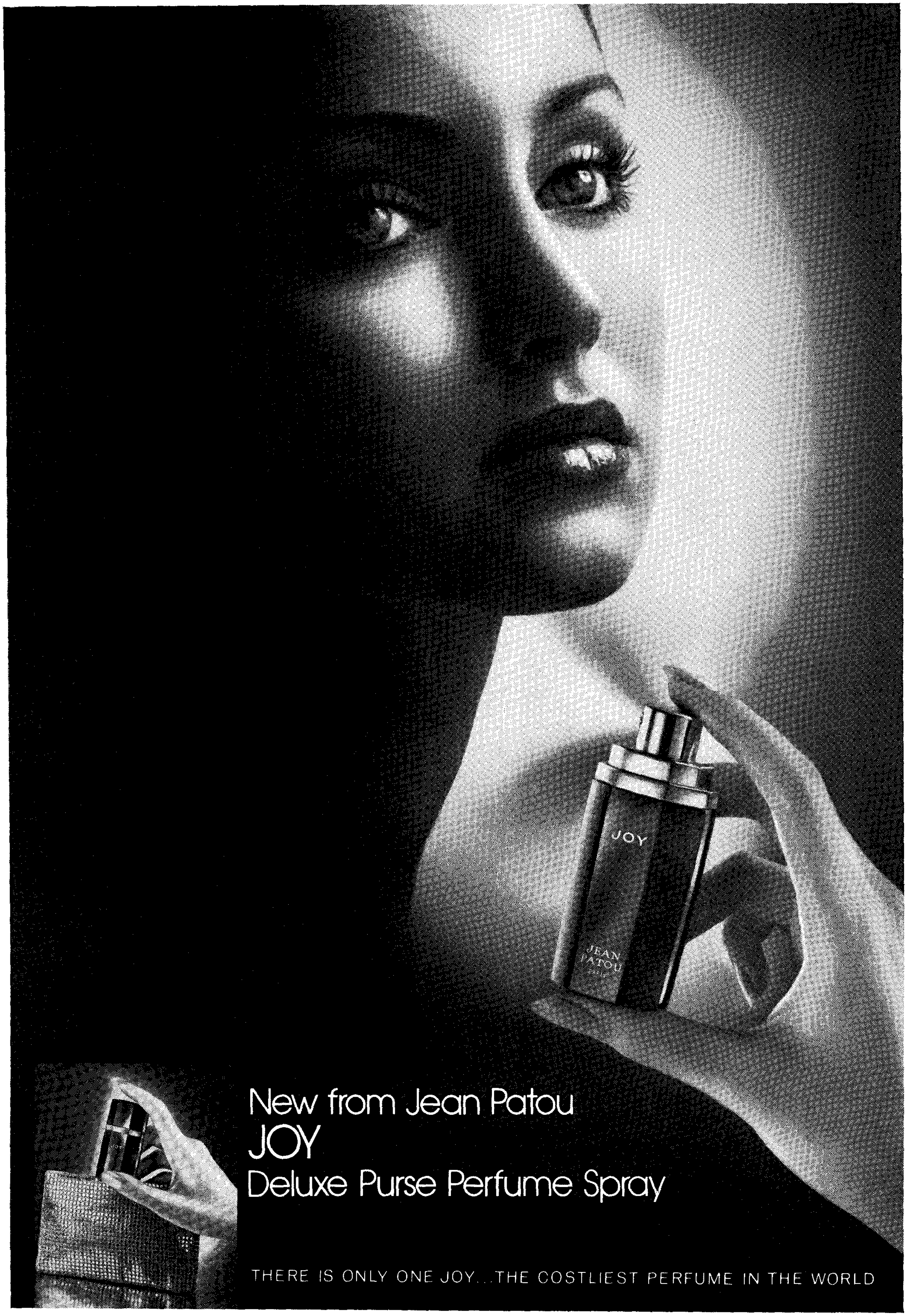
HUDSON—Mrs. Agnes Bojer of Copake reported the loss of her wallet to city police Friday night. She said it was lost —*Hudson* (*N.Y.*) *Register-Star.*

Simple as that.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FOOTBALL

Coast to Coast

As this correspondent moved on West, the situation to his rear appeared well in hand. Yale, assuredly the best of the Ivy League, could cope with Harvard, and Michigan, assuredly the fastest gun in the Midwest, could cope with Ohio State. But Yale, against whom it has been nearly impossible to run up any touchdowns at all this fall, let Harvard run up three. The last came about at the end of a rollout by Holt, a stranger in almost every town until this fall, and it came so late in the afternoon that Yale could muster no rebuttal: Harvard 21, Yale 16. Michigan, some of whose activities this viewer observed at one end of a tube during the match with Ohio State, allowed no touchdowns at all—a Michigan habit—but it could not restrain Ohio State's Klaban, a kicker imported from Czechoslovakia, and his four field goals, all executed as he did his dying-swan act (he inclines forty-five degrees astern as the ball departs from his toe), were enough to do in Michigan neatly, at 12–10. This viewer had a look, in Denver, at the Broncos, once somnolent, now smoldering, and, pleased by their insouciant manner of play, followed them to the Coast. Stanford, playing before an attendance as great as the population of at least one Ivy League team's entire set of nine games, put away California in the final seconds. Again it was a kicker of field goals—this time Langford, with his third long-distance boot of the day—who turned the trick. California was having difficulty getting the ball to its punter. (Someone behind the scenes said that the California center was accidentally tipping off his opponent in the Stanford line as to when the ball was to be snapped, and that that opponent, so to speak, got a piece of the ball.) Anyway, the difficulty was noticeable, and three poor punts can be offered in evidence. This viewer reached California in time to see all this, but too late to see the Raiders, who were entertaining the sprightly Broncos. Too late, that is, to see what one had a right to expect to see—the Raiders turn on the sort of football that has been on one end of the tube all fall. For it was, suddenly, another kind of Raiders: Broncos 20, Raiders 17. The Broncos' line play appeared to have made the difference. Or could the difference have been that the Raiders, home safe in a berth in the playoffs to come, were being lackadaisical? It is true that the Raiders were piecing out their forces with a neophyte here, a neophyte there. But just once, when Stabler let fly a whopper to Biletnikoff, one of the great catchers in the professional leagues, the Raiders did look the way we Easterners know they should look.

Back home again, and no time to stay for the astounding destruction of Notre Dame, 55–24, at the hands of U.S.C. To Philadelphia, naturally, last weekend, for what we would all like to think is still a "classic"—that is to say, Army-Navy. It was Navy 19, Army 0, at the end of an extremely placid afternoon, and one may as well lay the downfall of Army upon the shoulders of Belichick, the bird dog that Navy assigns to watch Army season after season. When Gillogly was at quarterback for Army, Navy knew that Army was to run, and Navy set up a nine-man line; when Hall was at quarterback, Navy knew that Army was to pass, and Navy set up a pass defense. It was as simple as that. Cleveland Cooper, in his final show as Navy running back, was his usual splendid self; Army was determined, and little else. Right at the start, an Army punt went out of bounds at its thirty-four; Navy had a field goal four plays later. Then a Navy punt was fumbled away at the Army thirteen; four plays later, Navy had its first touchdown. Army's boldest maneuver was a pass play, at fourth down and seven, inside the Navy thirty. No go. Minutes later, another Navy touchdown. When Belichick, who ranges wide, spotted Harvard's Holt playing football at Andover some years ago, he spoke about him to an assistant to Restic, Harvard's spiritual adviser. The staff, says Belichick, was dubious at the time, but it is to be noted that Holt, in the fall of 1974, became one of the best prestidigitators Restic has ever fielded. —J. W. L.

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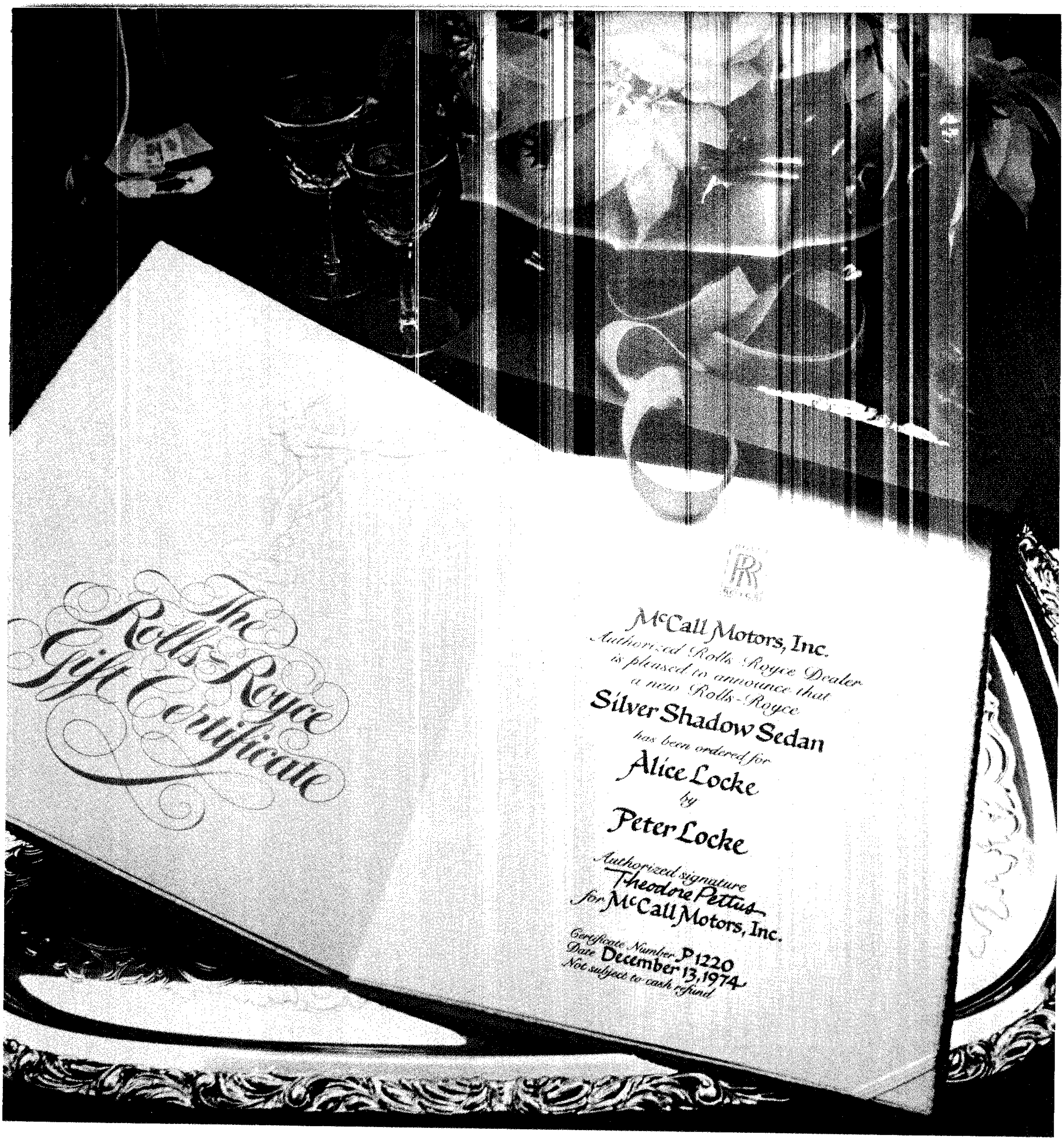

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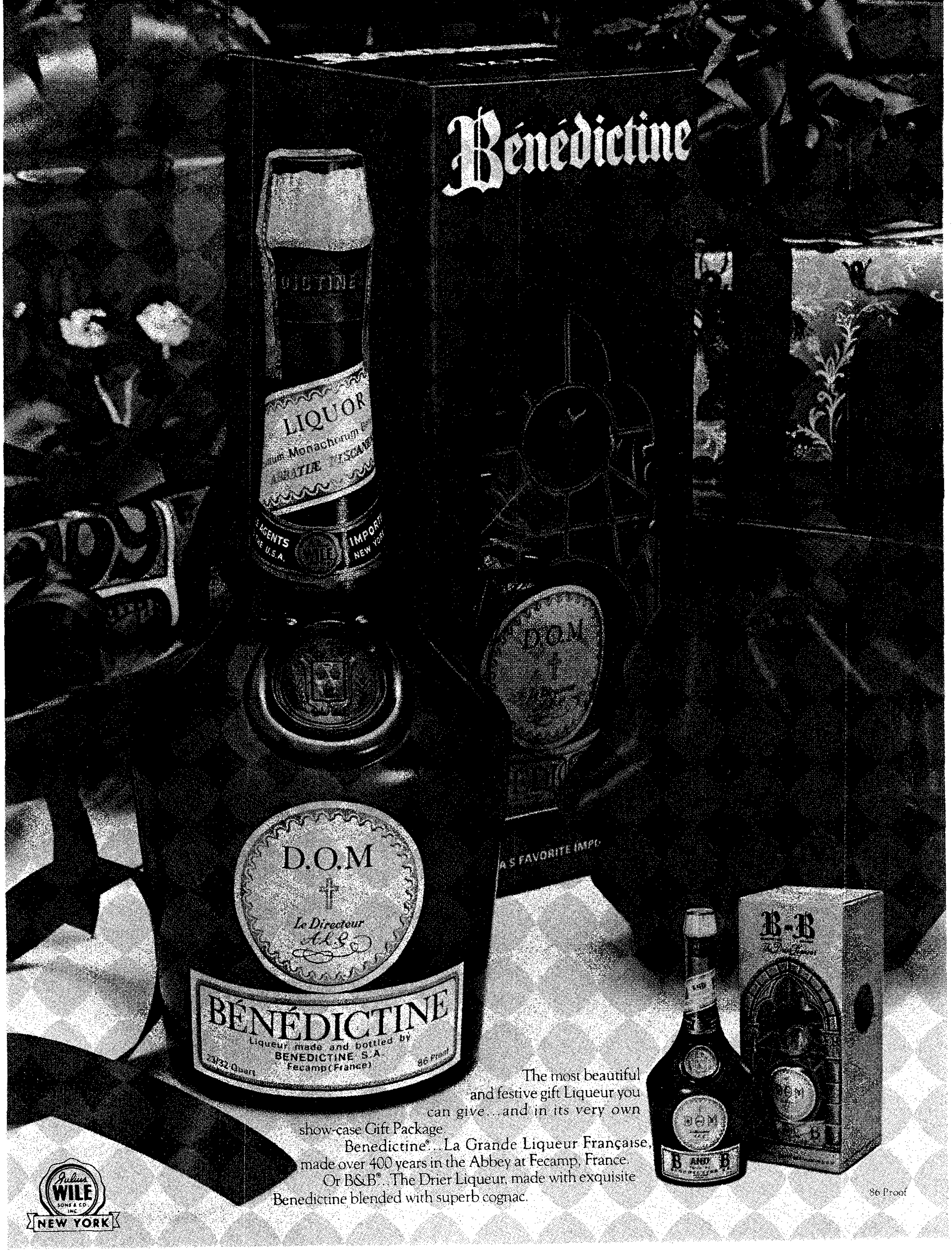
THE AFTER DINNER CHRISTMAS GIFT.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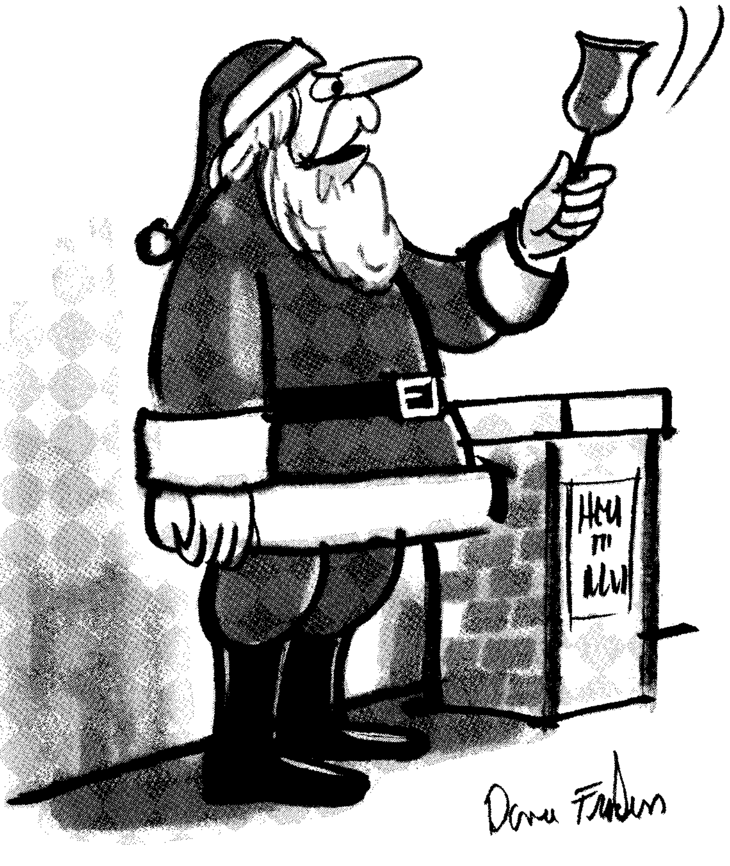
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

DECLINING economy, recession, hard times—whatever it is we're into or about to get into—may not turn out to be unalloyed disaster if, as seems to be the case, the toy industry has thereby been moved to spend less time importuning children to importune their parents to buy them various giant-size, battery-powered, Day-Glo-plastic objects that won't last past Twelfth Night, and instead has been moved to give a bit of attention to simpler, more durable items that may even last long enough to be passed on to a little sister or a little brother. That is, if there *is* a little sister or a little brother, since, of course, the toymakers' biggest long-range problem is the falling birthrate. (The most populous age group in the country is the fourteen-year-olds; since 1960, from the toy industry's point of view, it has been downhill all the way.) Other problems that the toymakers are bursting to tell you about include the high cost of wood, paper, and oil, and, especially, the shortage of this last material, from which most plastics are made. As far as we know, the industry has no present scheme to reverse the plunging birthrate (which decline a toy trade paper once denounced as un-American), but one manufacturer of games, the Milton Bradley Company, took direct action on the oil crisis and brought out a new game this year called King Oil; $11 at Reiss Brothers, 54 East 59th Street. The players (from two to four in number, from nine to adult in age) buy up property and drill for oil on a thirteen-inch-square pegboard. Included are a tiny drilling rig, derricks, provisions for capping a well if a gusher is struck, pipelines, markers, play money, and wildcat cards. The purpose, of course, is to discover new sources of oil, but the winner is the player who bankrupts all his rivals and is crowned King Oil. (Heroes change on the toy counters as in life. This year, we didn't come across a single new game in which the winner was crowned King Environmental Protector, and some of last year's popular conservation games seem to have disappeared without a trace.)

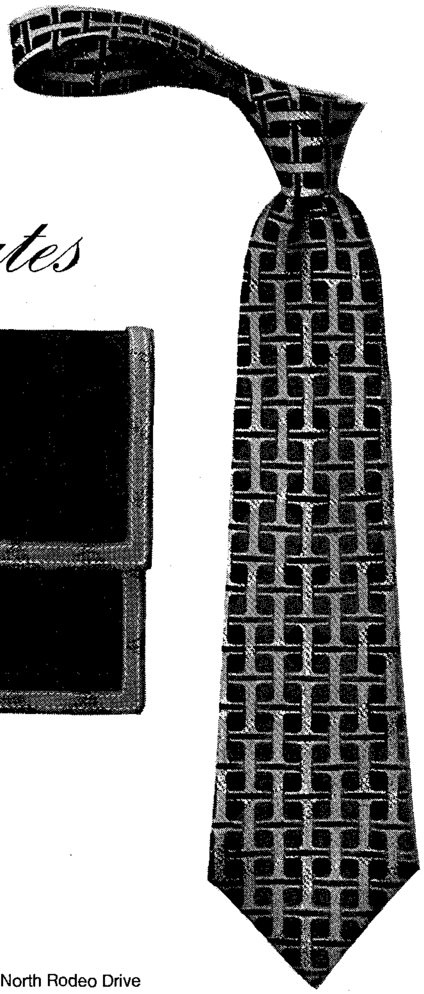


"Hardy, har, har, har! Hardy, har, har, har!"

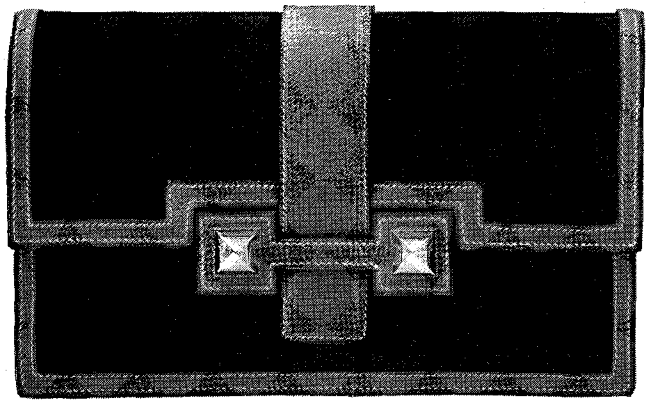
If anyone needs proof that, especially in trying times, toys don't have to be costly or giant-size to provide welcome diversion, he has only to remember the picture of one American President playing intently with a yo-yo on the stage of Nashville's Grand Ole Opry House during his waning months in office, or the picture of his successor, late in September, tossing a Frisbee at a party on the White House lawn, in what some interpreted as an effort to recapture the first fine careless euphoria of his pre-pardon weeks as President. A few years back, an N.Y.U. English professor, writing on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*, hailed the Frisbee as "the toy of our age," because of its "sense of abandon and spontaneity." "This is what contemporary America seems to want so desperately—release from inner and outer compulsion," he went on. Doing its part, the Wham-O company, which makes Frisbees, conducts annual Frisbee tournaments in coöperation with local recreation departments throughout the country. There is one for children up to fifteen, and Wham-O reports that a million two hundred and fifty thousand kids competed. Last year, President Nixon sent congratulations to the winners, but since then the White House apparently has had other things on its mind. There is also a separate, open Frisbee tournament, with no age limit, and the finals are held in the Rose Bowl. We noted that one event tests an entrant's skill in sailing a Frisbee through a Hula-Hoop. Pretty sneaky, since the Hula-Hoop is another Wham-O product, and one that's rather on the wane. A standard-size—nine-and-a-half-inch—Frisbee, made of orange-and-green plastic, is $1.98 at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th), and at the same place, in case you want to practice up for the Rose Bowl (at the moment there are only thirty-four World Class Frisbee Masters), there is a Master tournament model, measuring thirteen inches across, for $3.98. As for yo-yos, Rappaport's has a fat plastic Imperial model for $1; F. A. O. Schwarz sells a very nice hardwood one, four inches in diameter, for $3.95; and at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd), you'll find a *lighted* yo-yo, good fun to play with in the dark. Two batteries and two bulbs are included in the price, which is $2.

As further proof that there is a trend toward simpler toys this year, consider the fact that the big population explosion on the doll counters is among the rag dolls—though rags, of course, come a bit dearer than they used to. A very nice rag doll named Holly Hobbie has a cheerful painted-on face and yellow yarn braids beneath a blue-and-white bonnet. Her dress is a patchwork print, and in the sixteen-inch size she costs $5.95 at Schwarz. At the same place you'll find a child's ruffled patchwork-print waterproof parasol with a bamboo handle for $9.95. A seven-inch version of Holly is $2 at Macy's. The Official Levi-Straus Denim Rag Doll, seventeen inches tall and $5.50 at Macy's and at Abraham & Straus (no relation), wears, as you would expect, a Levi's shirt and Levi's pants, both bearing the familiar pocket tab. A pair of fifteen-inch Blue Jeaner dolls are also dressed in denim, naturally, and, as in the case of the Levi doll, you not only can throw them right in the washing machine but are supposed to, so that their outfits will achieve the fashionable faded look. One Blue Jeaner has yarn hair to its shoulders, tied with a ribbon, and is probably the girl Jeaner. The other has hair halfway to its shoulders and could be the boy Jeaner. The pawlike upper extremities of these dolls are lined with Velcro, so they can be made to hold hands, after a fashion, and they're $6.99 each at Gimbels East. A very nice rag-doll clown a foot and a half tall, with elastic arms and yarn hair, is $11 at Bloomingdale's. A fourteen-inch rag-doll Snoopy in a red T-shirt and jeans is $8 at Altman's and at Schwarz. And, of course, Raggedy Ann, now subtitled "The American Folk Doll," and her friend Raggedy Andy are ubiquitous. We found their names and faces being lent to battery-powered pencil sharpeners, shoeshine kits (the dolls' eyes roll around during the buffing process), and toothbrushes, and we even came upon an outsize Raggedy Ann who was equipped with her own curlers and teasing brush. Our hope is that you'll settle for the dolls themselves. In the twenty-inch size, they're $6 each at Altman's, and eight-inch versions of the raggedy pair with their arms wrapped around each other cost $3.95 for both at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street. A wooden Ann and Andy two and a half inches tall, along with a trio of their animal friends, are part of a crib mobile that is $10.95 at Schwarz. Clamped to the side of the crib and wound up, the mobile slowly circles over the crib's occupant, playing Brahms' Lullaby.

One item of retrenchment news about the toy business which you may have missed is that Louis Marx & Company, which carried a substantial line of war matériel long after most of the other big toymakers had phased it out, in the late sixties (which, of course, was some time before a similar move began in the Pentagon), has now been virtually disarmed. A few years back, after the Quaker Oats company began to invest in toy manufacturing, the familiar dour Quaker figure on its oatmeal box was exchanged for a smil-



Cuir-Cravates



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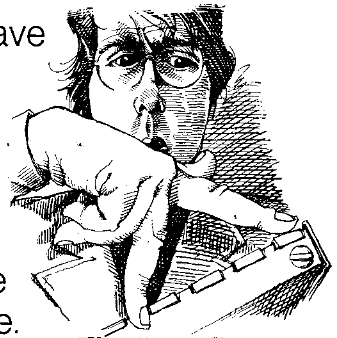
It has one-button recording instead of the usual "record and play" double-finger exercise most other recorders require.



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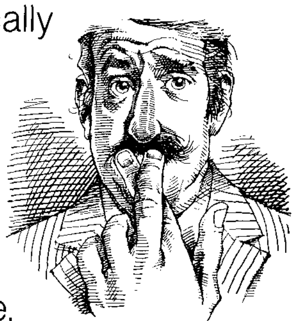

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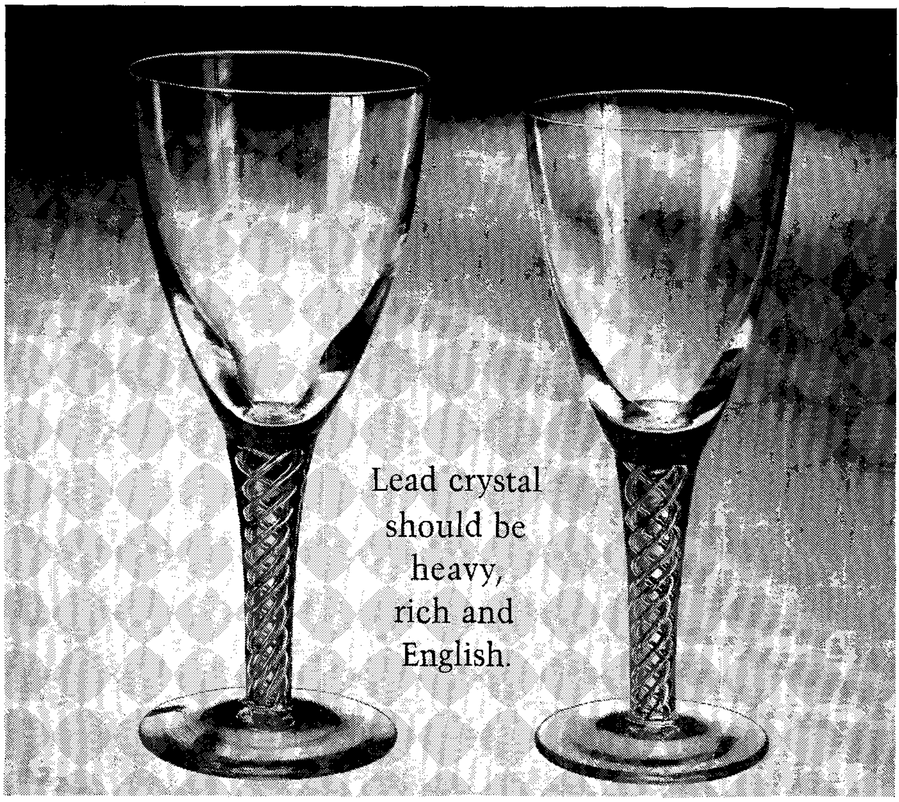

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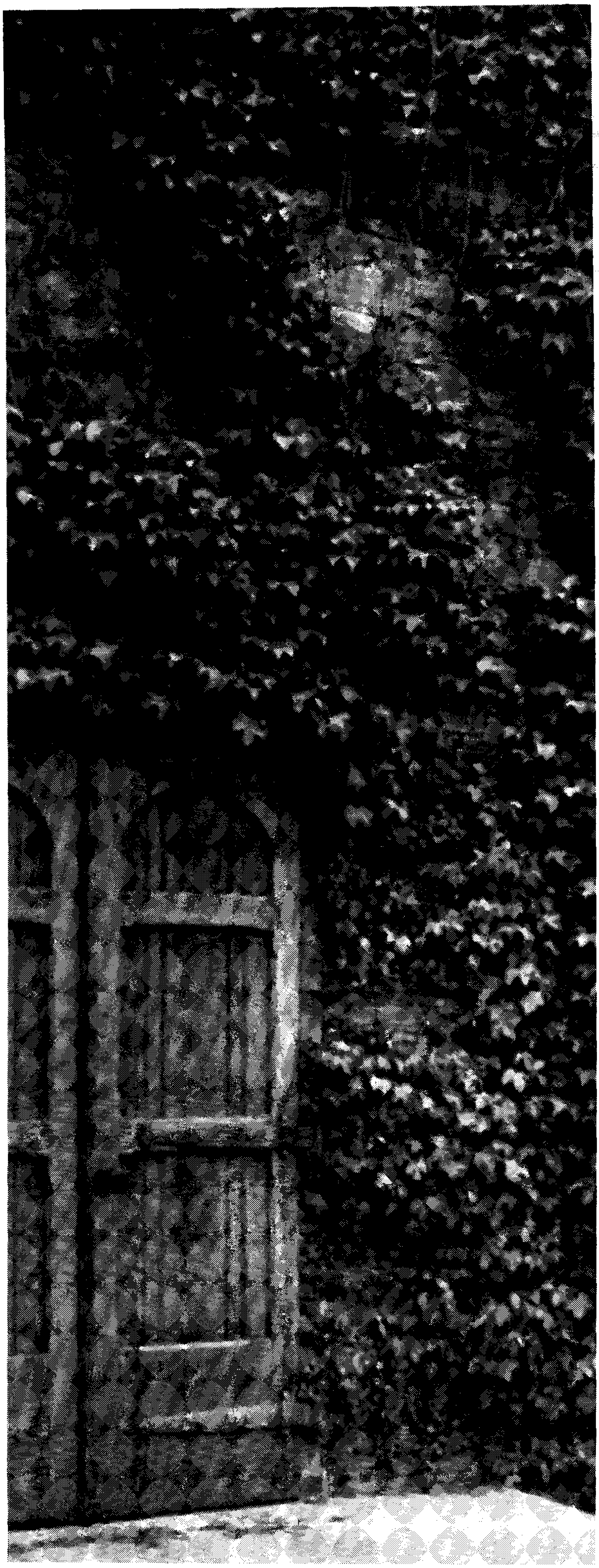
ing one, and no wonder: Quaker Oats now makes more from its toys than from its cereal business, and is the second-largest toy company in the world, after Mattel. At Marx headquarters, the decision to stop making toy guns is attributed to their being no longer "in keeping with our corporate image," since the conglomerate with the Quaker trademark bought the Marx company two years ago, but it was probably also somewhat influenced by the groups that over the last few years have picketed the annual American Toy Fair in New York to protest the sale of toy guns as well as what are considered sexist toys, notably Barbie dolls. However, there is still at least one toy gun at the Marx headquarters, which are in Stamford. It is a long black affair that shoots ball bearings, and it belongs to Jack Asthalter, president of Louis Marx, who from time to time trains it on large, smiling photographs of executives of Fisher-Price Toys. As you may remember, Fisher-Price came out last year with a Play Family Village, which included a jail, and the "WANTED" poster on the jail wall is easily recognizable as Asthalter, a former Fisher-Price vice-president who left that company to head its Marxian rival. Not only that but the word "REWARD" at the bottom of the "WANTED" picture is followed by a question mark. And this, since he says he hasn't had time to figure out a suitable revenge, is why the smiling Asthalter is shooting at the smiling faces of the Fisher-Price executives. But even if you're not interested in such intramural capers, we'd like to point out that the Play Family Village is a fine toy. The sturdy hardboard-and-plastic community includes a firehouse (working siren), a garage (working grease rack), a barbershop, a dentist's office, a telephone booth, a theatre (four seats), a furnished apartment, and a post office complete with a mail truck carrying six letters, which are coded to match the doors they're addressed to. Oh, yes, there's also a police station, with the jail in one corner. All doors open and close freely except the jail door, which won't swing open until a knob on top of the police station is turned. There are four small cars, including a fire engine, and eight knob-headed citizens and a dog, whom the children for whom this layout is intended (say, two to eight years old) can move around endlessly, keeping the village busy. When the two sides of this town fold together, with all constituents and gear inside, it measures seventeen and three-quarters inches long, twelve and a half inches wide, and



Things don't change very fast at the Louis M. Martini Family Winery. Maybe that's why the ivy grows as it does.

The Martini family thinks that's the way it should be. To make fine wines they know you have to watch and wait. They don't dare push ahead the hands of time. Only nature sets the clock on how much you make and how good you make it. It's an art the Martini family enjoys; waiting and watching their vintages mature in their Napa County, California, ivy-growing-covered winery.

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eight and a half inches high, and can be carried from room to room by a convenient handle; $24 at Polk's. Or, if the young friend you are shopping for is less into Main Street sociology than into fairy-tale environments, the new Play Family Castle is equally portable, and is about the same size when everything is folded up, except that it's some five inches taller. The castle has four towers with a battlemented house in the middle, along with such items as a trapdoor, a moat, a drawbridge, a secret passage, a secret *room*, a movable staircase, a parapet promenade, a dragon's den (with a prancing purple dragon to call it home), a coach, and two really nutty-looking horses. The knob-headed personnel include a king, a queen, a prince, a princess, a knight, and a woodsman, and there are enough beds for the royal family, including, of course, one that is described as "king-size;" $22.95 at Rappaport's.

We suspect that if Parker Brothers, which has been making Monopoly ("the world's most popular game," the company claims) for forty years, should put a poster on its In Jail square, the picture would be that of Ralph Anspach, the San Francisco State University economics professor who invented Anti-Monopoly, a game that it seems inevitable someone should have come out with in this anti-establishment year. Parker Brothers went to the United States District Court in San Francisco seeking a preliminary injunction against the use of the name, but their attempt was rejected, and Anspach is now in court charging the Monopoly manufacturers with various monopolistic practices. The Anti-Monopoly game bears a quotation from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and Anspach naturally likes to mention in passing that Parker Brothers' owner, General Mills (which is the *third*-largest toy company in the world), is now, along with Quaker Oats, under investigation by the Federal Trade Commission for possible anti-trust violations involving the acquisition of toy and game companies. (Anspach's current academic project is a book re-interpreting the theories of Adam Smith, which will no doubt explain how the famous free-enterprise economist could be at the same time against government intervention and against monopolies, or, in a line Anspach often quotes, "the mean rapacity, the monopolizing spirit of merchants and manufacturers who neither are nor ought to be the rulers of mankind.") Anspach also likes to point out that in most games that deal in some way with economics—King Oil, for instance—the winning player is the one who drives all the other players out of business, and thus the American young are encouraged to become Sherman Lawbreakers. In Anti-Monopoly, on the other hand, the winner is the player who accumulates the largest combination of money and social credits, the latter assets being awarded for the securing of indictments against trusts labelled I.P.M., Techsico Oil, U.S.A. Steel, and such. Reiss Brothers has this subversive game for $8.

A campaign maneuver of the New York gubernatorial candidate nominated by the anti-big-government Free Libertarian Party this year was to challenge his rivals to a game of old-style Monopoly. He won the game by default but lost the election. In other ways, 1974 was quite a record-breaking Monopoly year. Among the new records set was that for the longest game with three players (two hundred and fifty hours, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina), the longest game played in an elevator (a hundred and forty-eight hours, in Torrance, California), and the longest game played underwater (thirteen hours and ten minutes, in Oklahoma City). The record for the largest outdoor game, which made use of fifty-pound foam-rubber dice and walkie-talkies, was played in October on a mammoth board consisting of thirty blocks in Flatbush. The organizers of that game, two Brooklyn junior-high-school students named Paul Caruso and Paul Messina, had a month earlier won the world Monopoly title for the longest game (seven hours) played on the smallest board (one inch square). A Monopoly set with a regulation-size board is $7.50 at Brentano's, and at the same place, for $5.95, you'll find a new book by Maxine Brady titled "The Monopoly Book: Strategy and Tactics of the World's Most Popular Game." Or, if the person on your list is a travelling sort, you can find at Lord & Taylor Monopoly sets whose board stops are not the familiar Atlantic City streets but those of Madrid, Bonn, Rome, Paris, or London. Suitable currency and directions in the languages of the appropriate countries are included, and the price for each set is $11.

As you may know, a number of the protesters who have written and picketed against toy guns and Barbie dolls favor a unisex approach in toy

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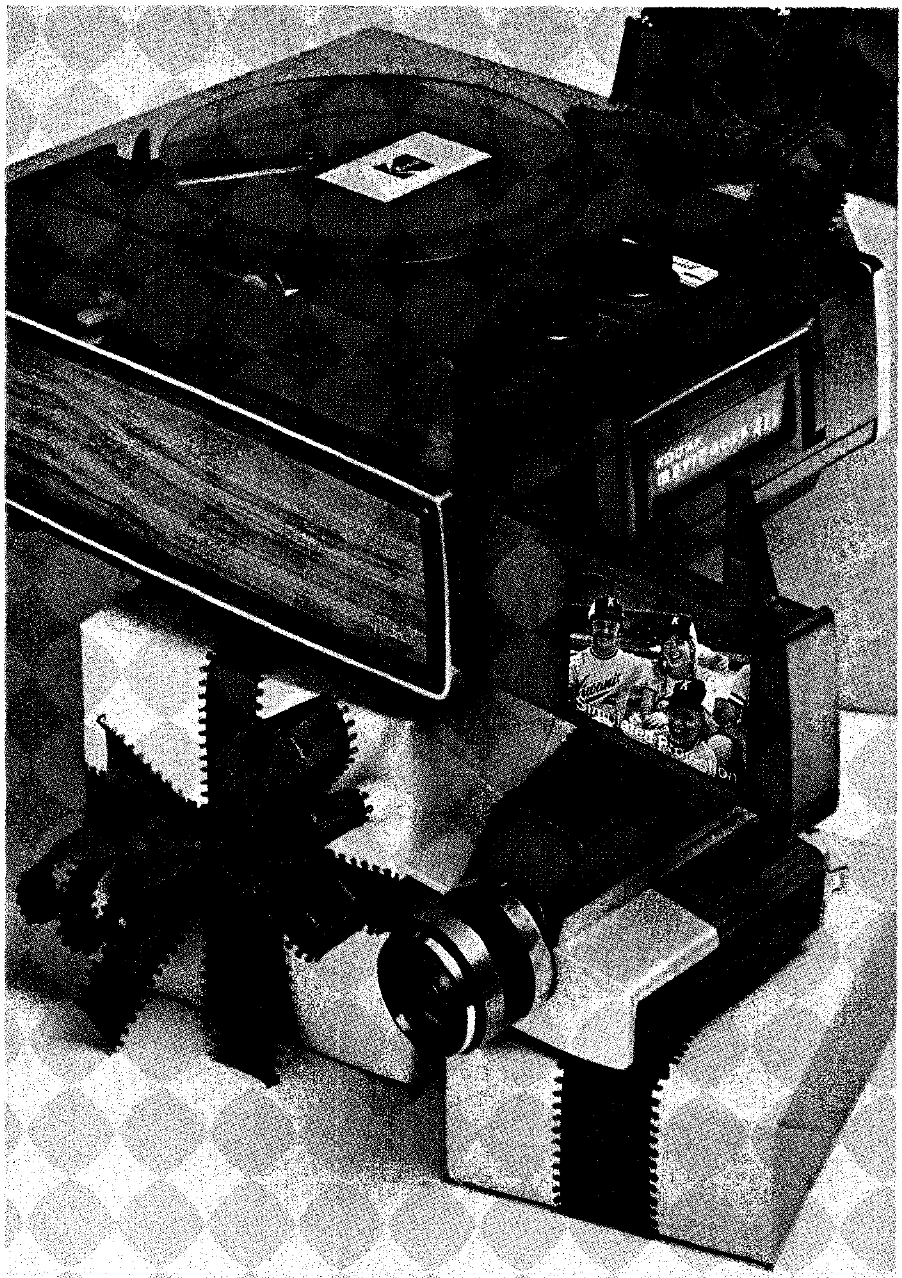
manufacture and promotion. For example, they highly commend the makers of Lionel trains for a commercial that shows a mother wrapping an electric train for her daughter. (If a girl you know wants to celebrate the Bicentennial prematurely, there is an HO-gauge Spirit of '76 freight train—which, of course, would have been quite a surprise to the Minute Men—with a red-white-and-blue diesel locomotive that lights up, four freight cars, and a caboose. This is put out by Tyco. It comes with an over-and-under figure-eight layout and a thirty-three-piece bridge-and-trestle set. With power pack, it is $32.50 at Altman's. Someone may get in trouble by pointing out to anti-toy-gun activists that the event whose two-hundredth birthday the nation is about to celebrate involved a certain amount of gunfire.) This year, the groups picketing the American Toy Fair were campaigning for the concept of dolls for boys. The truth is that the toy industry has been heavily into dolls for boys for a decade; indeed, the category should account for about a hundred million dollars' worth of the toy business this year. However, these popular dolls are almost certainly not what the protesters have in mind. For one thing, they're called not dolls but "male action figures." According to one theory, the whole thing came about because back in the early nineteen-sixties the little girls in many houses were so preoccupied with their Barbie empires that their little brothers felt left out of things. (Eighty million Barbies have been sold since the eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll came on the market, in 1958, and she's advertised as "the world's largest-selling doll.") Recognizing a vacuum when they saw it, the toymakers were delighted to rush in and supply the little boys in the family with small empires of their own. According to another theory, the new male toys filled an important need, because the industry had lost its heroes. "Once, Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone were popular—then, bango! We had no heroes at all," George Burke, a local toy public-relations man, told representatives of the press recently. "There was a long push to make the astronauts fill this need, but . . . they never caught on. Suddenly, the male-action-figure category opened up." In 1964, the Hasbro company brought out a twelve-inch G.I. Joe doll, which was described as "fully articulated," meaning that it was jointed. It was also fully armed. By 1968, a year when the boys' toy counters—it was still permitted then to



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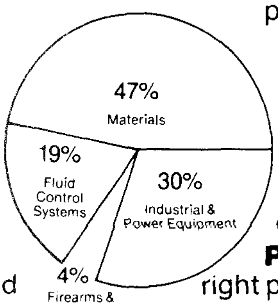

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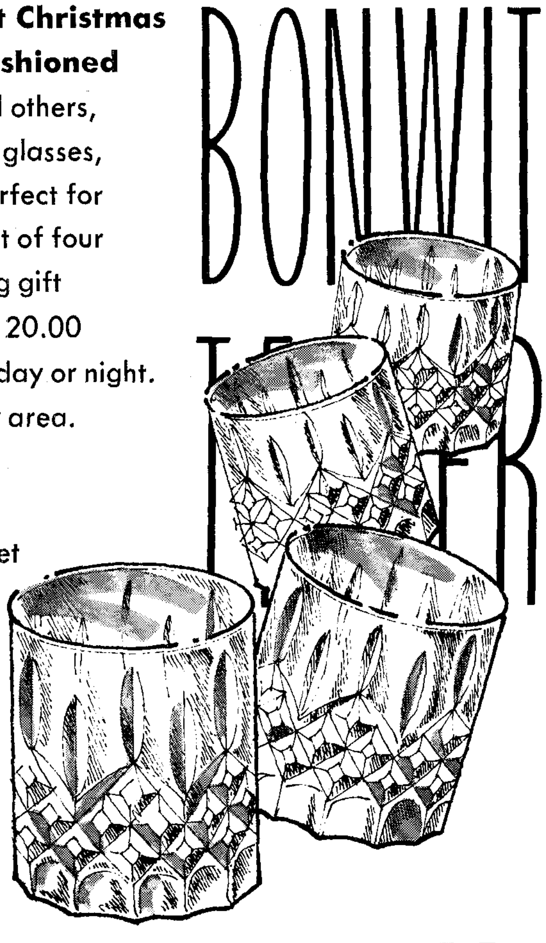
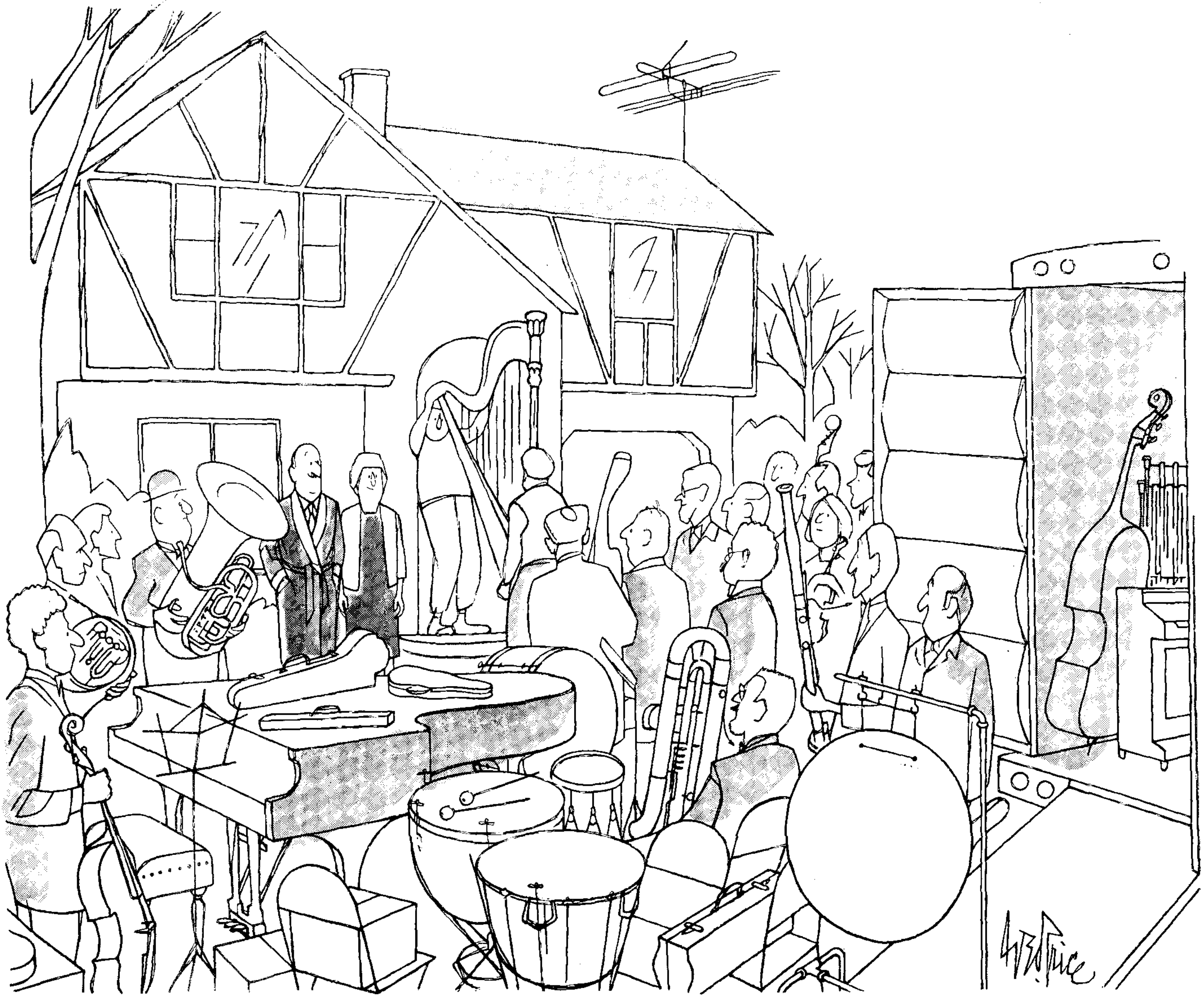


refer to "boys' toy counters"—were olive drab as far as the eye could see, Americans were buying G.I. Joes at the rate of ten million annually, which, as Hasbro happily pointed out, made them the largest standing army in the world. And that was only part of the forces at the ready, since by then most of the other toy companies were cashing in on their own olive-drab versions of the male action figure. Today, although we can't say we've heard of any of them applying for amnesty, nearly all the male action figures are engaged in exciting adventures far from the front, in what appears to be the private sector. ("The boys are encouraged to have all the adventures. The only adventure Barbie has is changing her clothes," a spokesman for the National Organization for Women has pointed out.) If you slavishly follow the Santa Claus list you've been handed, you probably won't be able to get away with buying simply a twelve-inch male action figure such as G.I. Joe, Land Adventurer ($7.50 at Rappaport's, and he wears a beard, by the way). As in the case of Barbie, there are numerous available accessories and sets, which are known in the trade as "added sale items" that "freshen up a category." G.I. Joe adventure sets, for example, include the adventurer himself, necessary equipment, and a brief working script for deep-sea, mountaintop, darkest-jungle, and other excursions. But see here, G.I. Joe is still wearing his dog tag! Could he be part of some mysterious C.I.A. operation in these exotic places? What, for instance, is he really up to in presumably Egyptian territory in the G.I. Joe adventure set called "The Secret of the Mummy's Tomb"? Perhaps what we need is a twelve-inch, fully articulated version of that new American hero the investigative reporter, complete with trenchcoat and tiny plastic typewriter. If you want to investigate for yourself, a "Secret of the Mummy's Tomb" set, which includes G.I. Joe with Kung Fu Grip (that means he can hold things), a pith helmet, a shovel, a pickaxe, a mummy and mummy case, some plastic jewels, and a six-inch all-terrain vehicle with a working winch (which, they say, is for hoisting the mummy out of the tomb), costs $18.50 at Macy's.

In all fairness, we should point out that one toy outfit, the Kenner company, which is also part of General Mills, tried to do better by the boy-doll advocates this year, bringing out two nine-and-a-half-inch uniformed Boy Scouts—Bob Scout, who is black, and Steve Scout, who is white. They cost



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It's SBF's own fashion way to push the button for President Ford's Whip Inflation Now campaign. Run up Old Glory and throw out your chest with patriotic pride. Our tie is a gift idea that just might become a collector's item. We know. After all, SBF *is* Santa's Best Friend! The red-white-and-blue is on navy polyester. $6.50. May we send you? *Add $1 shipping charge.*

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ST. LOUIS
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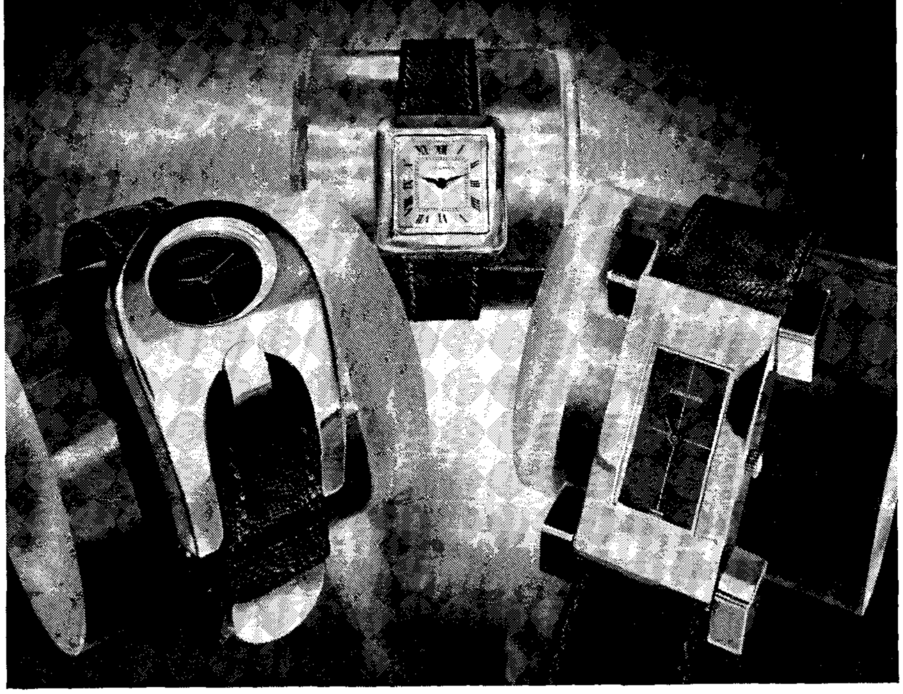
LONGINES:
Because you'll never be satisfied with anything less.

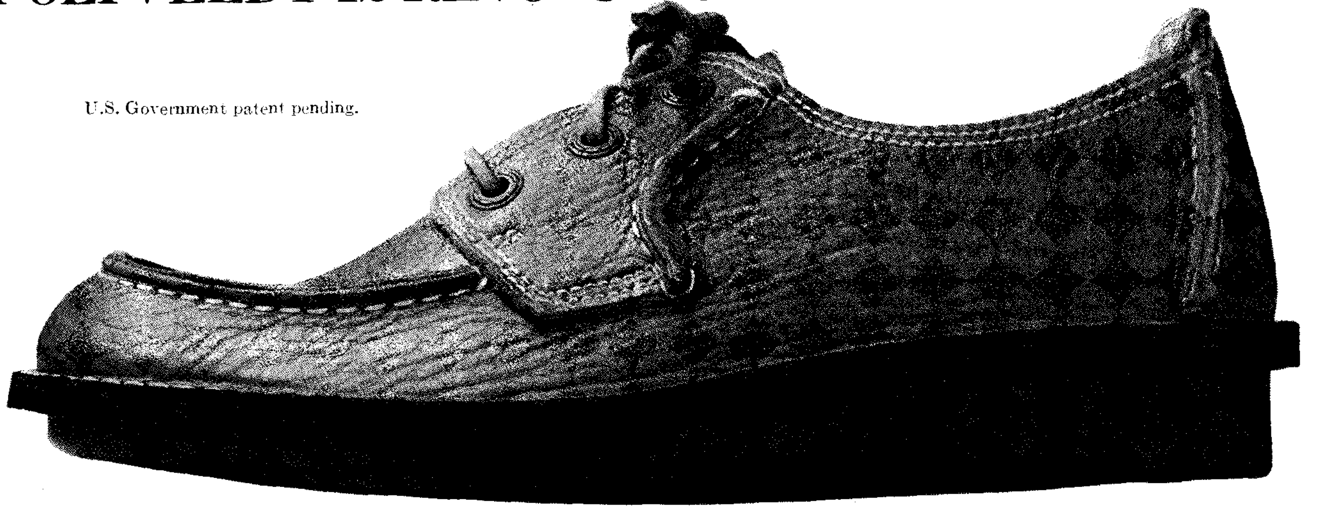


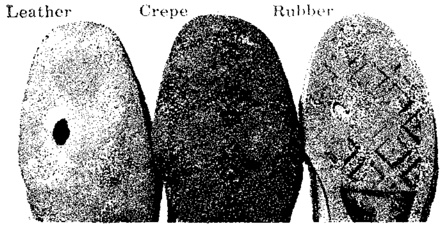
Three from the Serge Manzon Collection. All Solid Silver. Genuine brown elephant hide straps. Buckle $395, Clasp Case $250, Cubist $350. Available at authorized Longines-Wittnauer jewelers.

$6.95 apiece at Rappaport's, and are articulated so they can be made to salute smartly, but that's not all the fun they have. There are numerous perilous-adventure sets for them, including one called "Search for the Spanish Galleon." In this case, you buy your Scout separately, and the adventure set provides skin-diving equipment—fins, a mask, an oxygen tank, bathing trunks, a weighted belt, and an inflatable raft—plus a treasure chest filled with what are described as pieces of eight. It's $8 at Rappaport's. But if at least one toy company is behaving better, another has proved a serious disappointment in some quarters. A prime target of the pickets at last winter's American Toy Fair was a new set of boy dolls, the Fighting Furies, which are put out by Lesney Products Corporation, heretofore revered as the company that makes the admirable Matchbox cars. The Fighting Furies are two eight-and-a-half-inch plastic jointed pirate dolls who come armed with cutlasses and cost $5.49 each at Gimbels East. Captain Peg-Leg and his mate Hook are their names, and they are really a wicked-looking pair. Hook is so wicked that he has what appears to be a vulture tattooed on his chest. "Our research shows that pirates are anti-establishment and yet acceptable because of their independence, bravery, and romantic roles," explains the president of Lesney. (As Lesney also put it in an ad to the trade, "There's a lot more money in Treasure Island than Long John Silver ever imagined.") Other companies have handled the hero problem differently, by simply going back to the old heroes of the West. The Mego company's eight-inch Superheroes, for example, include Davy Crockett and Wyatt Earp ($4 each at Polk's). The Marx company's frontiersman is an eleven-and-a-half-inch character called Johnny West, the Movable Cowboy, who with twenty-one pieces of equipment is $5.49 at Reiss Brothers, where a horse for him to ride is $6. Of course, most cowboy heroes come armed with tiny plastic pistols and shotguns, and whether they, too, will now be required to throw down their guns we do not know. One of the Toy Fair pickets this year was Mrs. Mifaunwy Shunatona Hines (an American Indian leader who once pointed out that while children play Indian, "nobody plays Italian or black"). "When I see children with holster-type guns, it means shooting Indians to me," she has said. "Besides seeing *all* guns as killing toys, this represents to me the attitude built into

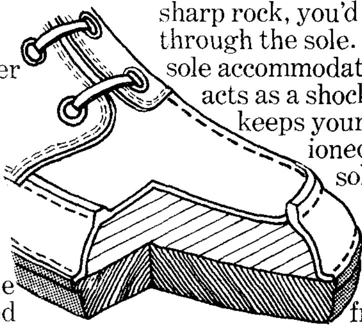
Introducing Clarks
POLYVELDT™

IN TIMES LIKE THESE WHEN NOTHING LASTS, POLYVELDT IS REVOLUTIONARY. IT LASTS.

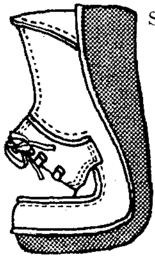

U.S. Government patent pending.



Clarks has invented a wholly new kind of shoe that's made to be more comfortable, more durable, than any ordinary shoe. It's called Polyveldt, and only Clarks of England can make it.

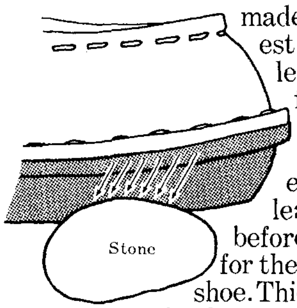


We think you've had enough holes in your leather soles, enough erosion in your rubber soles, enough peeling and splitting in your cushion crepe soles. Polyveldt puts an end to all that. Its sole is an incredibly durable new material. In abrasion tests, the Polyveldt sole has outlasted leather, rubber and crepe. Polyveldt shoes we've tested showed barely a change in the sole after a year and a half of constant wear. The Polyveldt is lighter, so it doesn't cause the kind of fatigue other shoes do. Flexible, so it moves the way your foot does. And it doesn't mark surfaces like so many other soles do.



In addition, the Polyveldt sole has proved to excel in traction on wood, stone, tile, concrete, every kind of surface we could find. So climbing up a rocky slope or running for a cab, you're more surefooted with the Polyveldt sole.

But the most important characteristic of Polyveldt is its comfort. In a regular shoe, if you stepped on a sharp rock, you'd feel the point through the sole. In a Polyveldt, the sole accommodates the unevenness, acts as a shock absorber, and keeps your foot evenly cushioned. The shaping of the sole was determined by careful study of your foot. When you walk, your body weight shifts from side to side, putting "rolling pressure" on all the tiny bones in your feet. When this weight shift is uneven, it causes more wear on one side of the average heel than the other. But Polyveldt is made to help resist this uneven wear, keeping your foot as level as possible so as not to put too much pressure on any one part of your foot.



The upper form of the shoe is made of the highest quality leather, carefully treated and prepared by experts in leathercraft before it qualifies for the Polyveldt shoe. Thick cut and carefully molded, it rounds out the total comfort and quality of the Polyveldt.

Polyveldt is revolutionizing footwear, setting a standard that all manufacturers should try to meet.

Come in for a test run, and see for yourself. We've told you as much as we can, your feet will tell you the rest.

Polyveldt. Only from Clarks of England.

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Available in dark brown and workboot yellow.
High and low cut. About $35.00.
For the store nearest you write to Clarks,
Box 161, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022, Dept. P-5.

American children to kill Indians, the first Americans." Marx's eleven-and-a-half-inch figure of Geronimo ($5.49 at Reiss Brothers) comes equipped with a tomahawk, which, presumably, is also disapproved of. Of course, there are always boomerangs, which were favorite projectiles not only of the Australian aborigines but of our own Hopi Indians. There are two kinds of boomerangs, the return and the non-return, but it is the return sort that they've been having quite a bit of fun with down in Washington. The Smithsonian Institution now has a boomerang workshop, and the course proved to be so popular that a few months ago a boomerang tournament (bring your own boomerang) was held on the grounds of the Washington Monument for players eight years old and up. The rules stated, "Decisions of the officials are final unless shouted down by a really overwhelming majority of the crowd. Abusive or deletable language may not be used by contestants . . . unless struck by a boomerang." The Museum of Natural History has no plans for such a workshop, but Schwarz will be glad to sell you an eighteen-inch return boomerang for $6.95.

ARE the newest additions to your Christmas personnel list beginning to feel left out of things? A wedge-shaped toy with three unbreakable mirror surfaces rocks back and forth and makes a chiming sound when someone grabs at it to see who is making that funny face; $4.95 at Childcraft, 150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street. A Crawligator is a bright-yellow molded-plastic vehicle, twenty-three inches long, mounted on tiny casters. It is cruciform in shape and reminiscent of a sled, because a baby as young as six months can be plopped down on it, on his stomach, and his instinctive crawling motions will have him scooting around at a great rate. The Crawligator is said to be good for building muscles and developing coördination, and, in any case, it lets its rider see the world from a different vantage point. The price is $10.95 at Creative Playthings, 1 East 53rd Street. As for additions to somebody's plush menagerie, Creative Playthings also has a twelve-inch hand-washable soft-brown Teddy bear for $10.95. A white bear wearing a ribbon and standing nineteen inches tall is $14.50 at Bloomingdale's. Honey Bear is his name, and he is washable and bendable, and a sixteen-page book about his exploits accompanies him. A

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What will they think of next?
All those marvelous knit
qualities and the facade of
supple leather. It's done with
vinyl and cotton. Button it up
in white, for 6 to 14 sizes, $70.
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Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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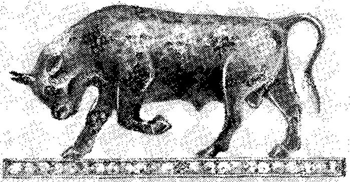
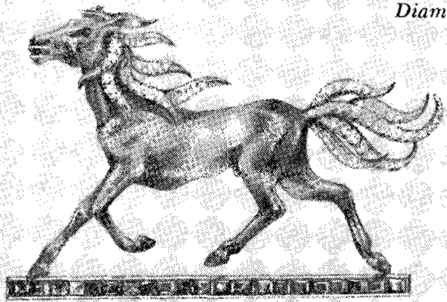
CHRISTMAS
Please add 75c for handling
mail and phone orders sent
beyond our regular delivery areas.



18-Kt. Gold Bull Pin with
Diamond Bar $1,280



18-Kt. Gold Horse Pin with Diamond Mane
and Tail and Emerald Bar $8,400
or with Diamond Base $2,200

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twelve-inch bear who comes in various colors and is hand-knit and stuffed by the blind craftsmen of the Lighthouse Craft Shop, 111 East 59th Street, is $8.50. At the same place, a nine-inch banker's-gray Babar, in red overalls, is $7, and a knitted kangaroo with her baby in its appointed place is $10. She's fifteen inches tall, the baby (removable) is three inches, and they come in blue, pink, or yellow. A plush seventeen-inch Peter Rabbit wearing a handsome blue velvet jacket is $15 at Lord & Taylor. A pink sit-on plush pig, who is fourteen inches long and looks very pleased with himself, is $7 at Gimbels. At Macy's we found a furry sit-on St. Bernard, twenty-eight inches long, for $15. And at the same place, for $9, there's a bashful-looking twelve-inch skunk holding a rosebud, which we mention because we never saw a bashful-looking twelve-inch skunk holding a rosebud before.

Something called a Kiddy Mo Bridge and Ferry Set ($17.50 at Macy's) is quite a nice toy. Traffic on a plastic roadway, which forms an oval forty-five inches long and seventeen inches wide, is interrupted on one side by a working drawbridge with ramps up and down it, and on the other side by a painted traffic light that won't let anything pass when the signal is red. There's also a ferry dock with a boarding signal. Included in the set are a two-inch school bus, a ferry for the bus to cross the rug or a make-believe river on, and a schoolhouse for the bus to scoot into when the journey comes to an end, after which the fun can begin all over again in reverse. The little bus, which is made of a rugged plastic that resembles wood, is described as being "motorized," although there are no batteries. There is an arrangement of tiny gears inside which makes it move along at a good pace for fifteen or twenty feet after it has been pressed down on some hard surface and given a push. Other vehicles in the series—a police car, a fire engine, a dump truck, and so on—are available for $2.66 each at Alexander's and many other places, and they will all climb small inclines, and even push other small objects. (This whole set comes apart, by the way, for what is known as "easy storing.") A much larger, entirely gearless wood-and-plastic vehicle—a version of the old kiddie car—is called the Little Clipper and would be handy for a friend eighteen months old or a bit older to ride around on. The seat is comfortingly close to the ground (about six inches), and the steering wheel looks like a ship's wheel;

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Skirt. 85% Creslan® acrylic fiber/15% polyester. $20. Metallic shirt. $15. Available at: Bloomingdale's, New York; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Hecht Company, Washington/Baltimore.
Creslan®
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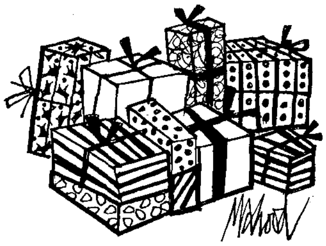
$9.99 at Macy's. Or how about a very nice wooden wagon, nine by sixteen inches and seven inches high, that holds four layers of kiln-dried maple blocks—sixty-six in all? The blocks include circles, triangles, pillars, and other shapes essential for young architects; $30 at Altman's.

"The World's Most Popular Toy" is what the Lego people call their interlocking plastic building blocks, and they may be right: one recent survey indicated that fifty-four per cent of all British homes with children under fifteen had at least one Lego set on hand, and in Germany the figure is said to be eighty per cent. The sets are not so well known over here, but, of course, Lego has plans in this respect. At Bloomingdale's, a set of four hundred and thirteen bright-colored building units of various shapes, for children four years and up, is $20. Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), has twelve wooden picture-puzzle cubes for $5 in a handsome hardwood slide-top box six and a half inches long. When turned the right way, the faces of the blocks make six different pictures. In 1852, a British toy manufacturer is said to have cleaned up with a forty-nine-piece set of blocks that when laid end to end portrayed the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, but the pictures on the Federal Smallwares blocks are of a more cheerful sort—scenes from fairy tales and the like. In case you're worried about blocks' being used as weapons (in some households wooden blocks are viewed with more alarm than plastic guns), Creative Playthings has nine four-inch colorful cloth cubes with a different picture on each of their fifty-four sides—a swan, a rocking horse, a football, etc. They're filled with foam rubber, and the set costs $8.95. The biggest picture-on-cloth item that we ran across is one that covers a whole bed: in fact, it's a bedspread, and what you ask for is a Spitfire Spreadmobile. Made up with this Spreadmobile, a bed looks like a bright-red hot rod with printed headlights and radiator at one end and bucket seats at the other, and no child's room will ever be the same again. In the twin size, it's $20 at Abraham & Straus.

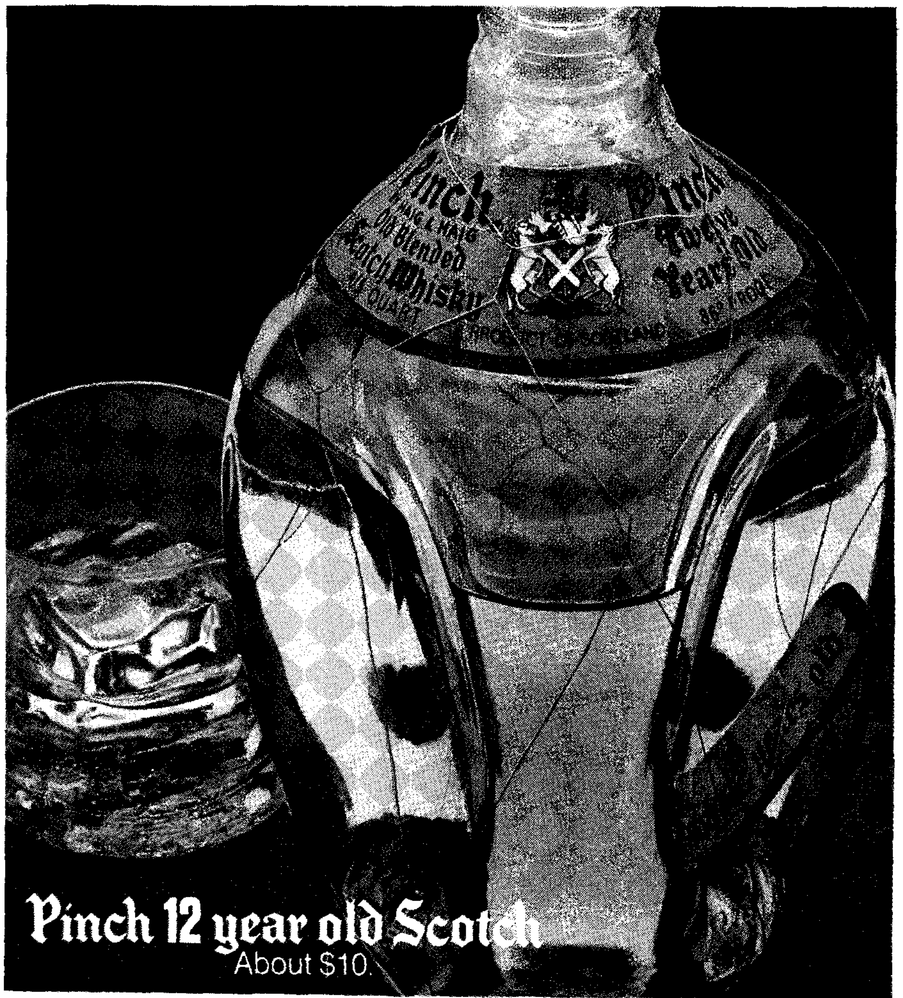


Did all that talk of denim-clad rag dolls make you long for a baby doll in a ruffled dress, bootees, and a hair ribbon—a doll like the one Mother used to play with? (All right, like the one Grandmother used to play with; after all, many a mother of today was brought up on Barbie.) Schwarz has a soft, cuddly one called Pussy Cat, who is twenty inches tall, with a vinyl head and soft blond hair, for $16.95. Or perhaps you'd like another blonde, called Rub-a-Dub, the Dolly Who Takes a Bath with You. The problem with most plastic dollies who take a bath with their owners is that, being hollow, they rapidly fill with water, sink to the bottom of the tub, and then flood the bathroom on rescue. This Rub-a-Dub is said to be completely watertight, and to float. In a diaper and a pink terry-cloth robe, she costs $16.50 at Reiss Brothers, and she also comes in a black version. If there's a clamor at a house you know about for a distinctly more landlocked type—that is, an eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll—and you can't stand Barbie, you might remember Daisy, who is a popular British doll of that size, with clothes by Mary Quant. She has a lot of curly blond hair and comes with various outfits. In an April Showers set—dress, raincoat and hat, boots, and pocketbook—she's $7.50 at Bloomingdale's. And at Altman's, among other places, you'll find the Little Women dolls, eight inches tall and $10 apiece, each wearing a different dress-up pinafore, and we're sure we don't have to tell you their names.

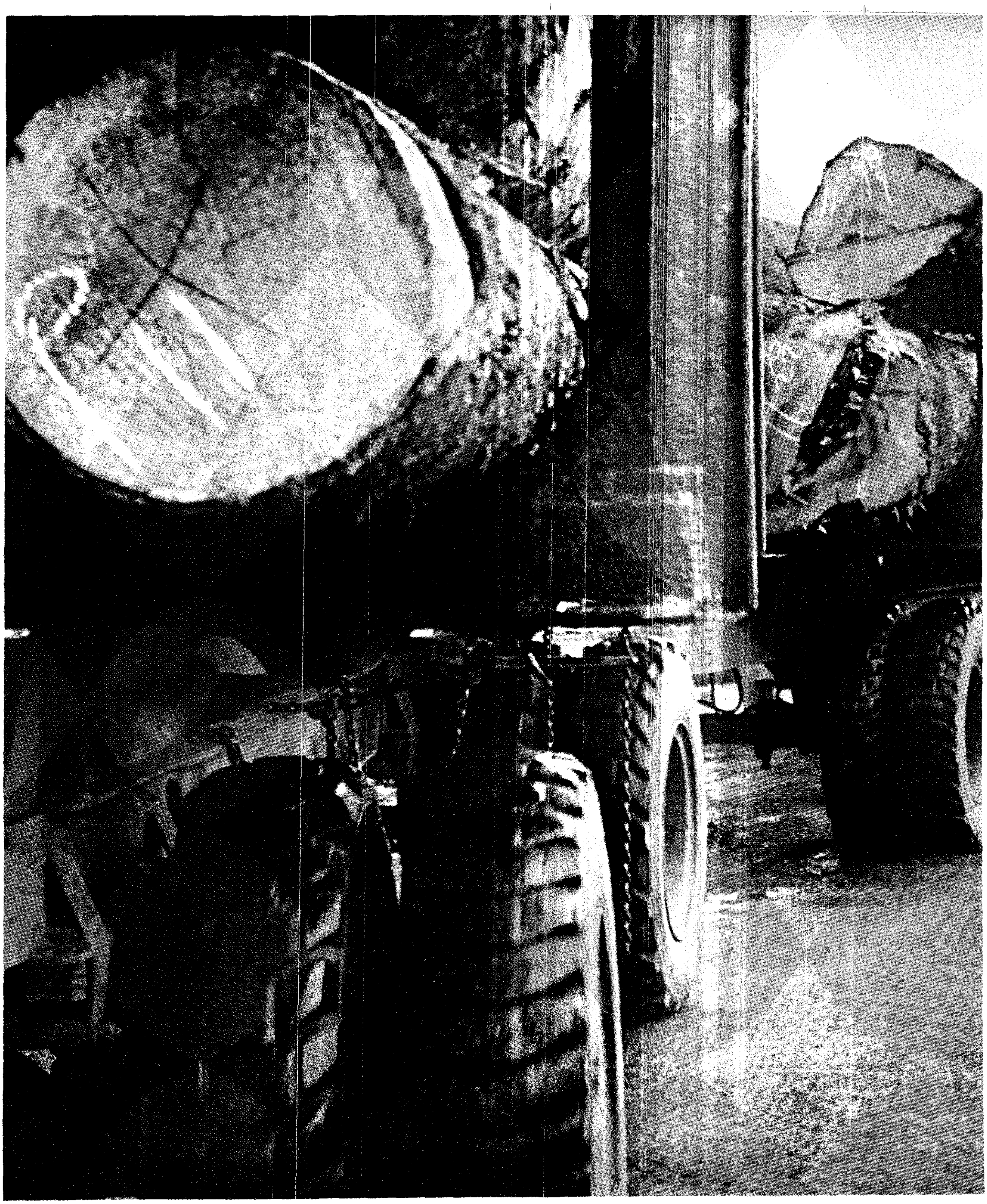
A two-story wooden doll house, made in Sweden, is fifteen inches high and twenty-six inches wide, has a staircase and six rooms, and costs $38.50 at Altman's. As usual, the best collection of wooden doll furniture in the city is at Federal Smallwares. To give you an idea, a four-inch-wide, four-inch-high desk has a rolltop that really rolls up and down. The price is $7, and a three-inch chair is included. An old-fashioned player piano five inches wide and four inches high really plays; that is, its panel doors slide open to reveal a rotating cylinder as a music box turns out "Beautiful Dreamer." It's $15.50. An apothecary hutch five and three-eighths inches high and two and five-eighths inches wide has twelve drawers with tiny brass knobs, and all of them really open; $13.50. There's also an inch-and-three-quarters version of one of those old wooden wall phones (this one is cherry, and costs $1.85), but, no, if you lift the receiver, you won't get Central. Another place where you'll find some fine doll furniture—new (some of it handmade in the Catskills) and antique—is Mini Mundus, 1030 Lexington Avenue (73rd). A four-and-a-half-inch Boston rocker, painted black with a gold stencil, is $5.50, and there is a good supply of nonworking miniature table lamps made from beads and other discarded jewelry. They range in price from $4.50 to $9.

IN the midst of last winter's energy shortage, the toymakers reportedly concluded that the winning toy category this year would be Family Games, because nobody would have enough gas to get out of the house. That situation has improved temporarily, and, of course, King Oil may come up with some long-range solution, but meanwhile, just in case, we have a few more games for you. In fact, you could take care of the whole putative shut-in problem at once with something called a Deluxe Game Chest, fourteen and a half inches square and two inches deep, which offers numerous playing boards, together with chessmen, checkers, dominoes, pegs, dice, marbles for Chinese checkers, a roulette wheel—enough equipment for a hundred and one games, or so it says on the box. It's $9 at Bloomingdale's. The educational game of the year is probably a Swiss entry called the Lexidata Brain Game. This one is so complicated we won't try to explain it, but it includes books of questions for three different age levels, a primitive computer, into which the answers are fed, and a bell that rings when the answers are right. There are two hundred and sixty questions in the books provided with the game, and no doubt the quizzes will be freshened up in the months to come. This is $10.95 at Rappaport's. The big action game of the year is Air-Hockey, a tabletop version of the popular Brunswick game. As it's played, a puck floats at extremely high speed over a cushion of air that an electric motor blows upward through hundreds of tiny holes in the playing surface—which is of styrene. Two players compete to score goals, each using a disc that serves as both shooter and goalie. The game, which can be laid out on top of a card table, measures twenty-seven inches by fifty-six and costs $49.95 at Polk's. And remember the battleship game with which generations of kids have been tracking down and sinking each other's make-believe naval vessels by firing pretend salvos at them, using nothing more elaborate or destructive than pencils and home-

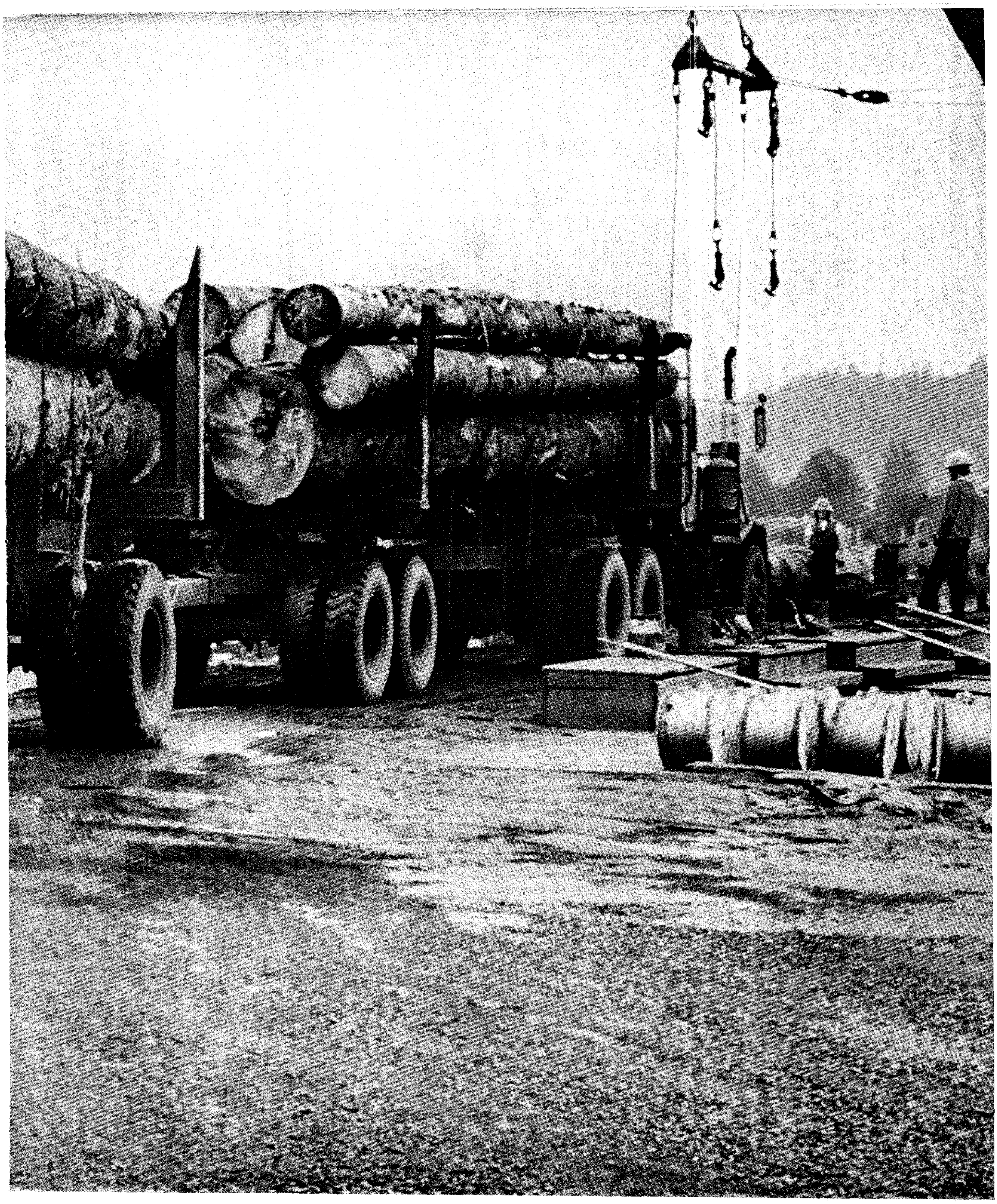
Look at it this way:
Your daughter's Christmas present
for the dog
was a nice new bowl
for his dinner.
It's silver.
And you're still drinking
ordinary scotch?



86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD. N.Y.



The Productivists...



Our corporate lenders work with industry to channel some $13-billion in funds—
for raw materials and finished products today, and their replacement for future generations.
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Manufacturers Hanover
The $26-billion source. Worldwide.

drawn grids? Now the Milton Bradley Company has its own version, "eliminating the need for pencil and paper," as they put it. Their set, which is $8.25 at Polk's, includes plastic grids, pegs, and ships, and two separate game boxes. However, don't make the mistake of thinking that this is a noncontroversial toy. One energetic opponent of toys that encourage violence in children wrote not long ago, "Do we really want either our daughters or our sons to get their kicks from sinking ships?"

ARE you ready for a few odds and ends? Hocus-Pocus is a magic set from Holland that offers the equipment and instructions for performing sixty dumbfounding feats of legerdemain; $11 at Altman's. A fifteen-item Disguise Kit, which includes mustaches, a police badge, eyeglasses, false noses, and other delightful deceptions, is $5.95 at Childcraft. At Schwarz, you'll find a steel cash register that really works, in a primitive fashion, for $7.95; the amount of sale shows in the window, a bell rings when the cash drawer opens, and there's a sales tape for receipts. A wooden toy eleven and a half inches tall has a five-row abacus across the top and, below that, a calendar clock—a combination that is supposed to help explain about telling the time of day and the time of year. It costs $7.50 at Lord & Taylor. An Uncle Sam mechanical coin bank, also eleven and a half inches tall, and a copy of an 1880 original, is $24.95 at Schwarz and at Lord & Taylor. Put a coin in Uncle's hand and press a lever, and his chin whiskers move up and down approvingly while a red carpetbag marked "U.S." opens at his feet to accept the coin. A versatile and practically indestructible wooden structure called an Indoor Gym House is a platform eighteen inches square and twenty-one inches high with rails to hold on to during performances of King of the Mountain. Below it is a round-windowed hiding place to crawl in and out of. Leading down from one side of the platform is a ladder and from the other is a slide. This at Creative Playthings for $39.95. Matching mother-and-daughter (or father-and-son) Christmas aprons, printed with Yuletide decorations, are on hand at Lord & Taylor. There's one size for adults, at $8, and the child's apron comes in two sizes—for ages about three to six and about seven to nine—and it is $4.50 either way. A few years back, some mothers of brown-eyed children pro-

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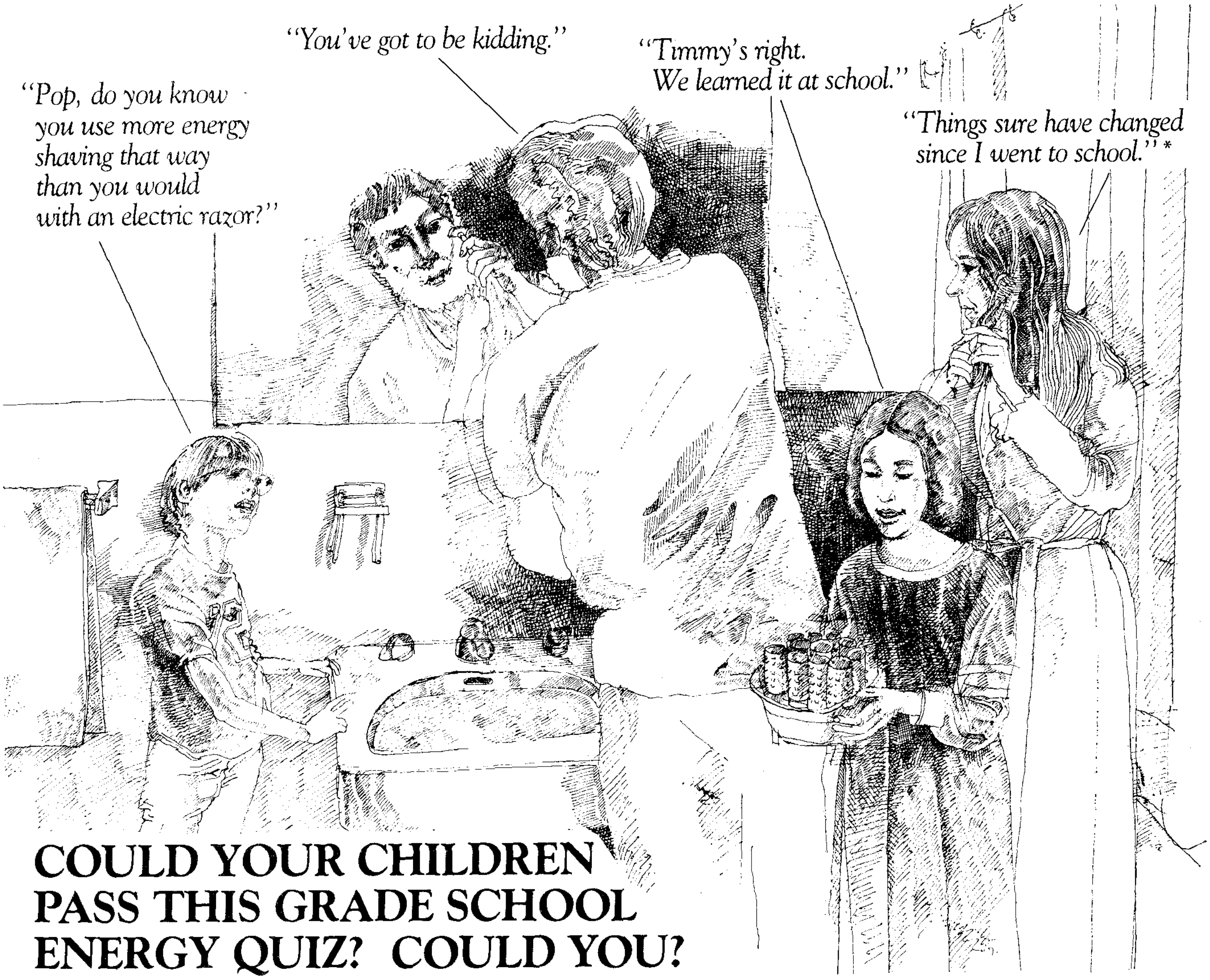
"Pop, do you know you use more energy shaving that way than you would with an electric razor?"
"You've got to be kidding."
"Timmy's right. We learned it at school."
"Things sure have changed since I went to school." *

COULD YOUR CHILDREN PASS THIS GRADE SCHOOL ENERGY QUIZ? COULD YOU?

1. The average American uses ☐2 ☐4 ☐8 times as much energy as the average person in the rest of the world.
2. Which gives you more light from the same amount of energy: ☐one 75-watt bulb ☐three 25-watt bulbs?
3. The most abundant energy resource in this country is ☐natural gas ☐coal ☐oil.
4. Most gasoline in the U.S. is consumed on car trips of ☐under 5 miles ☐5 to 10 miles ☐over 10 miles.

Chances are, when you were in school, nobody asked questions like these. Because nobody thought the answers were important.

But children today are facing an increasingly energy-conscious, environment-conscious way of life. They must have the answers. And the sooner the better.

One promising approach to energy education is a pilot program for elementary and secondary school students developed by the Bolton Institute of Washington, D.C. The idea is to get youngsters involved in energy-saving activities at home and through community workshops. It is being tested now in the New England states.

But there's much more to be done. Energy education needs the support of all of us to really take hold. That means community leaders, business people, teachers–and parents.

We're offering two booklets we think you and your children will find stimulating and fun: "Energy Conservation Experiments You Can Do", published by the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation; and "The Energy Challenge: What Can We Do?", published by Energy Conservation Research. For copies, write Conoco, Dept. C51, GPO Box 29, New York, New York 10001. And if you'd like to know more about the Bolton program and how it might be applied to your community, write directly to the Bolton Institute, 1835 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Answers to quiz:
1. 8 times. **2.** One 75-watt bulb. **3.** Coal. **4.** Under 5 miles.

*We're not trying to tell you how to shave—we'd hope nobody would. We just thought you'd like the facts to choose for yourself.

Continental Oil Company CONOCO

tested to the toy companies that in this melting-pot country virtually all the dolls (except, of course, the black ones) had blue eyes. Heed was taken, and now perhaps a quarter of the name-brand dolls are brown-eyed. The problems of another special-interest group are being attended to by a store called the Left Hand, at 140 West 22nd Street. (You might spread the word to our left-handed President and our Vice-President-designate, who was born left-handed.) The store has left-handed scissors, for instance (ninety-five cents for blunt ones, $1.15 for sharp-pointed ones), and books on left-handedness, such as "The Other Hand," by Michael Barsley ($4.95), which answers questions like "Why do the British drive on the left side of the road?" Guitar instructions for left-handed players are $3.95, a left-handed pocketknife is $4.95, and there's even a left-handed eucalyptus-wood boomerang for $4.98. At Childcraft, a double-sided wooden easel that allows two children, left- *or* right-handed, to paint at one time is four feet tall. It has room for six paint pots, both sides can be used for chalk drawings, the whole thing folds flat for storage and it costs $31.95. Daddy's pals back on the old block would find it hard to believe, but Lord & Taylor is selling a red felt drawstring bag containing sixteen marbles and four shooters for $15. Of course, this comes with an instruction book and a thirty-four-inch-square felt mat for playing on indoors. To do the thing up brown, you might include a copy of Fred Ferretti's "The Great American Marble Book" ($2.50 in paperback at Brentano's), which tells everything anyone would care to know about immies, mibs, glassies, purees, and peewees, and also gives the rules for Ringer, Boss-Out, and Last Clams. The marbles, at least, would fit nicely into a bright-red hand-knit Christmas stocking at the Lighthouse Craft Shop. It's two feet long and costs $8.50. And at Bloomingdale's you'll find, for $15, a dozen two-to-three-inch dolls, each in a different costume, that were crocheted in the People's Republic of China. You can hang them on the tree for the Christmas season, and they can be played with endlessly thereafter.

IF it was a children's record you had in mind, you might consider the following, which are all twelve-inch, 33⅓-r.p.m. albums, available wherever children's records are sold. There is now quite a stack of entries from "Sesame Street," surely the least por-

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tentous of the have-fun-while-you-learn operations that are now going on. (Everyone remembers the ad a few years back that showed a little boy playing with blocks and had a caption reading, "What is this child doing? He's raising his I.Q. ten points.") Of course, a large part of the skillful combination of enlightenment and entertainment on "Sesame Street" is visual, but even just the songs and sound effects, taken by themselves, can be fun between regularly scheduled seminars. Probably the best introductory courses on records are "Sesame Street 1" (CTW 22064) and "Somebody Come and Play" (CTW 22060), which are both $2.98 and include a variety of brief songs and skits, each featuring a different style and a jump-ing-around beat, so nobody has a chance to get bored. Two other "Sesame Street" records, at the same price, that are good fun are "Let a Frown Be Your Umbrella" (CTW 22061), starring that old curmudgeon Oscar the Grouch (he's shown on the cover saying, "What a beautiful, rotten day!"), and "Bert's Blockbusters" (CTW 22051), on which the big number is "I Want to Hold Your Ear" ("Want to hold it near, baby"). Incidentally, Rappaport's has puppet versions of most of the "Sesame Street" familiars for $8.95, and, for the same price, a new, blank-faced item called an Anything Muppet, who comes with a supply of Velcro-backed eyes, noses, mustaches, and the like, so that the kids can create all kinds of characters, from Sesame Street or any other address. Or, if the children at your house have been complaining that the Muffin Man and Goldilocks keep doing the same old things, Claire Bloom will be glad to read them "Beatrix Potter Nursery Rhymes and Tales" (Caedmon TC 1445; $6.98), which include stories about some rather different adventures. For instance, there is the one about the lady rabbit who manages a brewery, and the one about the tomcat and the terrier named Ginger and Pickles who go bankrupt, and the one about Timmy Tiptoes, a forgetful squirrel, who is a terrible trial to his wife. Another batch of tales told by Miss Bloom, on another recorded collection of Beatrix Potter stories, "The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies" (Caedmon TC 1385; $6.98), deals with the perils of being too tidy (that Tittlemouse was a veritable Craig's wife), of venturing too far from home, of trusting strangers (as poor Jemima Puddle-Duck did), of eating too much (that was the problem of the Flopsy Bunnies), and of

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simply being a bad fellow (as in "The Story of a Fierce Bad Rabbit," who comes to a sad end—but, of course, this being Beatrix Potter, not *too* sad).

Something else that Caedmon has come up with this year is a set of four records called "Mighty Men" (Caedmon TC 4003; $27.92), with a text written by Eleanor Farjeon and read by Ian Richardson, which takes on the ambitious task of tracing Western history from the time of Achilles to that of Harold of England in terms of its heroic figures, legendary and real—"in short, a kind of classical mini-education in a nutshell!," as Caedmon's accompanying program notes put it. The successive highlights are very well done, sometimes in prose, occasionally in verse, often with dialogue. In general, the characters are made to seem far more real and interesting than one might think possible in episodes lasting an average of ten minutes, and it seems likely that many children (of, say, ten years old and up) who encounter them in this way will treat them as old acquaintances when they meet them more formally in history class. Of course, by calling this series "Mighty Men" the Caedmon company (which, incidentally, was founded by two women) may run into trouble with the increasingly vocal sector that insists, for example, that the replacement of the word "chairman" by the word "chairperson" represents significant progress. But, whereas classical and medieval history is often written as if women barely existed, a number of women are presented in these vignettes as having been powerful figures, including Dido, Esther, and Sweden's Queen Sigrid. (Perhaps in calling this set of records "Mighty Men" the Caedmon people are deliberately casting their vote with those who hold that in all good sense—and no offense intended—the language needs a strong, simple, inclusive word for members of the race, a need that "human being" or "person" does not fill. Consider "One small step for person, one giant leap for personkind.") In any event, this is an admirable series on certain historic dilemmas and exploits that many listeners far beyond ten won't regret being reminded of. Or, if you would like to remind a young friend of some more frivolous moments from the much more recent past, "The Great Radio Comedians" is a five-record album taken down during what the producers call "the golden era of radio comedy," some thirty years ago. Issued by Murray Hill (No. 931699), it includes excerpts from broadcasts of "Duffy's Tavern," "The Great Gildersleeve," and shows starring Abbott and Costello, Jack Benny ("Jack decides to sell his old Maxwell"), Eddie Cantor, Jimmy Durante, Burns and Allen, Amos and Andy ("The Kingfish sells Andy a new house"), Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy ("Charlie's version of 'Tobacco Road' "), and Fred Allen (including a visit to Allen's Alley). The price at Brentano's is $12.95. Also mostly out of the thirties and early forties are "Songs to Grow On, Volume I," all of them composed and sung by Woody Guthrie. This record, which includes "Wake Up," "Clean-O," "Put Your Finger in the Air," "Race You Down the Mountain," "Don't Push Me," and a number of other Guthrie favorites, is by Folkways, which obligingly includes the printed words of all songs with its records, so that everybody who can read can sing along, and those who can't read will want to learn fast (Folkways FC 7675; $6.98). And then there's "This-a-Way, That-a-Way" (Folkways FC 7546; $6.98), in which Ella Jenkins, in her warm, happy voice, sings thirteen cheerful songs and jump-rope chants, accompanied by children she recently visited in small cities and towns in southern Tennessee. Sometimes she taught the children the songs, and sometimes they taught her. A song that was sung to her by the pupils of a one-room schoolhouse in the town of Shady Grove begins, "Goin' to Kentucky, old Kentucky fair, see the Senorita with diamonds in her hair." As they sing, in their voices are all the sounds of a time of life when the world is full of joyful hopes and marvellous dreams. Merry Christmas!

• •

One of the finest pieces of advice I have ever read, and which will never go out of date, is contained in the David L. Babson staff letter of Aug. 20, 1970, in which he says in part, "Have a plan and stick to it.

"Almost any plan is better than no plan at all. Yet far too few investors ever bother to set up one and of thpse whp dp, fsr ypp msny dp npy sysy wiyh iy yhrpuhh yhivk snd yhin.

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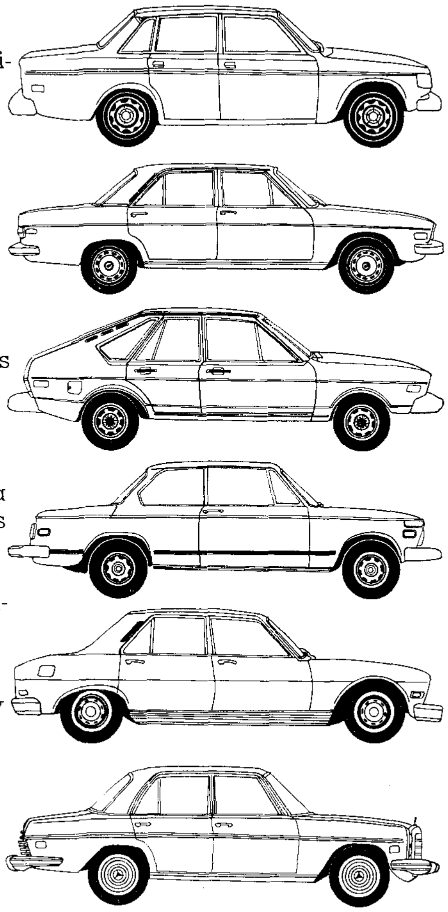

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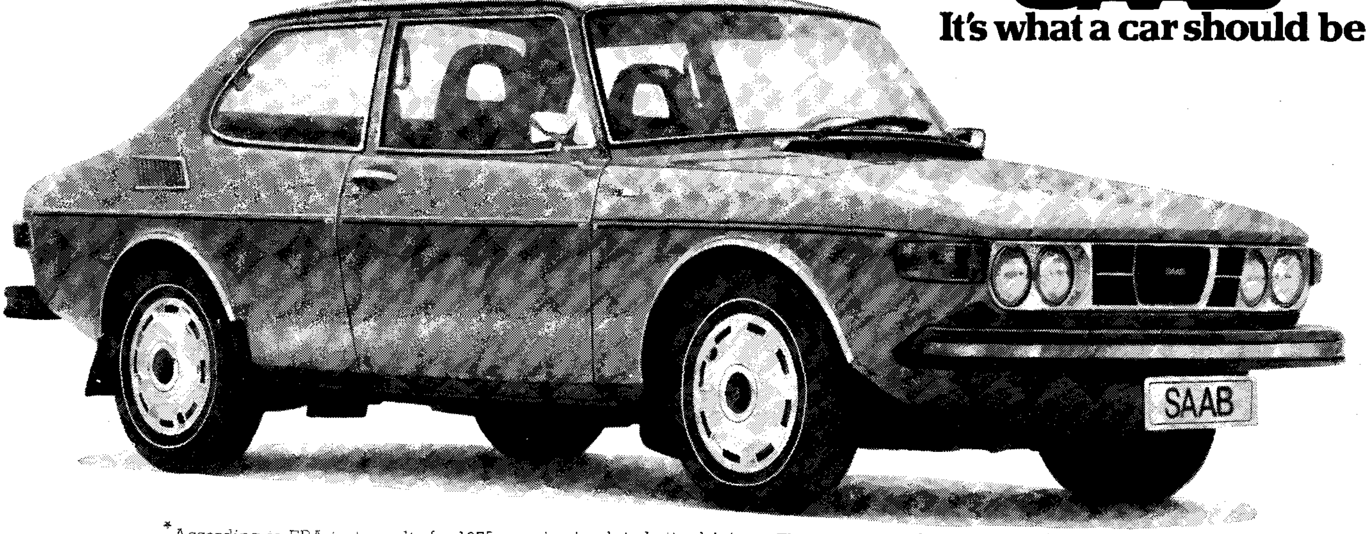

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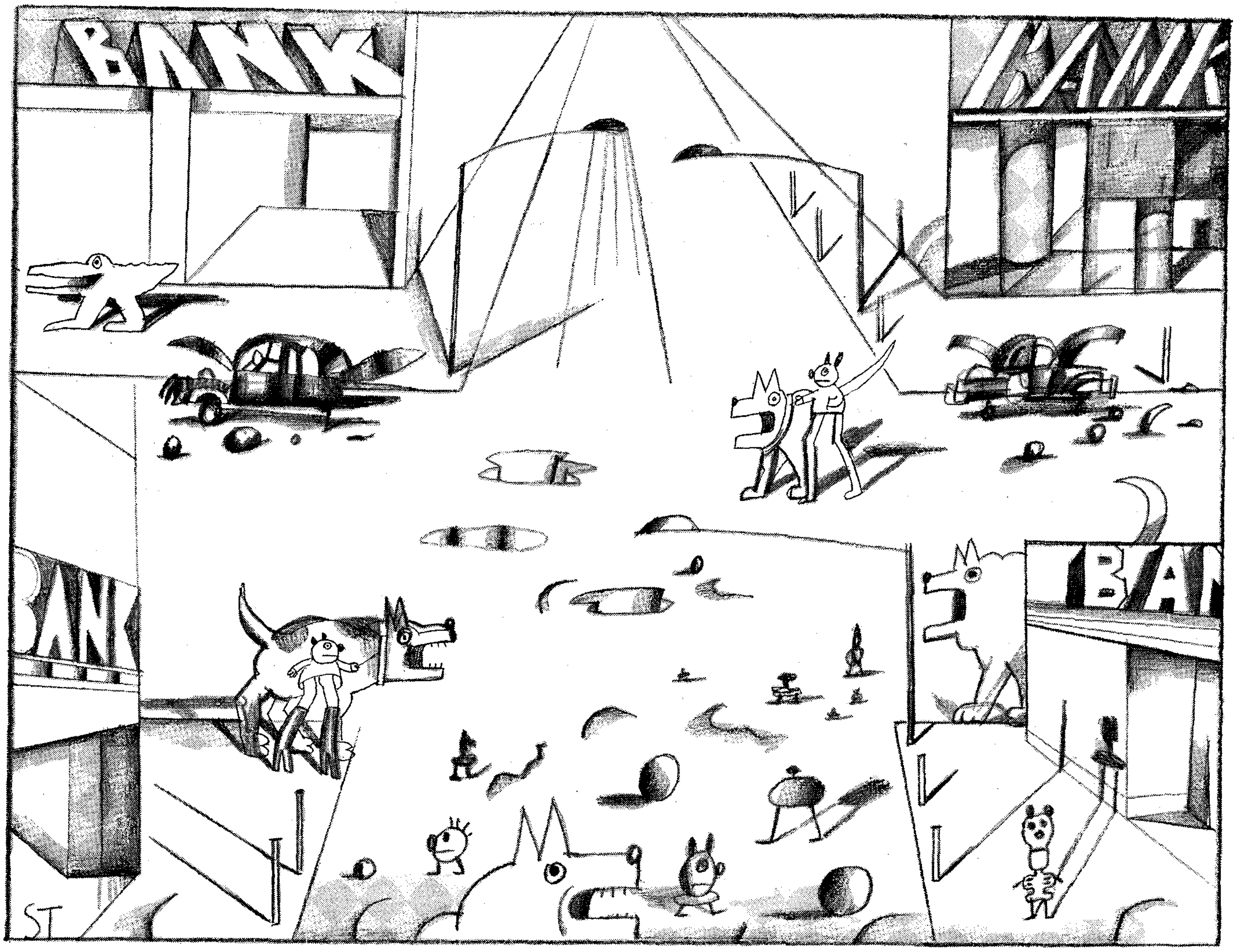
*According to EPA test results for 1975 cars in simulated city driving. There are more than 450 Saab dealers nationwide. Price does not include dealer prep., taxes and optional equipment, if any.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GLOBAL REACH—II



HUGE international corporations are now creating social changes that are causing the United States to look more and more like an underdeveloped country. To understand the impact of these global corporations on the majority of the American people, one needs to be aware of the principal elements of change they have imposed. First, the rise of the international corporation represents the globalization of oligopoly capitalism. A process of concentration and internationalization has put the world economy substantially under the control of a few hundred business enterprises, and these do not compete with one another according to the rules of the classic market. Second, the interest of these enterprises is world profit maximization, and this may require profit *minimization* in certain countries and under certain circumstances. This is but one example of how the interests of global corporations may conflict with the interests of countries in which they operate. Third, the poor nations of Asia, Latin America, and Africa, long the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the international economy, are increasingly becoming the principal sites of new production. This shift, which could not have been predicted even ten years ago, is changing employment patterns and living standards in the United States. Finally, this economic transformation is producing a new concentration of political power in private hands. In short, the managers of the huge corporations are not elected by the people, nor are they subject to popular scrutiny or popular pressure, even though in the course of their daily business they make decisions with more impact on the lives of ordinary people than most generals and politicians. The principal source of their power is their control of knowledge of three specific kinds—the technology of production, the technology of finance and accounting, and the technology of marketing.

The most dramatic impact of the Latin-Americanization of the United States over the past five years has been a reduction in the standard of living of important segments of the population. Our large, prosperous middle class, long considered the foundation of American stability, is increasingly squeezed by shrinking employment opportunities, high taxes, and inflationary prices. Many families with incomes of fifteen thousand dollars a year are now merely honorary members of the middle class. The decline in jobs and the rise in prices have hit those below the middle class even harder. In the center of every large city, hundreds of thousands of Americans are living without decent food, heat, and plumbing—and without dignity or hope. The first to feel the squeeze of a tightening economy are minority groups. In the United States, the unemployment rate among blacks is two to three times the rate among whites. But even the moderately well-to-do face reductions in key aspects of their standard of living. There are meatless days even in Winnetka. The price of gasoline has begun to restrict the use of the automobile as entertainment. The shortage of heating fuel and electric power means houses

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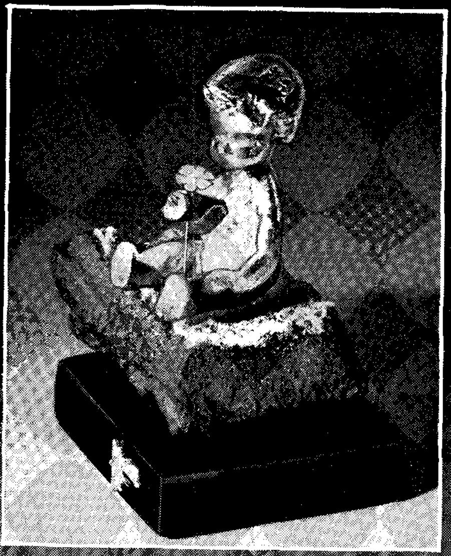

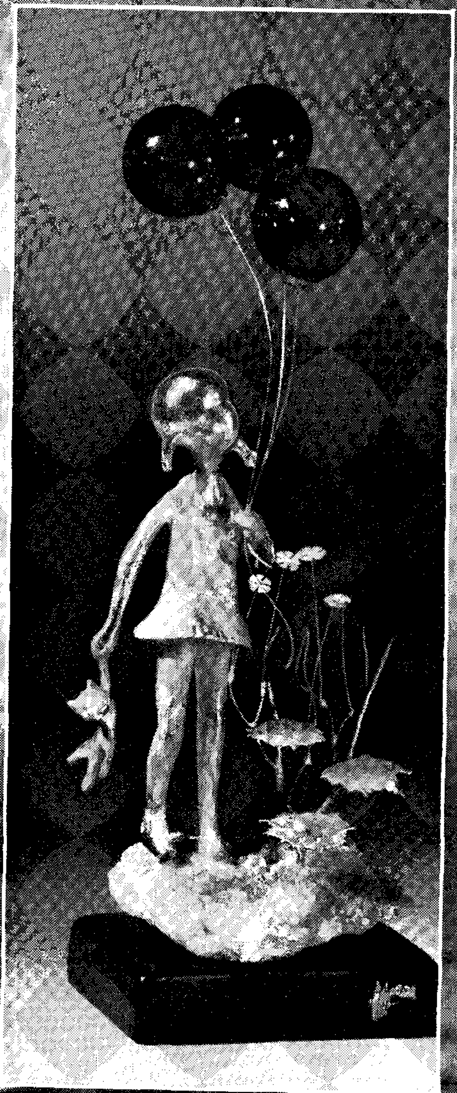

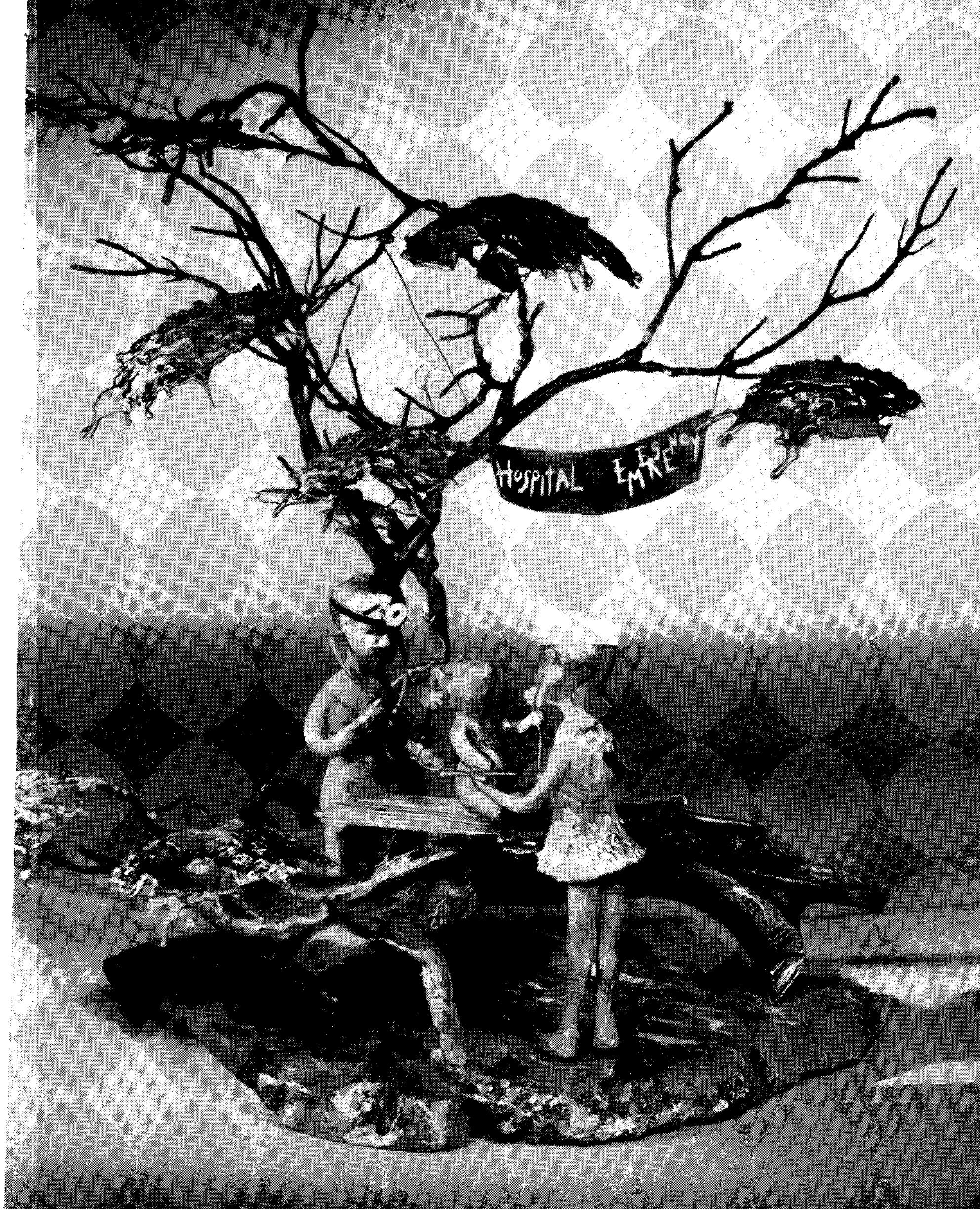

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colder in winter and hotter in summer than many Americans are accustomed to. Compared with what most of the world endures, these indicators of a decline in the standard of living may seem barely worth talking about, but in the context of American expectations of something bigger and better every year they are significant indeed.

What do these changes have to do with the rise of the global corporation? In the interest of maximum profits, the corporate managers are creating, often unconsciously, a system in which the long-term role assigned to the United States is completely changing what the country produces and, consequently, what its people do. The production of the industrial goods that have been the mainstay of the American economy is being transferred from New England factories that paid workers three dollars and forty cents an hour to factories in the "export platforms" of Hong Kong and Taiwan, where workers make as little as thirty cents an hour. Increasingly, as cars, television sets, computers, cameras, clothes, and furniture are being produced abroad, the United States is becoming a service economy and a producer of "software"—plans, programs, and ideas for others to execute. The effect is to eliminate traditional jobs on the assembly line and to replace them with other jobs, probably fewer in number—jobs requiring special skills. For a growing number of Americans, unemployment and reduced income are the result.

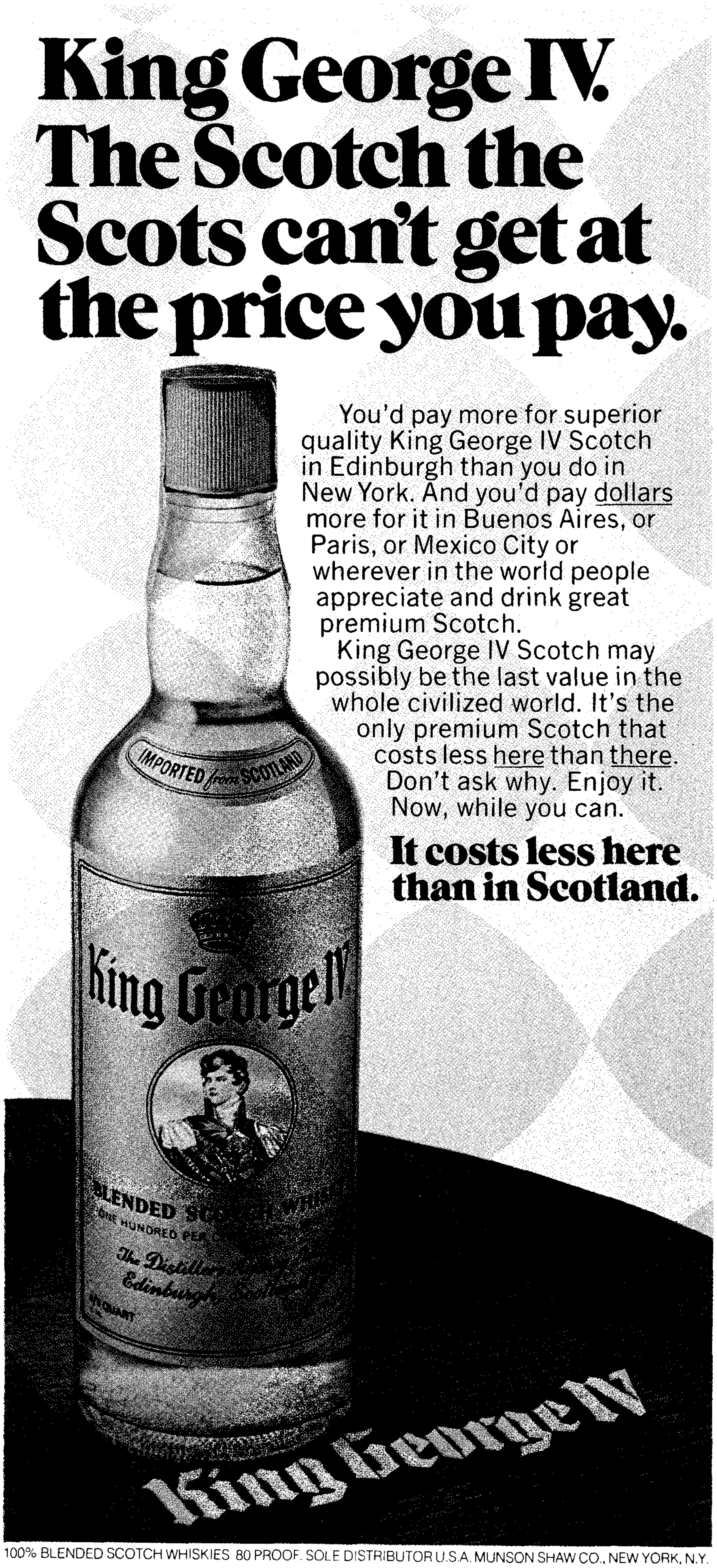
The change in employment patterns—the decline in production that is heavily reliant on labor, and the corresponding rise in skilled service jobs—has led to a redistribution of wealth and income which is more in the tradition of the underdeveloped world than of the affluent society. Workers are earning a decreasing share of the national income. The United States is also beginning to fall into the traditional pattern of underdeveloped countries in that it is becoming increasingly dependent on exports of agricultural products and timber to maintain its balance of payments and increasingly dependent on imports of finished goods to maintain its standard of living. To earn the foreign exchange to buy the energy and certain raw materials that Americans need, and the television sets, cameras, and other popular consumer goods that, more and more, are manufactured abroad, the United States must export increasing amounts of grain, lumber, and other products. This trading pattern results in food shortages and higher food prices at home—a phenomenon long familiar in poor countries but a recent one in the United States.

NO one understands the accumulation of corporate power better than bankers. Four of the top five companies in the United States in terms of assets are global banks. There are more than thirteen thousand commercial banks in the United States. In 1960, the top fifty banks had thirty-nine per cent of all commercial-bank assets; by 1970 these same fifty banks had forty-eight per cent of all assets in commercial banking. There is nothing especially mysterious about why large banks grow faster than small ones. What is striking about the growth of these banks is not that a few financial giants have come to dominate the lending industry but that they exercise significant influence in a number of the country's leading manufacturing and mining companies, the transportation industry, the media, and public utilities.

Banks have expanded their control of the nonbanking sectors of the American economy through a number of major strategies. Among them is the use of their enormous holdings of industrial stocks, which they either own or manage for customers who have trust accounts. In 1971, banks had five hundred and seventy-seven billion dollars in corporate securities in their own portfolios, and had control of an additional three hundred and thirty-six billion dollars in trust funds—together, almost a trillion dollars in assets. Thanks to the continuing investigative work of Representative Wright Patman's Subcommittee on Domestic Finance and to Senator Lee Metcalf's Subcommittee on Budgeting, Management, and Expenditures, we know a good deal about how banks have translated that trillion dollars into power over the most strategic sectors of the economy. The Patman subcommittee concluded, in a 1968 report, that five-per-cent stock ownership, plus the presence of interlocking directorates, amounts to "enormous potential power for good or evil." Management is acutely aware of the potential power of a five-per-cent shareholder. According to the Patman subcommittee, there is "considerable evidence" that corporations seek to establish "close contact" with such large institutional investors.

At the end of 1967, according to the Patman subcommittee, the top forty-nine banks had a five-per-cent or greater share in a hundred and forty-seven—nearly a third—of the top five hundred industrials, and a five-per-cent interest or more in seventeen of the top fifty transportation and merchandising companies. When allowance is made for the fact that more than one of the top forty-nine banks may hold a five-per-cent or more interest in the same company, the figures are even higher: one hundred and seventy-six among the top five hundred industrials, twenty among the top fifty merchandising companies, and twenty-three among the fifty largest transportation companies. By examining interlocking directorates of the leading American banks, the economist Peter Dooley, of the University of Saskatchewan, has identified some of the major financial groups in the United States. A group, in this sense, is a collection of nominally separate corporations that pool their resources to enhance their power. By far the most powerful is the Rockefeller-Morgan group—the coördinated financial operations of the descendants and beneficiaries of John D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan. As early as 1904, John Moody, the founder of *Moody's Industrial Manual*, still the leading directory to the labyrinth of high finance, wrote that it was impossible to talk of the Rockefellers and the Morgans as separate economic actors, so intertwined were their various activities. Taking another look at the Rockefeller-Morgan empire in the mid-nineteen-sixties, Dooley concluded, in a 1969 *American Economic Review* paper, "The Interlocking Directorate," that "it is not possible to separate these groups." The power base of the Rockefeller-Morgan group is made up of six of the country's largest banks—Chase Manhattan, of which David Rockefeller is chairman; First National City Bank; Manufacturers Hanover Trust; Chemical Bank of New York; Morgan Guaranty Trust; and Bankers Trust. During the years 1962 to 1966, according to the Patman subcommittee, these banks dramatically increased their holdings of each other's stock.

Another strategy of banks for extending their influence over the nonbanking sectors of the economy is "cross-subsidization"—the use of power and resources developed in one profit center to start or expand into another. Just as oil companies could use their economic power to enter the coal business or the nuclear-energy field, or a newspaper chain could use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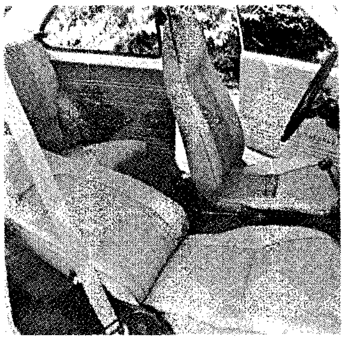
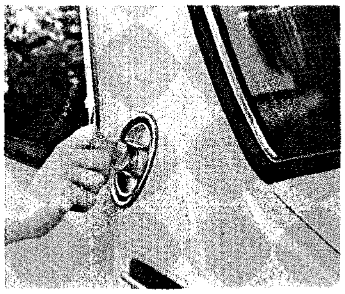
Wagon with optional simulated woodgrain

SR-5



All models feature comfortable fully reclining Hi-back bucket seats.



Rear window defogger, lockable gas cap are among many standard features.

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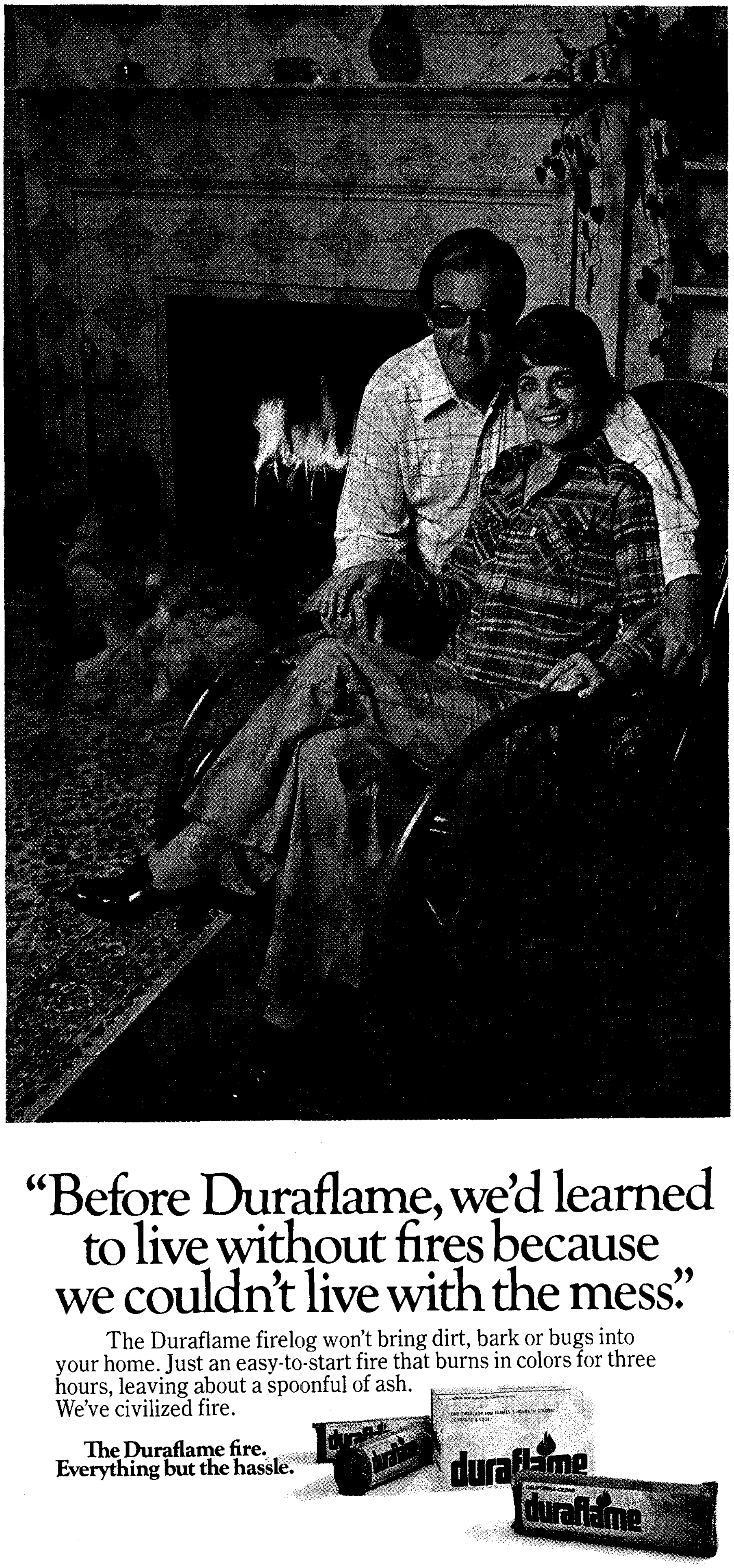
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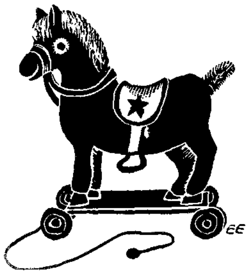
its oligopoly profits to buy TV stations, so in the last ten years the largest banks have systematically used their power to enter such unrelated fields as insurance and equipment leasing. First National City Bank, which took the lead in creating a one-bank holding company, Citicorp, and the other banking giants that followed expanded their activities in this direction not only because of their own passion for growth but also because their foreign competitors were thinking and acting the same way. In the mid-sixties, similar developments in banking were taking place in France, Great Britain, and Germany, where legislation was already more permissive than in the United States. As in the industrial field, the intensification of worldwide oligopolistic competition forced further concentration in the American economy. The bank holding company permits banks to transcend certain legal and financial restrictions, and to cross corporate borders otherwise barred to commercial banks, so that it has been used to establish the banking conglomerate, in which a single corporation controls travel agencies, insurance, commercial paper, consumer credit, credit cards, the leasing of industrial equipment, data processing, and certain types of mutual funds. No single piece of legislation has contributed more to the concentration of wealth in America. The size of the banking giants permits them to achieve certain economies that, in effect, pay for their expansion.

BANKS play different roles in the regulated and nonregulated sectors of the economy, with different public consequences in each. In the nonregulated, dynamic sectors such as the drug and computer industries, and for the fast-growing industrial conglomerates like International Telephone & Telegraph and Gulf & Western, banks have played a crucial role in acquisition campaigns. In a 1973 article for *The New Republic*, Representative Patman wrote:

> One of the favorite pastimes of concentrated financial power is promoting concentration in nonfinancial industries. There is substantial evidence that the major commercial banks have been actively fueling the corporate merger movement. A 1971 congressional report, for example, found that major banks financed acquisitions, furnished key financial personnel to conglomerates, and were even willing to clean out stock from their trust departments to aid in takeover bids. Thus, Gulf and Western, one of the most aggressive conglomerates of the 1950's and 1960's (92 acquisitions in-

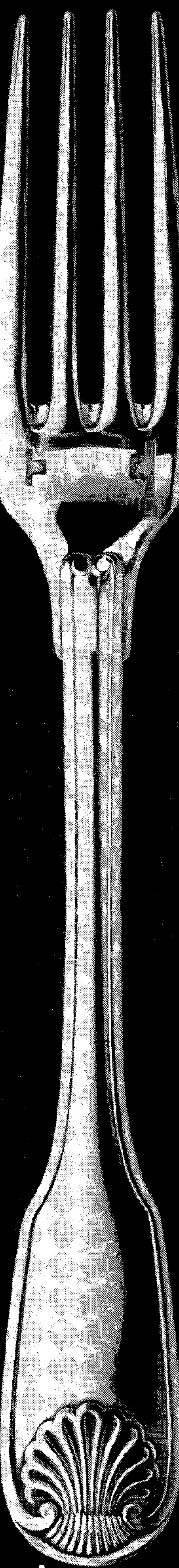
volving almost a billion dollars in eleven years), expanded hand-in-glove with Chase Manhattan. Friendly representatives of Chase made funds available and provided advice and services that assisted Gulf and Western in its acquisitions. In return, in addition to the customary business charges for Gulf and Western's accounts and loans, Chase secured banking business generated by the newly developing conglomerate that formerly had gone to other banks, and was a recipient of advance inside information on proposed future acquisitions.

The real issue is not how the interests of bankers and the interests of corporate management overlap but whether bankers are in a position to use their concentrated financial power against the public interest. It is in the regulated industries that the banks' enormous potential power for good or evil is crucial. These industries—power companies, airlines, railroads, telephone companies—represent essential services of the society, services on which all other economic growth depends. The power of banks over the transportation sector (to take but one example) and how that power is used were illustrated four years ago by the Penn Central debacle. In a 1972 report, the House Committee on Banking and Currency, of which Representative Patman is also the chairman, noted that "a number of financial institutions played a major and perhaps dominant role in the management of the Penn Central and its predecessors." The chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the Penn Central, the world's largest privately owned railroad, until shortly before it went into bankruptcy was Stuart Saunders, a director of the Chase Manhattan Bank and of the First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Company, a large Philadelphia commercial bank. First National City Bank and Morgan Guaranty were major creditors of the railroad. Its chief financial officer was David Bevan, also a director of another large Philadelphia bank. Beginning in 1963, at the behest of Bevan and with the financial encouragement of other bankers who dominated the railroad's board, Penn Central began a major diversification program, principally in real estate, with the heavy use of commercial-bank loans. While service was declining and rolling stock needed replacement, the committee notes, the real-estate operations "were competing with the Railroad for the same limited sources of credit at a time when the Railroad was having trouble obtaining needed financing." The "disastrous diversification program," according to the committee, produced a net cash drain of a hundred and seventy-five million dollars. The bankers in charge of Penn Central also pushed heavily for a merger with the New York Central two years before the final collapse. "Thus, we see that those most anxious to see the merger consummated were people interested in the financial aspects of the transaction, and who knew or cared little or nothing about running a railroad," the committee report declares. "Ultimately, the financial experts' judgment proved to be disastrous."



In the public utilities, the same combination applies—huge external debt owed to bankers and heavy representation of these same bankers on the boards of directors. Consolidated Edison of New York operates under a board whose members are also directors of some of the country's largest banks and insurance companies—Manufacturers Hanover, Metropolitan Life, First National City Bank, Chemical Bank. Indeed, not only is Con Ed dominated by men with important bank connections but many such connections are with institutions in the Rockefeller-Morgan network. Four of the ten largest shareholders are commercial banks. (In 1970, according to investigations conducted by Senator Metcalf, Chase Manhattan was among the top ten holders of forty-two utilities, Morgan Guaranty was among the top ten holders of forty-one utilities, and Manufacturers Hanover was among the top ten holders of thirty-one.) Utilities are exceedingly good customers for banks. In 1973, more than fifty per cent of the total capitalization of Con Ed was in long-term-debt financing. Its customers have nowhere else to turn to run their electric kitchens or their office-building elevators and air-conditioners. Similar bank involvement stands behind the 1971 government rescue of Lockheed.

THE most striking symptom of the Latin-Americanization of the United States is the multiple management crisis that now confronts it. Observers from Latin America, such as Carlos F. Diaz-Alejandro, a professor of economics at Yale, have reminded us that by the late nineteen-sixties the



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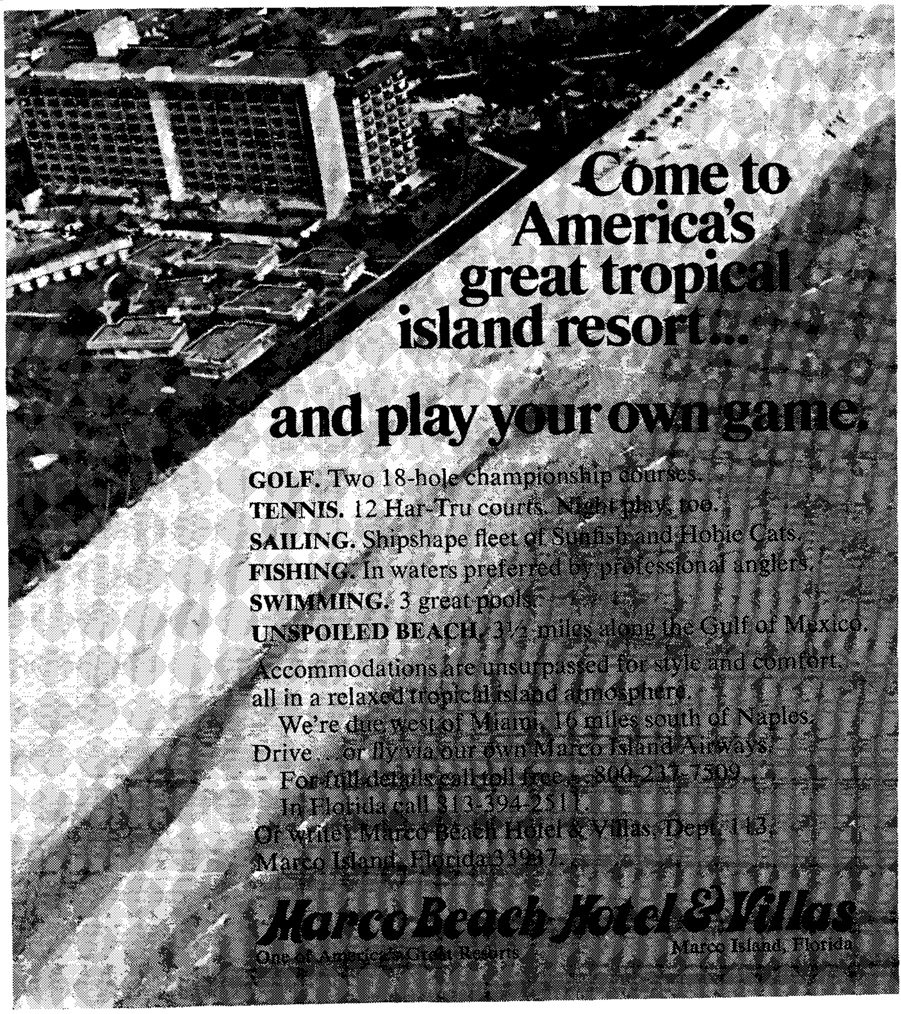

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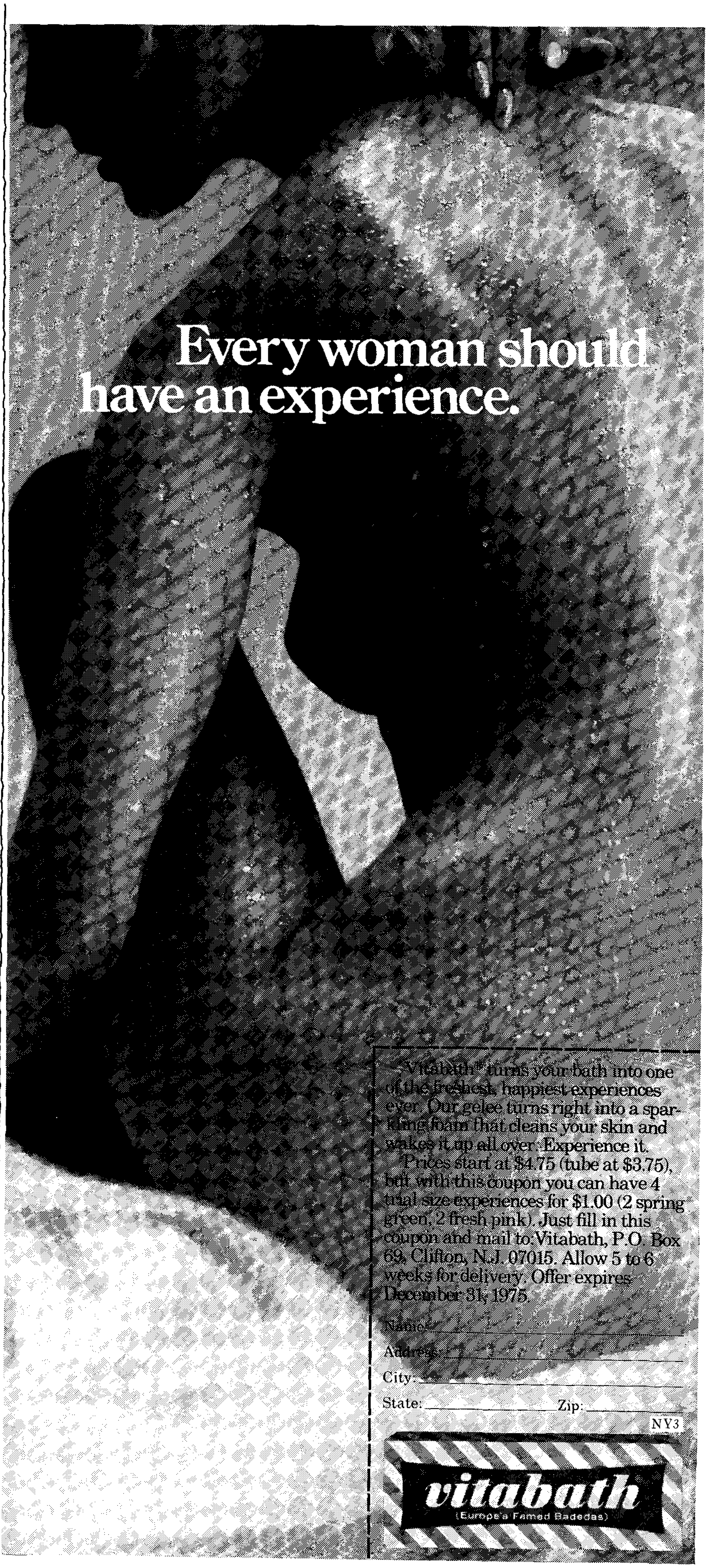
United States was experiencing "inflationary recession . . . campus disorders . . . frequent power shortages, creaky and bankrupt railroads, erratic mails"—all familiar in underdeveloped countries but disquieting in the world's leading exporter of managerial know-how. By the early seventies, "stagflation"—higher prices coupled with a downturn in employment, which has long been a curse of underdeveloped countries—had settled into the American economy. Keynesian economic theory could not explain it, and the Treasury could not adequately control it. Exxon and its friendly competitors, having acted as the nation's sole planners in energy matters, stopped talking about tigers in our tanks and started extolling the health advantages of cold houses. The transportation crisis that hit the Northeastern rail system, some of the major aircraft producers and airlines, and the trucking industry compounded the problem. Cutbacks in fuel meant cutbacks in production, which in turn meant cutbacks in jobs. There was also a scarcity of foodstuffs, animal feed, and other raw products, and these shortages were characterized by a Federal Reserve Board economist as "unprecedented." Each crisis intersected with others.

The driving force behind the globalization of industry is a managerial revolution that has made it possible to centralize planning on an international scale, but this revolution has not been duplicated in government, which had its managerial revolution, under the banner of Keynesianism, almost forty years ago. That revolution established a new body of official truth: Artful government regulation of the economy is necessary to keep unemployment down (at whatever level is considered acceptable), to prevent inflationary price rises, and to stimulate economic growth. The essential strategy of the managerial revolution in industry is, of course, cross-subsidization. The cross-subsidization strategy is used within the United States by electronics companies to conquer the bread market—the Continental Baking Company became a wholly owned subsidiary of I.T.T. in 1968—or by banks to become buyers and leasers of aircraft. When the system becomes global, the parent company can shift profits through transfer pricing, "profit-loan swaps," and other accounting miracles on a giant scale, cross-subsidizing some of its operations with the profits of others. Centralized planning for a centralized system of profit maximization leads inevitably to economic concentration, because only by expanding, or at least maintaining, its share of the market can an oligopolistic corporation hope to compete successfully with the other giants. Where a small number of such corporations pursue similar strategies by extending their control into more and more new industries, new products, and new geographic regions, the result is what the economist Robert Averitt, of Smith College, has termed a "dual economy"—a characterization that was once reserved for underdeveloped countries. The "center" economy, comprising five hundred companies, controls over seventy per cent of the productive and financial resources of the country and employs the bulk of organized labor. The "periphery" economy is made up of largely unorganized workers and thousands of smaller companies, many of them dependent on the giants for their survival.

What puts government at a disadvantage in trying to keep up with and control the activities of huge corporations is that the corporations plan centrally and act globally and nation-states do not. As individual business units become more powerful and more mobile, as their balance sheets become less and less accurate reflections of real economic activity, government finds itself handicapped, administratively and politically, in regulating the economy with traditional Keynesian methods. The ease with which global corporations can conceal or distort information vital to the management of the economy is creating the same sort of administrative nightmare for the advanced industrial state that underdeveloped countries have lived with for years. Not only are these companies able to escape national regulation through centralized worldwide planning but, since they are the largest companies, they also have the greatest political muscle. Their political power stems from their ability to provide more cash at campaign time, when the politicians who appoint the regulators are running for office, even if the law is violated in the process, and to supply from their own ranks a generous number of commissioners to the regulatory agencies regardless of which party is in power. But, most important, when the giants, unlike the local mill or drugstore, threaten to pull up stakes or to collapse if the government deals with them too harshly, their threats are effective political weapons.

The dramatic spread of United States corporations overseas in the mid-nineteen-sixties has compounded the problems of the White House, the Treasury, and the Federal Reserve



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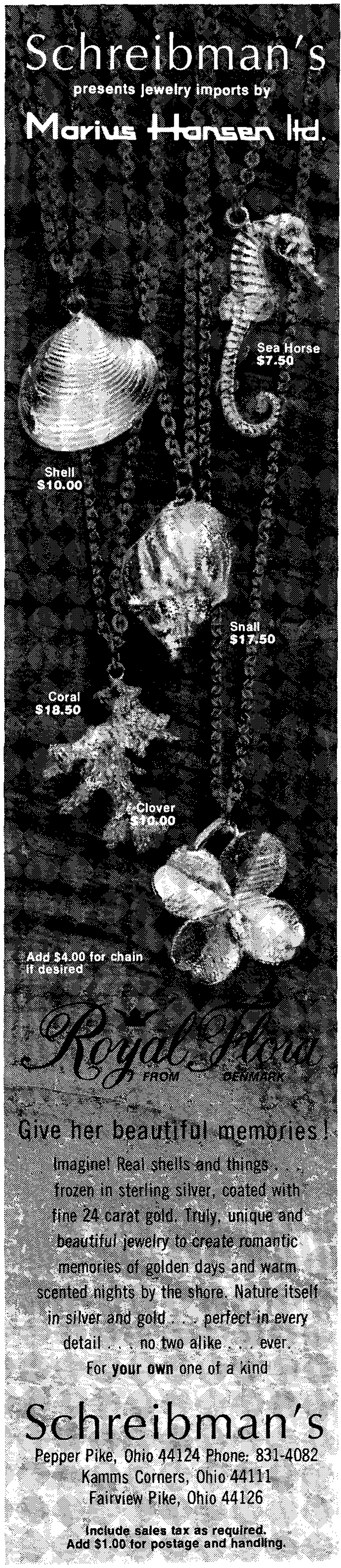

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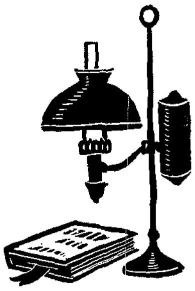
System. Keynesian fiscal and monetary policies, reasonably effective when the economy was less concentrated and only minimally dependent upon commercial and financial transactions taking place beyond its borders, are increasingly inadequate to manage the North American division of the global economy. It is sometimes argued that the dependence of the United States on the world economy is exaggerated. After all, exports and imports account for only a little more than ten per cent of the gross national product of the United States. But the true extent of the dependence of the United States economy on foreign operations cannot be gleaned by focussing on exports and imports. In 1970, about twenty per cent of all corporate profits were derived from abroad. For many of America's major corporations, foreign profits mean the difference between operating in the black or in the red. Moreover, the actual magnitude of foreign-derived earnings must include profits derived from exports and imports plus the substantial disguised or unreported profits obtained by transfer-price manipulations. If all these factors are considered, some thirty per cent of total United States corporate profits can now be directly or indirectly attributed to overseas operations. This increased dependence on foreign investment and the changed character of that investment have had profound effects on employment in the United States. Before 1966, as the Harvard economist Wassily Leontief and others have shown, exports from the United States had a relatively higher labor component than did imports. A given increase in exports would result in a healthy increase in jobs for American workers, while additional imports would have a minimal effect on employment. But after 1966 such conditions no longer applied. The reason was quite possibly the rise of the export platform. Between 1966 and 1970, there was an increase of fifty-three per cent in exports produced in the American factories of global corporations and a spectacular increase of ninety-two per cent in exports from their foreign subsidiaries—exports that, had they been produced in the United States, would have provided thousands of jobs for American workers, especially since much of this foreign production was in labor-intensive industries. According to a Department of Commerce study, the two hundred and ninety-eight American-based global corporations had an annual growth rate of over five per cent in overseas employment during these years and a growth rate in domestic employment of under three per cent. By the end of 1970, more than twenty-five per cent of all their workers were outside the territory of the United States. (Unfortunately, during this very time, the capacity of the American manufacturing sector as a whole to provide jobs for Americans was declining at a rate six times that of the nineteen-fifties—the result of many factors, prominent among them the increasing pace of automation.) When more than a fourth of the payroll and the managerial energies of the leading industrial concerns go to workers outside the country, it is not surprising that the federal government finds it difficult to develop an effective employment policy.



There are other, equally dramatic indicators of structural changes in the United States economy. In 1961, the sales of all American manufacturing subsidiaries abroad represented only seven per cent of total United States sales. In 1965, the proportion of foreign to domestic sales crept up to eight and a half per cent, but in the late sixties the picture changed abruptly. By 1970, according to Commerce Department statistics, foreign sales accounted for almost thirteen per cent of the total sales of all United States manufacturing corporations. In the quest for foreign profits, the American global giants were making more and more of their new investment overseas. In 1957, United States companies were investing about nine cents of every dollar of new investment in plant and equipment overseas. Again in the mid-sixties, there was an abrupt upward shift, so that by 1971 they were diverting a quarter out of every dollar of new investment from domestic to foreign expansion. When so many different indicators register changes in the same period, it strongly suggests that something important has happened. More specifically, what does it mean for the average American and the federal regulatory process when the economic environment created by America's largest companies is increasingly beyond the control of the government?

THE globalization of United States corporations has not only made it difficult for government to keep up with their multifarious activities but

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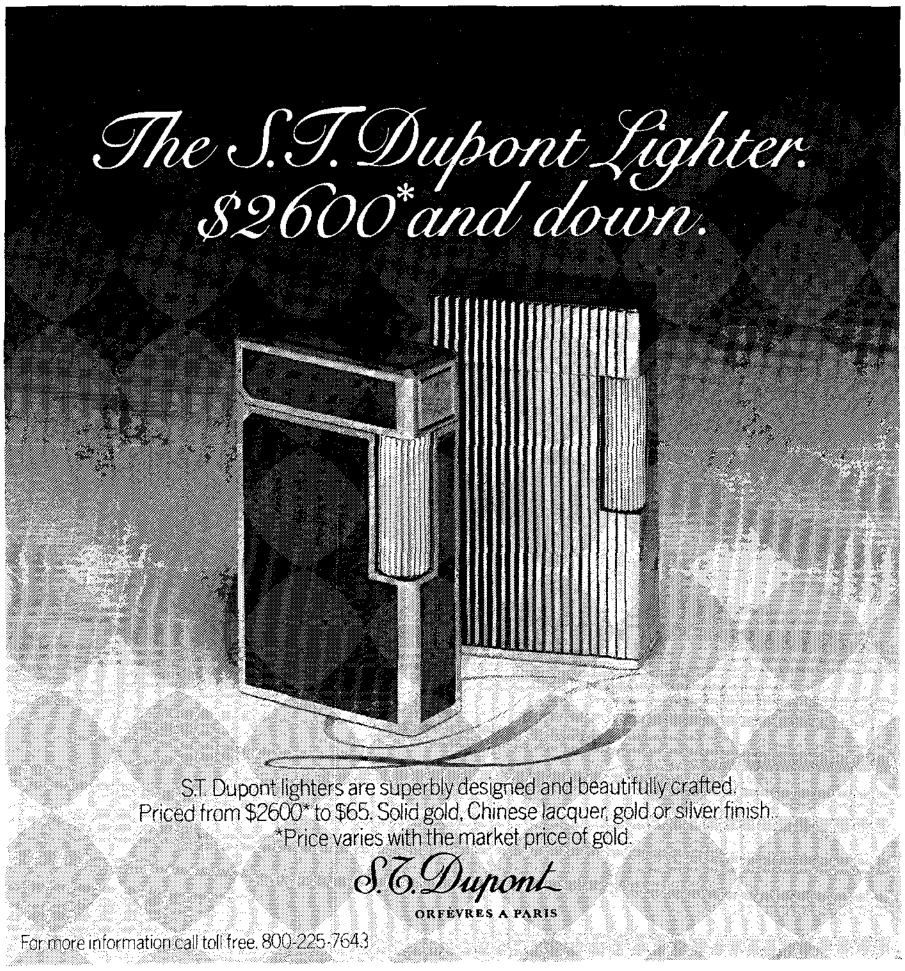

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also contributed to a lag in perception among public administrators. Regulatory agencies lack the budgets and staff to police corporations adequately, and, perhaps more important, they lack the time and perspective to understand the real nature of their own problems. There is a general failure to grasp the fact that the changes occurring in the world economy are truly systemic, and the result of this failure is inadequate analysis and patchwork policies. The institutional lag that cripples governments in trying to prevent global corporations from circumventing the spirit of tax, securities, and banking laws is caused in no small measure by the technological breakthroughs of the accounting industry. The space-age alchemists have discovered the incantations that turn banks into nonbanks, dividends into interest, and profits into losses. Research and development in tax avoidance conducted by university programs in international business is at least five years ahead of government research on loophole closing. The desultory government pursuit of tax avoidance stems not from an absence of zeal among Washington bureaucrats but from a lack of funds to take on the accountants and a lack of knowledge about what the companies are doing. Skilled obfuscation is now an essential accounting tool. The challenge is to create a tidy world for investors, regulatory agencies, and tax collectors to scrutinize, but that world may have little or no resemblance to reality. Indeed, it is often desirable to create a different world for each group. Corporations give their stockholders one picture of how well they are prospering and the Internal Revenue Service another. Ohio Representative Charles Vanik noted in July of 1972, in hearings before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, "The present accounting processes make a mockery of the public's right to know. We are in a vicious circle. We cannot change or remake the tax laws without facts—and we cannot obtain essential facts because of laws that are not enforced or that shroud and conceal the truth to which every citizen is entitled." In the nineteen-sixties, when many investors decided that growth potential rather than dividends was what made a stock worth buying, the accountants were able to supply instant earnings by switching depreciation schedules, inventory calculations, and the timing and characterization of foreign remittances.

For those charged with managing the United States economy, both the domestic concentration of power and the globalization of America's largest corporations have created two different information gaps. One concerns missing information. Government regulatory agencies are unable to acquire the names of the major stockholders of some of the largest corporations, banks, and utilities, and so cannot know in behalf of which interests the biggest blocks of shares are being voted. The power of the energy companies has allowed them to regard vital information about oil reserves as "proprietary," to be disclosed to government only on their own terms and at their own pace. In August of 1973, the State of California sued Exxon to get such information. The case was settled some six months later, when Exxon agreed to make the information available on the condition that the State of California treat it confidentially. It has been impossible to assess the impact of the Eurodollar market—the market that trades in American dollars deposited in banks outside the United States—and the use of export platforms on the American economy with the precision necessary to make monetary and fiscal policy, because the crucial data is in the hands of the companies and not the government.

More important than missing information is distorted information. United States trade statistics, for example, are an aggregate of *reported* values of export and import transactions of United States corporations. In recent years, American global companies have accounted for more than sixty per cent of total exports from the United States and some thirty-five per cent of all imports. The Senate Finance Committee concludes, in its 1973 report "The Multinational Corporation and the World Economy," that a minimum of twenty-seven per cent of all exports are intracompany transactions. The committee study further shows that forty-three per cent more of all exports may also escape the market, because of the possibility that the buyer and the seller are owned by the same people, but available public information about pricing is inadequate to confirm the point. One estimate, derived from a 1972 study made by Business International, which is a research and consulting service for global corporations, indicates that at least forty per cent of all United States exports are bypassing the market. The Business International study of a hundred and twenty-five American global corporations, which account for more than sixteen per cent of manufacturing sales, twenty-six per

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cent of all nonagricultural exports, and over seventy per cent of all recent foreign direct-investment outflows, shows that by 1970 fifty-seven per cent of their total exports were made to their own overseas affiliates. (Based on this research, an estimate of forty per cent is conservative, because it leaves out agricultural exports, and these are largely intracompany transactions.) As a recent Rand Corporation study concluded, because of the widespread use of transfer pricing and the importance of intracorporate transactions, Department of Commerce balance-of-payment statistics on foreign trade and foreign-earned income are "totally unreliable."

PRIVATE planners had outdistanced public planners long before American business had its global growth spurt of the late nineteen-sixties. But the globalization process has further undermined the government's efforts to use fiscal and monetary policy to manage the economy. The central planners in the world headquarters of the multinational corporations, having transcended the territory of the United States, are now able to frustrate standard Keynesian remedies in the ordinary course of their business. The widespread use of transfer pricing and other forms of internal transactions is designed to create for the corporation what amounts to a private economy. Prices are set according to the requirements of profit maximization, and so are insulated to varying degrees from real market pressures. "Prices in an economic sense do not exist," one former Treasury official has said. "The price charged is strictly a matter of relative power." Just as concentration effectively negates the operation of the domestic market in important respects, transfer pricing distorts the interaction of the international market and the domestic market. When a large percentage of total exports are underpriced and imports are overpriced because the central planners wish to shift income out of the United States, the prices, of course, represent misleading signals. The consumer cannot know whether the producer has paid what economists have called the "social costs of production"—for instance, taxes to cover the costs of pollution—or whether he is passing them on to the public in the form of inflated prices or to the next generation in the form of postponed taxes and debt. The government planner does not know to what extent imports and exports represent the true value of the goods involved or to what extent the export and import accounts are being used to facilitate intracorporate financial flows. It is almost impossible for the government to control financial flows in the implementation of balance-of-payments and other policies when it does not know the extent of such disguised transactions.

Moreover, when prices are set for the purpose of shifting money rather than of reflecting the market value of goods, there can be a net drain for the society as a whole even as the corporation is maximizing its own profits. When American corporations undervalue exports, the American economy must give up more resources than it gets back in foreign exchange, thus aggravating the balance-of-payments problem. It is now clear that the practice of charging transfer prices that deviate from market value is becoming increasingly widespread. Occasionally, the government will indict and manage to convict a company for the fraudulent use of transfer pricing. In October of 1973, Litton Industries and four of its officers were indicted by a federal grand jury in San Diego for undervaluing imports from its Mexican assembly plants to avoid one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in customs duties. In September of 1974, Litton pleaded nolo contendere to forty counts of having violated the statute against fraudulent importation and was fined three thousand dollars on each count; the four officers pleaded guilty and were fined two thousand dollars each and placed on two years' probation. (Another American company with similar satellite operations in Mexico made a settlement of three million dollars to escape prosecution for falsified invoices.) According to a memorandum of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, grain companies manipulate transfer prices to obtain big subsidies. "The export subsidy program cost American taxpayers $333 million in agricultural subsidies in connection with the Russian grain deal," the subcommittee stated, and the memo, which was made public by the columnist Jack Anderson, details how the manipulation worked:

> We have information that one company (Cargill) sold wheat to its wholly-owned South American affiliate (Tradex-Panama). The company collected the subsidy when it showed proof of shipment to its affiliate.
>
> The affiliate then sold the wheat to another affiliate in Geneva which thereupon made a final sale for $2.20 (a bushel) or 10 cents above the American price. . . . As far as we can tell, the wheat never left the ship on which it was orig-

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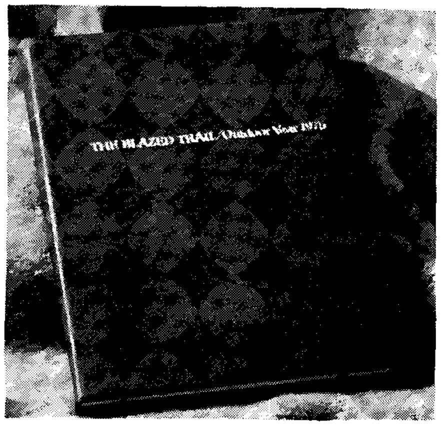

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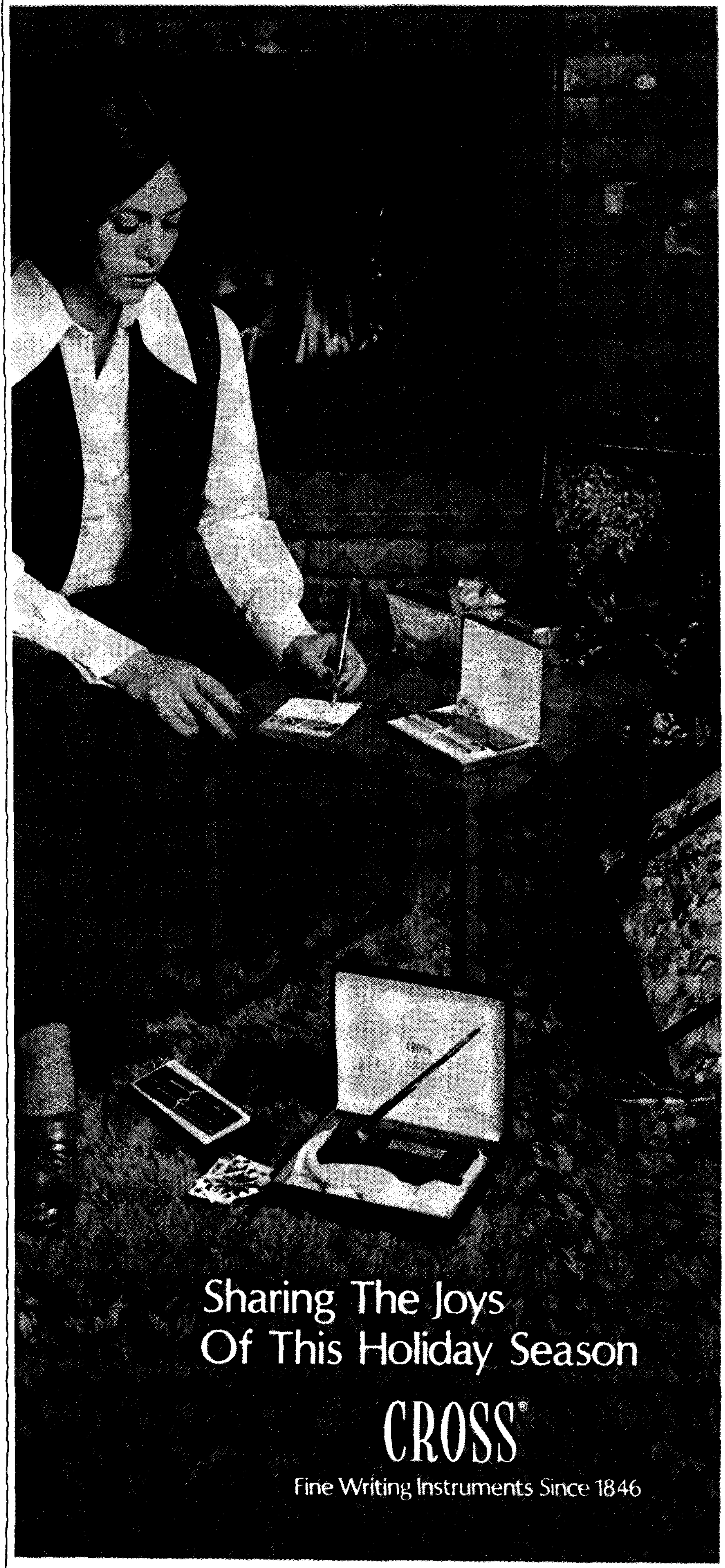
One aspect of the growing ineffectiveness of Keynesian monetary policy in controlling inflation is seen in the way credit restriction feeds concentration, not only for industrial corporations but for the banks themselves. When money is tight and there is intense competition for funds to lend, big banks, as one might expect, obtain such funds when small banks cannot. (The big banks, of course, have a ready set of prime borrowers—principally the large global corporations.) Thus, in 1973, according to the Federal Reserve, nine New York City banks, six of which belonged to the Rockefeller-Morgan group, accounted for more than twenty-six per cent of all commercial and industrial lending by banks in the United States. (There are two hundred and twenty banks, according to the Fed, which do virtually all the large corporate lending in the country.) About half of all the money lent by these New York superbanks goes to global corporations—with the result, as George Budzeika, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, has noted, that about ninety per cent of the entire indebtedness in the United States petroleum and natural-gas industry, two-thirds in the machinery and metal-products industry, and three-fourths in the chemical and rubber industries is held by these same nine New York banks. "On the whole," Budzeika concludes, "New York City bank behavior in the past two decades has shown that it is very difficult to control large banks whenever demand for credit is heavy. The growth and profits of these banks—their very viability—depend upon their ability to satisfy the credit demands of their customers. These banks, therefore, are strongly motivated to find loopholes in control measures and to press credit expansion to a greater extent than may be deemed advisable by monetary authorities."

It is the big banks, the very ones whose lending policies must be controlled if the government is to manage the economy successfully, that, of course, have the resources to escape control. As for medium and small banks, Budzeika points out that "lack of information and limited skills prevent them from adjusting quickly to changing levels of monetary restriction." The ability of large banks to insulate themselves through international dealings and other techniques from the intended effects of tight credit policies means, he contends, that "the only way



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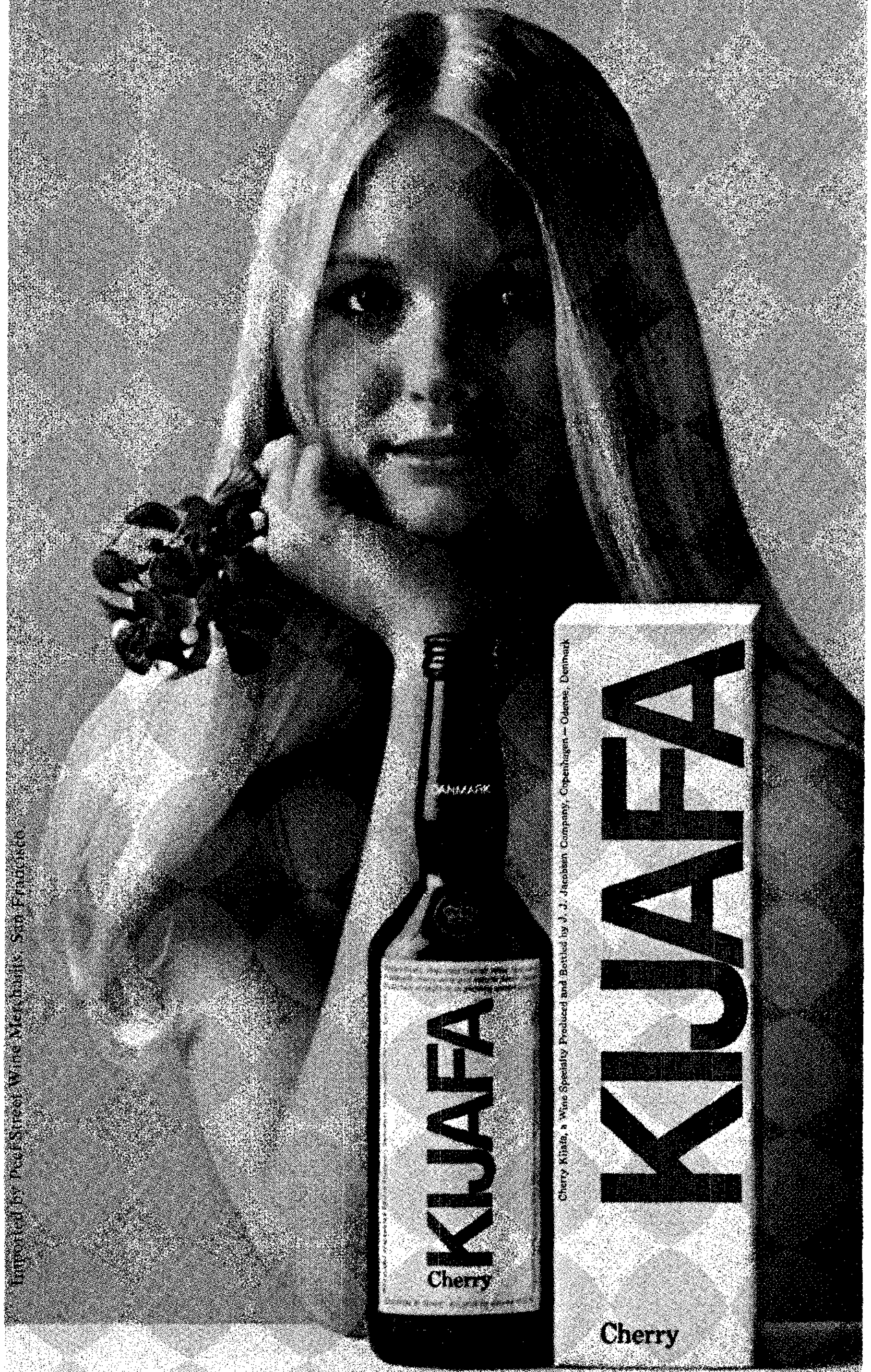
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to restrain [them] efficiently is to reduce the over-all liquidity of the banking system." But that is a drastic remedy, with serious side effects. Because large banks can evade mild credit restrictions, serious efforts to cool the economy by means of monetary policy must be so Draconian as to create even higher unemployment and idle factories. But too high a rate of unemployment is politically unacceptable. Therefore, only moderate monetary policies are pursued, and since these affect only smaller firms, they further contribute to the very concentration at the heart of the problem—a classic "vicious circle" of the sort that has plagued the governments of poor countries for years. Thus, even in a period of rapidly rising interest rates, corporations' current borrowings are permanently accelerating much faster than their increase in current cash holdings. Interest-rate policy appears to have substantially less effect on the rate of credit expansion than in the past, because corporations continue heavy borrowing even when the Federal Reserve System is pursuing a deflationary credit policy. Similarly, when the managers of the economy wish to stimulate expansion of the gross national product, they must expand credit at an ever-faster rate, and this has inflationary effects.

The moment when corporate planning and government planning most directly collide is tax time, for a principal use of corporate planning is tax minimization. Here the use of accountants to manage multiple layers of reality is particularly effective in keeping the tax collector confused. Some companies, according to one tax consultant, employ five different sets of books in their foreign subsidiaries. Set One is to keep track of the costs of production; Set Two is for the local tax collector; Set Three is for the Internal Revenue Service; Set Four is for worldwide accounting purposes; and Set Five is for currency transactions. Because they can take advantage of certain provisions of the Internal Revenue Code, especially those which permit deferral of tax on foreign earnings and a credit for foreign taxes, American global companies can often keep a greater share of a dollar earned abroad than a dollar earned in the United States. Oil companies have significantly lowered their United States taxes by calling royalty payments to Arab governments for petroleum concessions "taxes." (By contrast, income taxes paid to states are allowed as mere deductions against income, not as credits against taxes.) Between 1954 and 1970, the foreign tax credit jumped from six hundred and thirty million to four billion dollars—an increase of six hundred and thirty-five per cent.

Although some form of tax credit to alleviate the burden of double taxation seems fair, the tax credit in its present form results in an annual loss to the United States Treasury of more than four billion dollars in revenue. One reason is that large corporations are free under present law to mix income from high-tax countries and low-tax countries in such a way as to achieve minimum over-all tax liability. While there is now a ceiling on the foreign tax credit to prevent such pooling arrangements, the global corporation can avoid the effects of the ceiling through transfer pricing. As investment abroad goes up, revenues for the United States Treasury go down. Peggy Musgrave, a professor of economics at Northeastern University, estimates that if foreign taxes were treated no more favorably than state taxes, and if undistributed earnings abroad (which often completely escape taxation) were taxed no differently from undistributed earnings in the United States, the tax burden for all other taxpayers would be reduced by three billion four hundred million dollars.

The Internal Revenue Code is also strongly biassed in favor of foreign investment. This violation of the principle of neutrality—of treating all taxpayers alike insofar as possible—is justified, as in oil subsidies, to accomplish a non-tax objective, in this case to stimulate foreign investment. But the use of fiscal policy for nonfiscal purposes has backfired. Not only does the Treasury lose billions in revenue but the tax incentives to invest abroad also contribute to the process of concentration, which complicates the managerial tasks of the federal government in many other areas. In 1966, eighty per cent of taxable income from foreign sources was earned by four hundred and thirty corporations, all with assets of at least a quarter of a billion dollars. Large corporations are able to purchase skills in the technology of finance and can work their way through the labyrinthine provisions of the Internal Revenue Code to maximum advantage. Here, again, the global corporation achieves economies of scale by adapting financial-management skills developed in one part of the world for use in another, thereby eventually absorbing its smaller competitors, who lack such skills. This cumulative process of ever-greater concentration is inherent in the very na-

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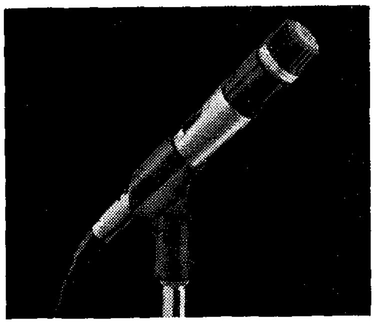

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ture of oligopoly competition. Thus, globalization and concentration go hand in hand.

Tax havens are theoretically available to everybody. According to the Economist Intelligence Unit, an international business research and advisory organization with headquarters in London, they "meet a basic need." They exist "to enable individuals to increase or dispose of wealth which they have won as they see fit and not at the whim of their rulers." But global corporations, having little patience with the whims of rulers, are the havens' best customers. Corporations have a wide choice of locations for their offshore headquarters—the Bahamas, Bermuda, the Cayman Islands, and Panama, among others. A tax haven is in reality an accounting drama. The company books reflect a commendably high level of activity being transferred to tropical islands eager for "development." A visit to the stage set is apt to be disappointing, however. In 1971, the Fidelity Bank of Philadelphia, one of the country's largest banks, made loans of a hundred and twenty million dollars from its Nassau branch, but the branch consisted of a desk, a file cabinet, and a telephone. No one knows the sums diverted each year to tax havens by American global concerns. The Syntex Corporation, for example, which claims to have about fifty per cent of the market for birth-control pills in the United States, has a seven-and-a-half-million-dollar plant in the Bahamas which generates tax-free income. As the Economist Intelligence Unit notes, the company's United States "tax bill is drastically reduced by writing off a large slice of its U.S. profits against research: the fruits of this research can then be used internationally—for instance, in Freeport [on Grand Bahama Island] to earn profits free of U.S. tax."

The Treasury has long been aware of the popularity of tax havens and such other accountants' paradises as "safe harbors" and "escape hatches," and has long had administrative tools to control their use. But there are enormous problems in administering these provisions. Stanford Ross, who played a key role in drafting foreign tax-reform legislation in the nineteen-sixties, believes that these reforms are generally ineffective, because of the complexity of international transfer pricing, its sheer volume, and the government's lack of information on costs and profit margins in a global system. A rather recent alumnus of the Internal Revenue Service who in the nineteen-sixties helped develop new regulations for Section 482 of the Internal Revenue Code, which gave the Treasury power to combat tax-avoiding transfer pricing by stepping in and recalculating prices so that they "clearly reflect income," has said that the Service did not substantially add to its enforcement staff once the complex new regulations were on the books.

The Keynesian vision of how to control international money transactions assumed a market in which national banks and national corporations transacted their business within the context of national boundaries. Money markets in each country, although affected by conditions in other countries, were more or less independent. At the same time, it was assumed that most financial transfers would be accomplished through banking institutions, not through intracorporate flows. Public institutions, it was believed, could control all this sufficiently to protect the soundness of the national currency, because the government would have, to use economists' jargon, "perfect information" about what the private institutions were doing with their money; that is, governments would be able to respond quickly enough to the behavior of banks and corporations to make effective changes in monetary policy. These assumptions no longer hold.

WHAT does the concentration and globalization of the United States economy mean for the average American citizen? For the personal economic security of those Americans with a family income of twenty-five thousand dollars or less—about ninety-five per cent of the population? What has the new world economy meant for this group in terms of income and jobs? America's favorite stabilizing myth is the "income revolution." It is reasonably well established that during the New Deal and the Second World War there was a redistribution of income along more egalitarian lines. In the nineteen-fifties, this trend continued to be documented in studies and celebrated in *Fortune* editorials. In 1961, the economist Paul Samuelson, in his widely used textbook "Economics," wrote, "The American income pyramid is becoming less unequal." But by the late nineteen-sixties the picture clouded. In "Income Distribution in the United States," the Census Bureau

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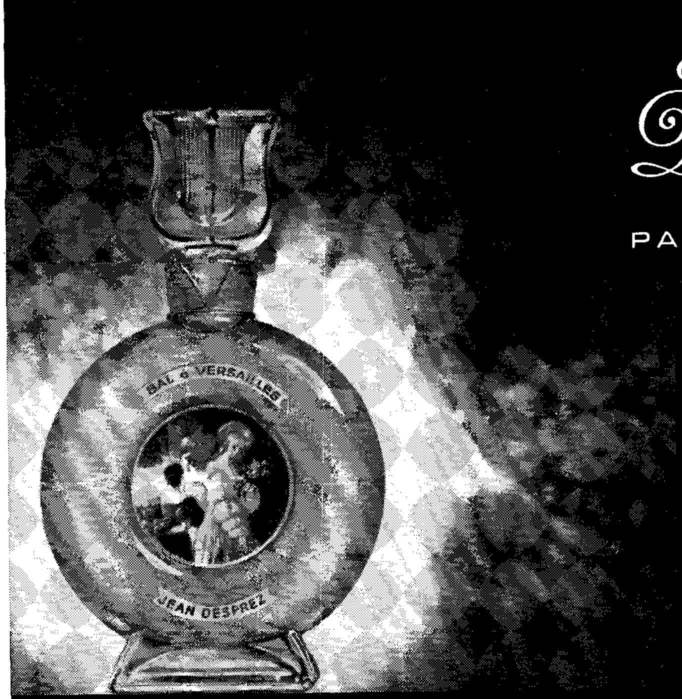

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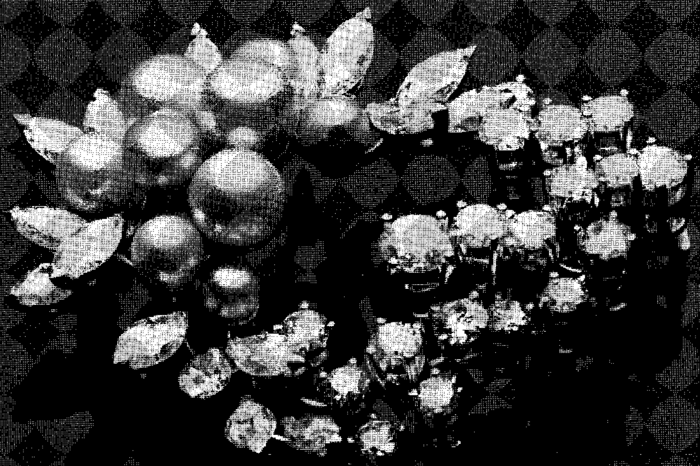
economist Herman Miller reported in 1966, "If we stick to the figures, the answers are clear, unambiguous, and contrary to widely held beliefs. The statistics show no appreciable change in income shares for nearly twenty years." That the "income revolution" has ground to a halt and that, indeed, there is something of a counter-revolution is borne out by a number of other recent studies. T. Paul Schultz, a professor of economics at the University of Minnesota, concluded in a 1972 Rand report that "income inequality . . . has apparently increased substantially." He suggested that "after decades of confidence in the egalitarian redistributive influence of the U.S. economy, a reappraisal of our progress toward equalizing economic opportunities may be warranted." A 1972 study made by Peter Henle, a labor specialist at the Library of Congress, and published by the Labor Department reveals "a slow but persistent trend toward greater inequality" for the period from 1958 to 1970. (In 1960, the richest twenty per cent of American families took home forty-three per cent of total family income. By 1969, they had increased their share to forty-five per cent, with the extra two per cent all going to the top half of the richest families.) Henle found that for the period from 1958 to 1970 the lowest-paid twenty per cent of all workers suffered a decline of about ten per cent in their share of total wages and salaries, while the richest twenty per cent increased their share from thirty-eight per cent to more than forty per cent. This is, of course, a significant increase in inequality, and the trend is continuing. In 1972, during the period of wage and price controls imposed under President Nixon's New Economic Policy, the average production-line worker received a seven-per-cent increase in his weekly salary over the previous year, while senior management received increases of almost thirteen per cent. In dollar terms, the low-income workers took home, on the average, an extra eight dollars and eighty-seven cents a week, while the high-income employees averaged a hundred and seven dollars a week more in their paycheck.

The deterioration of income distribution appears to have gathered momentum in the same years during which the processes of concentration and globalization in the United States economy also became evident. Mere coincidence in time is not the same as a causal connection, but there is strong independent evidence for suspecting that the behavior of global corporations has materially contributed to the worsening pattern of income distribution. In a capitalist society, a crucial source of income is the ownership of productive wealth. Those who must live by their labor alone, whether assembly-line workers or basketball stars, are necessarily limited in what they can earn. There are only twenty-four hours to the day, and only so many years of strength and energy. The important source of accelerating wealth for the very rich is ownership income derived from stocks, bonds, and other interests in the productive system. The concentration of productive wealth is more pronounced than the concentration of income, and despite the serious lack of information as to the identity of the real owners of the largest blocks of stocks and bonds in America, one can learn that the trend is toward more concentration. In 1953, the richest one per cent of all adults owned ninety-two per cent of all trust holdings. More recent figures show no change. In the last twenty years, there has been a significant redistribution of *non*productive wealth.

The interaction of corporate concentration and productive-wealth concentration explains, in part, why income distribution is becoming more unequal in the United States. Because the industrial giants such as I.T.T. have absorbed thousands of smaller companies in the last generation, a share of stock in these corporations represented a much larger portion of America's productive wealth in 1970 than it did in 1950—and a significant part of the stock of the largest corporations is going to their own top managers. In the upper reaches of America's corporations, there is no "technostructure" made up of managers with interests distinct from the owner's. The managers are becoming owners, deriving an ever-larger proportion of their income not from their managerial skills but from the stock they own in their own corporations. A glance at the annual earnings of two hundred and twenty men in charge of some of America's largest corporations (there are no women) shows them to be at the very top of the income pyramid. (So wide is the income gap in this country that in 1970 one could join the richest twenty per cent if one had a family income of only fourteen thousand dollars.) Concentration in the manufacturing, transportation, communications, banking, and other dominant industries has apparently led to further concentration of income-producing wealth, and hence to further



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concentration of income. As for the impact of globalization on employment, have the decisions of America's major corporations in the nineteen-sixties to make a quantum leap in foreign investment affected the job opportunities of the average American?

The whole subject of the employment impact of global corporations—whether they increase or reduce employment possibilities for American workers—is a matter of intense political debate. The global corporation cannot afford to be known as a job destroyer, which organized labor says it is. This issue is one that the corporation must either win or defuse if it is to gain the legitimacy it seeks. For this reason, the public charges and countercharges of unions and companies on over-all employment impact, though each side is armed with studies, must be understood as a form of political advertising. The battle of the studies aside, certain key industries are definitely undergoing unfavorable changes in their employment patterns, and these changes coincide with changes in the investment behavior of the companies dominating the industries. The first big wave of foreign investment, from 1958 to 1967, established American-owned corporate subsidiaries abroad to export products back to the United States; it affected such industries as shoes, textiles, electronics assembly, and leather. Factories in this country began to close down. (There remain twelve shoe manufacturers in Lynn, Massachusetts, which thirty years ago boasted thirty-six.) In the very industries that once were major employers of unskilled, semi-skilled, and part-time workers, basic goods formerly produced for both export and the American market are now produced abroad. Both Henle's and Schultz's studies confirm the fact that unskilled, semi-skilled, and part-time workers suffered a greater decline in their share of the national income than skilled workers during the first wave of this foreign investment. But by the late nineteen-sixties underdeveloped countries—Singapore, Taiwan, Brazil—were demanding that local factories be more than simple assembly operations and that the skill level and number of jobs in their factories be increased. Representative Joseph Gaydos, of Pennsylvania, described, in a House speech in July of 1971, how the American worker has lost his exclusive hold on the skilled-labor market:

> The unschooled girls of Taiwan can do just as well assembling complex TV components as the high-school graduates of New Jersey. The untrained workers of African or Asian nations can be taught to produce complex products, ranging from tiny transistors to giant turbines, as readily as the skilled workers of Pennsylvania or the West Coast. And the depressed inhabitants of the most squalid slums of the Far East can be taught to make specialty steel products just as well as the experienced workers of Pittsburgh.

Both the stiffening requirements of the underdeveloped countries and the savings to be achieved by the use of overseas skilled labor led to a second wave of export-platform foreign investment, in the late nineteen-sixties. More capital-intensive operations employing highly skilled workers were moved abroad during this period, contributing to the result, reflected in the Henle and Schultz data, that the share of national income going to *skilled* workers in the United States began to drop perceptibly. Not only did the transfer of investment from local factories to overseas factories affect those who were thrown out of work but it also exerted a downward pressure on wages generally. The threat to move, whether actually brought up in labor negotiations or not, had a sobering effect on labor militancy. Labor's consequent loss of bargaining power is reflected in workers' growing inability to achieve what some economists call its "fair return." (Labor receives a "fair return" when the wages of an additional worker equal his contribution to the company's total output.) Lester Thurow, a professor of management and economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has found in comparing labor's actual return to the ideal fair return for the period from 1929 to 1965 that labor has never achieved its fair return. But until 1960 labor was constantly improving its position, and the gap was narrowing. Since 1960, however, labor's share has remained constant—about thirty-three per cent less than its fair return—while capital's actual return has increased steadily over its fair return. (Capital receives a "fair return" when the yield on an additional unit of capital investment equals its contribution to the company's total output.) In 1960, according to Professor Thurow, actual return was fifty-one per cent higher than fair return; five years later it was sixty-two per cent higher. Under the popular notion of countervailing power, unions have the important social function of maintaining relative equilibrium between capital and labor. Concentration and globalization have weakened labor's bargaining power, and the result, not surprisingly, is that middle-income and low-income work-

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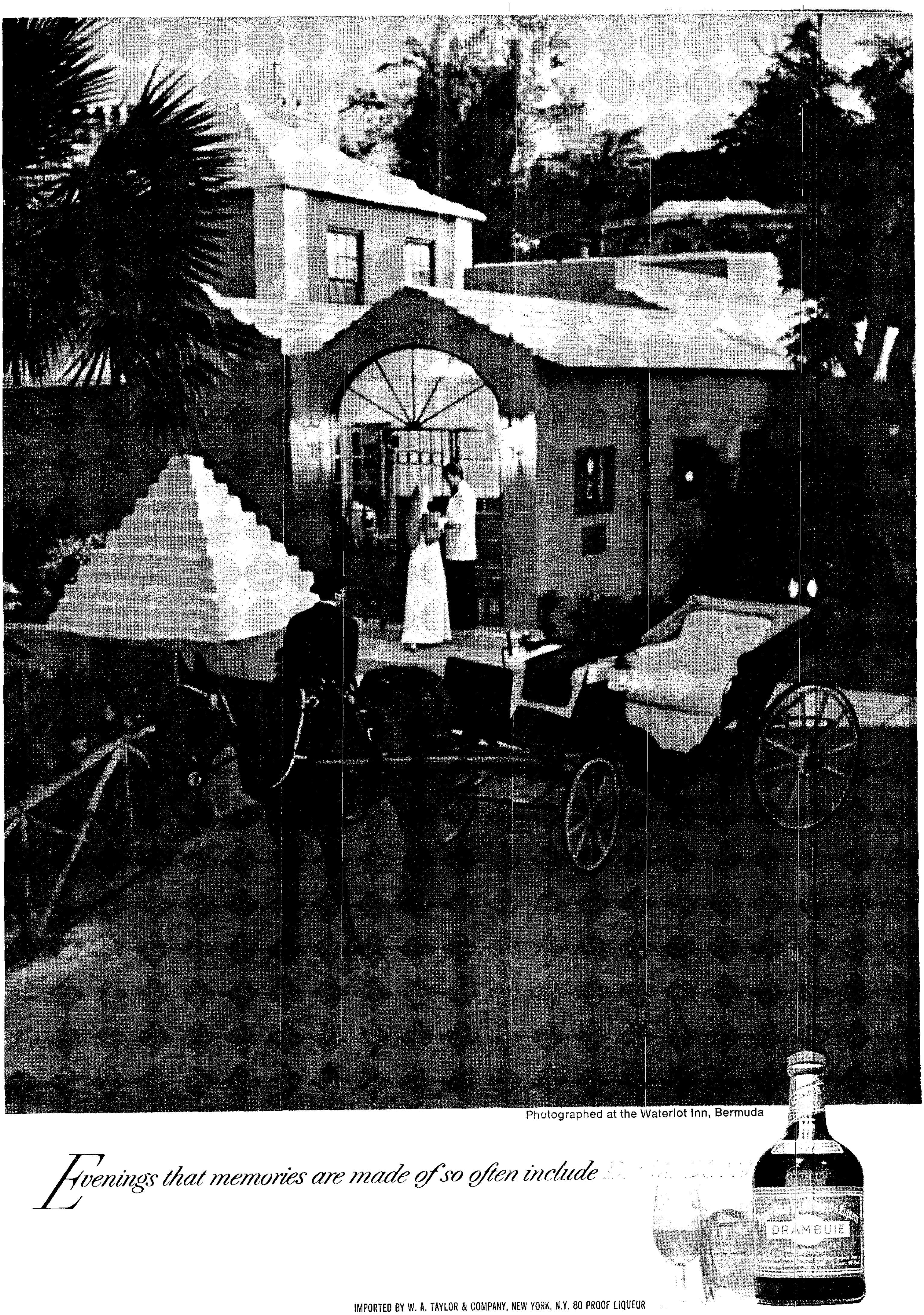
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ers are sharing less in the nation's wealth.

There is another reason, in addition to job displacement and the weakening of union bargaining power, that income distribution is becoming more unequal. Over the last few years, an ever-greater proportion of new investment dollars of the largest United States corporations has been invested abroad. By 1972, twenty-five cents out of every dollar was going into overseas plant and equipment. The upsurge in foreign investment has thus had certain ironic effects. It is true that since the mid-sixties the foreign-investment activities of American global corporations have produced a significant positive impact on the net balance of payments, because the amount of capital flowing back to the United States in the form of reported profits, royalties, and technical fees on past foreign investment is exceeding the amount currently invested abroad. (In 1960, net capital inflows were one billion two hundred million dollars; by 1973 they had reached six billion two hundred million.) The impact of American global corporations on the trade side of the balance-of-payments account is less clear. If foreign investment reduces production for export and increases imports, the effect is negative. If, on the other hand, the process indirectly stimulates more production in the United States—parts, service, new products—then it is positive. The United States Tariff Commission study offers an estimate for the years 1966-70 of an over-all positive trade impact of three billion eight hundred and fifty million dollars and notes that the effects vary enormously from industry to industry.

While the foreign-investment activities of American corporations have indeed brought cheer to balance-of-payments watchers in the United States, the cheer, as Robert Gilpin, a professor of politics and international affairs at Princeton, points out in a 1973 report to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, has not spread far into our society. He sees a connection between foreign investment and loss of job and income opportunities for workers—particularly in the lower ranks of blue-collar workers. The creation of capital stock abroad does not create jobs for American workers as would a corresponding investment in the United States. (Whether the long-term impact is to create more jobs in the United States than would otherwise exist is, of course, a matter of controversy. But no one argues that putting up a factory in Taiwan will

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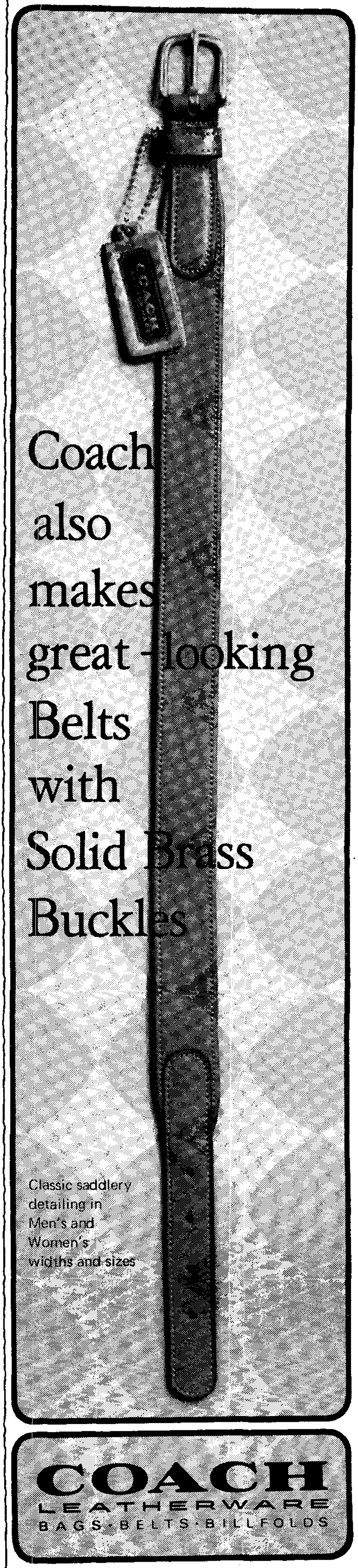
have anything but an immediate unfavorable impact on workers in Akron.) The return on foreign investment, which generates interest, dividends, and fees but not blue-collar wages for American workers, is thus a benefit to capital but not to labor. Gilpin pinpoints this in his report:

> The effect of foreign investment is to decrease the capital stock with which Americans work; this decreases the productivity of American labor and real wages below what they would have been if the foreign investment had not taken place. By one estimate, the annual rate reduction in labor's income is around $6 billion. This is obviously a rough estimate, but it serves to indicate that the export of capital benefits the owners of capital and management more than labor as a whole.

A critical aspect of income distribution is the job market. If employment possibilities increase, so will wages—not only because there are more jobs for more people to fill but also because employers in a time of labor scarcity must pay more. Thus, income distribution and employment are inextricably linked. The great statistical battle of the nineteen-seventies between the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the principal lobby for global corporations, the Emergency Committee for American Trade (reinforced by the Department of Commerce and the Harvard Business School), is fought in a spirit of awesome scientific exactitude. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has brought forth a mass of figures which show that American global corporations were responsible for a net loss of half a million jobs between 1966 and 1969. An Emergency Committee study of seventy-four representative global corporations shows "a major positive contribution" to the growth of employment in the United States—five hundred and twenty-eight thousand new jobs. Professor Robert Stobaugh, of the Harvard Business School, and others have used more recent information and come to an even more euphoric conclusion. "The aggregate effects of U.S. foreign direct investment on U.S. employment" are so substantial and positive, he says, that they are responsible for saving or creating "a total of perhaps 600,000 jobs." Stobaugh's study was immediately retailed to the public in large ads placed by corporations in major newspapers and magazines. Obviously, these extraordinary discrepancies reflect sharply differing perceptions of reality. It is primarily the differing assumptions under which numbers are fed to the computer that produce the widely disparate results.



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But, beyond this, some numbers are likely to give better insight than other numbers. Global corporations provide sketchy employment data; information about the behavior of individual companies is frequently held back on the ground that it might benefit competitors. (A Tariff Commission report on global corporations complains that "comprehensive data to support the analysis required" in looking at employment impacts "were not available in a suitable form.") Corporate statistics tend to be for an entire industry rather than for individual companies. This bias in favor of aggregate analysis rather than microeconomic examination of data with respect to specific companies, communities, and regions is reinforced by current fashion in the economics profession. Keynesian economists are specialists in macroeconomics, with the result that microeconomics—the examination of effects by industry, sector, and region—has been neglected.

The use of aggregate figures can have a mystifying effect. For example, the Emergency Committee's study states that the seventy-four sample corporations increased their domestic employment (exclusive of employment gains through acquisition) more rapidly than the average manufacturing company. Their rate of new-job creation was about sixty per cent greater than that of all other manufacturing companies. But these figures were derived from employment statistics covering a ten-year period. If one looks at the period from 1960 to 1965 and the period from 1965 to 1970 separately, a different picture emerges. (The justification for separating these two periods is that the pace of globalization greatly increased in the second half of the decade and the character of foreign investment changed in significant ways.) It appears, in fact, that the ability of corporations to create new jobs is drastically declining. In the first half of the decade, the sample companies were creating new jobs at a rate sixty-seven per cent higher than the national average, but by the second half their job-creation rate was just under five per cent higher. (It should not be forgotten that these are among the largest companies in the country; they expanded significantly inside the United States during the nineteen-sixties through mergers, and consequently should be assumed to be among the nation's largest employers.) In the latter half of the sixties, the rate of job creation in the entire domestic manufacturing sector registered a decline of

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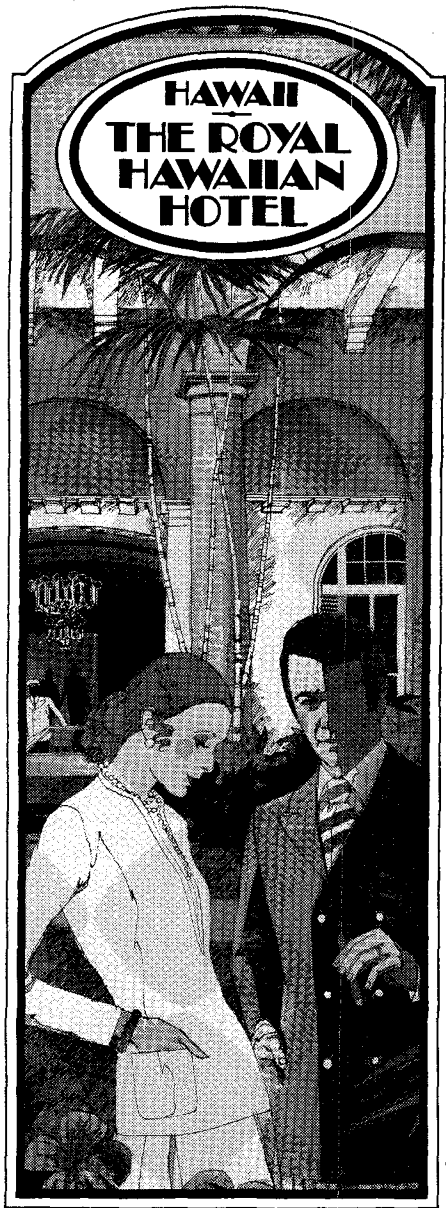

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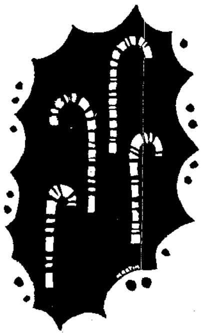
more than eight per cent, but the decline for the sample companies was forty per cent. There is considerable doubt whether, as a long-term trend, the global corporation is going to continue having a positive impact on employment in the United States.

The Harvard Business School estimate that the global corporation has saved or created six hundred thousand jobs in the United States is arrived at this way: There are, according to the economist Raymond Vernon, of Harvard, two hundred and fifty thousand jobs in the headquarters of parent companies (mostly staff). If there were no direct foreign investment, the study concludes, the jobs of an additional two hundred and fifty thousand production workers and a hundred thousand supporting workers "would be lost." To be sure, it cautions, "no one at this stage should claim that such estimates are accurate or that this many U.S. workers would be unemployed." But the dominant question—"What would have happened if the foreign investment had not been made?"—and its predetermined answer constitute the basic assumption behind the analysis, and that assumption decisively affects the results. "If the investment were assumed not to be made," the authors note, "the alternative use of funds by the company for such purposes as investing in the production of other goods or paying dividends was not considered. We assumed that if a worker lost his job, then he was unemployed regardless of what actually happened to him."



The use of such techniques—"This is how it would be if history were different"—is unsatisfactory for confronting the real world. The results cannot be verified. Figmental logic, as the historian Fritz Redlich calls it, can be used to lead one in any direction. The proof of this is that the A.F.L.-C.I.O. studies come to totally different conclusions, because *their assumptions are different*. The labor studies assume, on the one hand, that a worker is infinitely employable in the United States if only the corporations will keep their capital in the country. On the other hand, the favorite studies of the companies assume that if a worker now employed by a global corporation were not working for the corporation he would be unemployed. Both assumptions are too simple; the battle remains inconclusive.

There is a certain fatalism in all these studies. The company computers operate on the assumption that foreign investment is "defensive"—that if the company did not locate a factory in a cheap labor market abroad, a Japanese or European company would take over the market and the displaced American worker would be unemployable. (Union computers, in contrast, act as if comparatively high labor costs in the United States make little difference in competition with foreign corporations.) But even assuming that all foreign investment is "defensive," there are ways to protect a market position other than building a factory in Taiwan. Companies could put more money into research and development in the United States to replace the diminishing stock of basic innovative ideas on which future production depends. Such an investment policy would have a greater domestic multiplier effect than foreign investment. One might also ask what would have happened to the American employment picture if corporations had not been so ready to sell their comparative advantage to their competitors by licensing technology to them for quick profits.

As for the over-all impact on employment over the last few years—whether negative or positive—the judgment, then, must be "not proved." Over the long run, the trends are unfavorable. As long as we talk about employment in the aggregate, there is little more to add. But if we look at the regional effects of foreign investment, the dislocation caused by closing factories in the United States and opening them somewhere else is obvious. On computer tapes, jobs may be interchangeable; in the real world, they are not. Two hundred and fifty thousand jobs gained in corporate headquarters do not, in any political or human sense, offset two hundred and fifty thousand jobs lost on the production line. When Lynn, Massachusetts, suffers a drastic decline in shoe-manufacturing jobs, its jobless citizens will find little satisfaction in reading about the new headquarters building on Park Avenue and all the secretaries it will employ. The changing composition of the work force and its changing geographic location brought about by the globalization of American industry are affecting the lives of millions of Americans in serious and largely unfortunate ways. The growing obsolescence of American labor in the scheme of the global cor-

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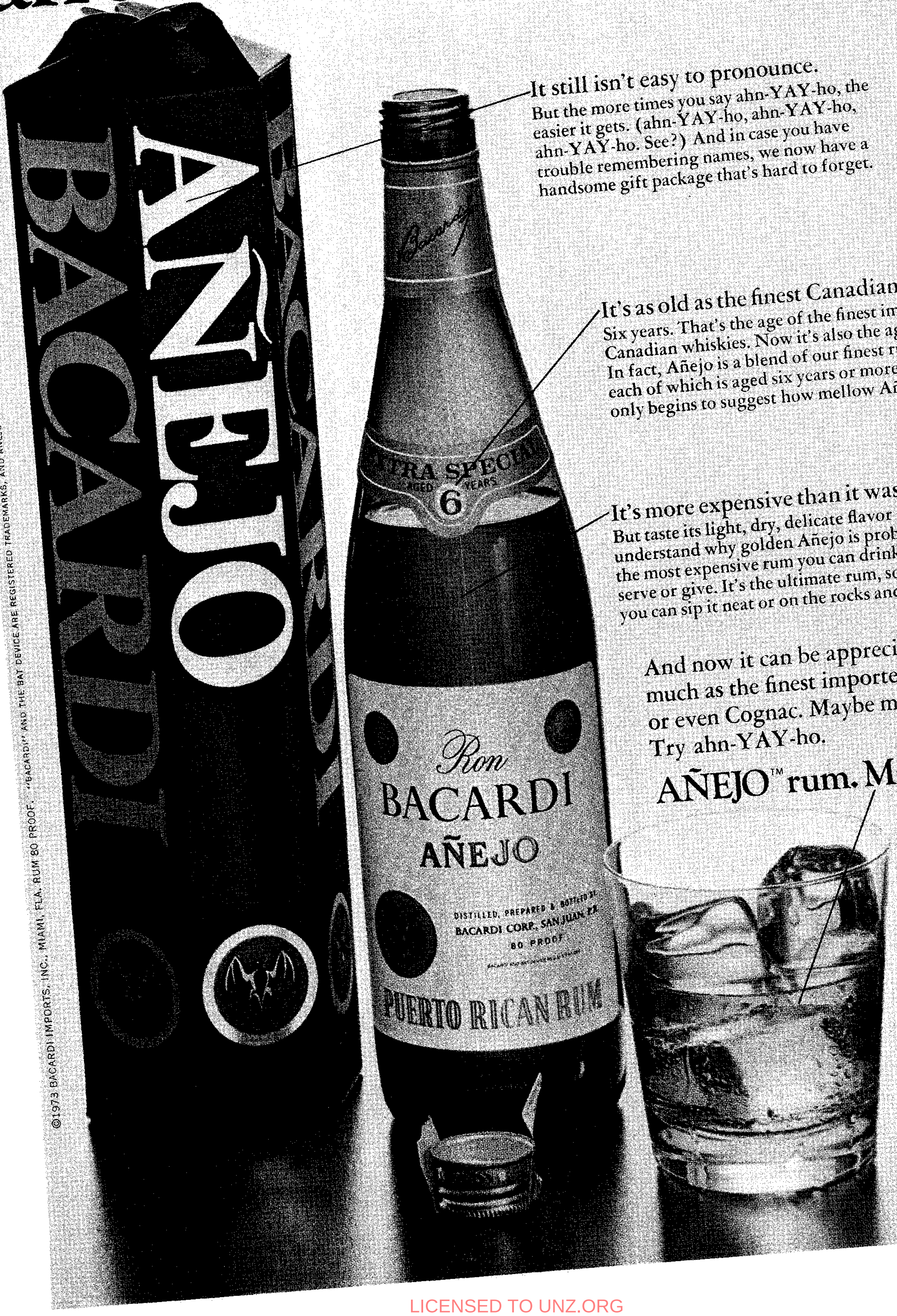
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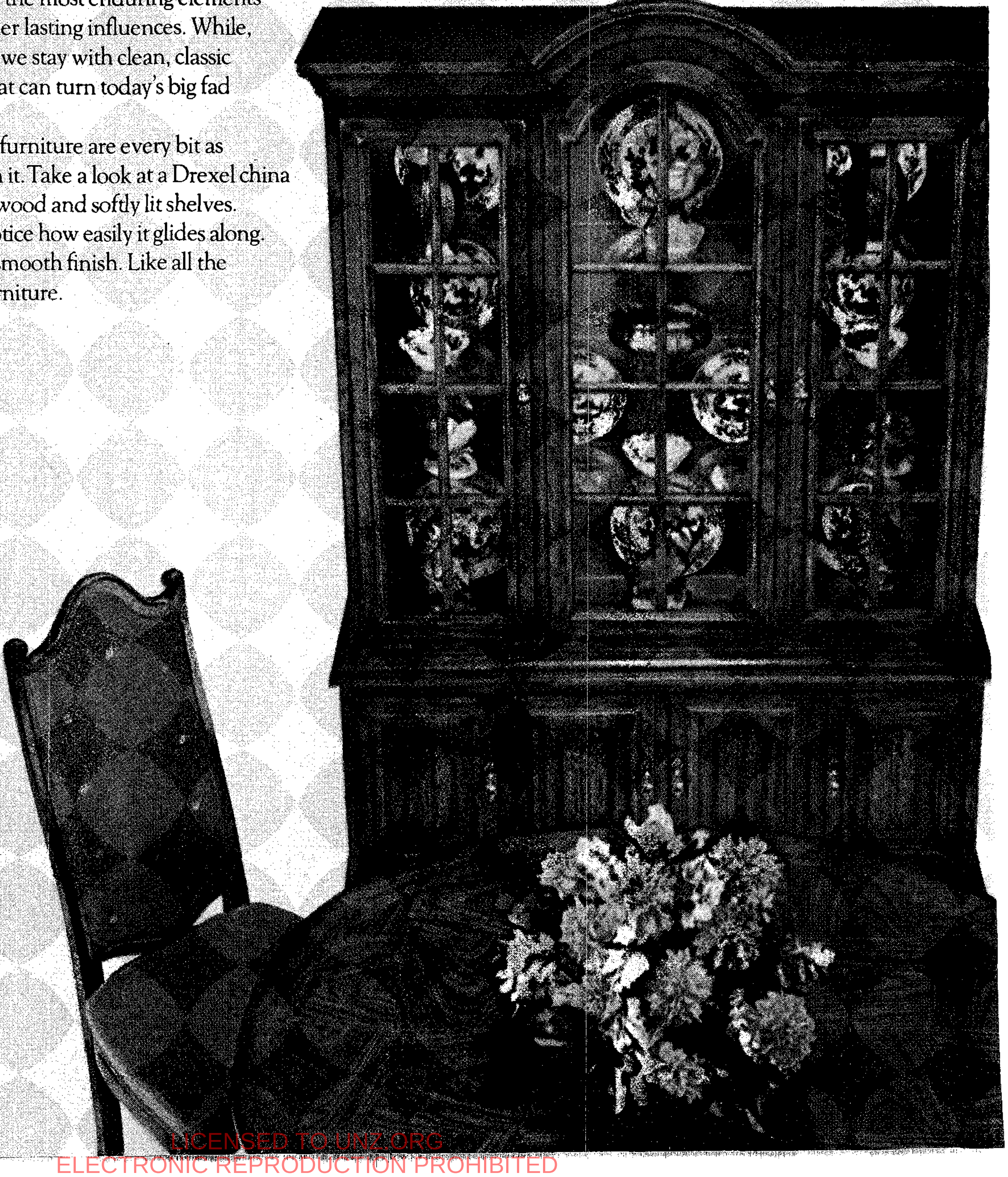

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poration is potentially one of the most serious management problems of all.

IN building their global factory, corporate managers have revolutionized the nature of work and developed the international payroll. In 1971, the world's twenty-seven major electrical and electronics companies employed nearly four million people, and the twelve leaders of the automobile industry had a worldwide work force of nearly two and a half million. The largest American global firms, such as Ford and I.T.T., employ more than a fourth of their work force outside the United States. What does it mean that a fourteen-year-old girl assembling transistors in a Hong Kong factory, a laborer in a bottling plant in Germany, an insurance salesman in Mexico, and a senior accountant in Manhattan all work for the same company? The managers like to say that such corporate families make for international harmony, and that the globalization of work means more jobs and better jobs for everybody. If illiterate Hong Kong children do what they do best (working on assembly lines ten hours a day for about thirty cents an hour) and Manhattan accountants make their unique contribution, everybody benefits. It is hardly surprising that this theory has elicited some strong negative reactions from organized labor. Nothing is better calculated to weaken the bargaining power of labor than management's prerogative to divide and shift tasks at will on a global scale.

Organized labor was slow to perceive what was happening to it until a significant share of the nation's TV, camera, electronics, and automobile production had been shifted out of the United States. By the nineteen-seventies, however, George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., quoting what he called a "conservative" congressional estimate, was pointing out that twenty per cent of all cars, forty per cent of all glassware, about sixty per cent of all sewing machines and calculators, all cassettes and nearly all radios, and "large proportions of U.S. production of shirts, work clothes, shoes, and knit goods" had already been displaced by imports, a substantial portion of which were coming from American-owned factories abroad. Today, labor statesmen denounce the "runaway shop," but they are understandably confused as to what to do about it.

There are innumerable examples of production transfers throwing thou-

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Oil of Olay, with its wealth of natural moisture, tropical oils and other emollients, helps soothe away the dryness that accents those little lines and wrinkles that make you look older. The lovely liquid works to maintain the oil-moisture balance needed if your complexion is to look its youngest. And, to keep you looking your particular best, the fluid helps retain your skin's own moisture as well.

You will find the precious lotion at your drugstore. Wouldn't it be a great idea for you and Oil of Olay to go to work together?

Beauty Secrets

You'll want to redo your face at lunch hour to feel refreshed and to know you'll always look your best, even during the waning hours of the day. Always carry a bottle of Oil of Olay to soothe on before you apply your afternoon makeup. Don't be surprised if some of the other women ask what you're using and perhaps want to try your Oil of Olay. Good news has a way of traveling fast.

* * *

After a long day on the job, you deserve pampering. You've earned it. Take a bath, then soothe on Oil of Olay.® You'll feel refreshed for the pleasures of the evening ahead.

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You may have heard of Jean Honoré Fragonard, a master painter of the French Romantic period. But did you know he was also a master perfumer, member of the renowned Fragonard family of French perfumers?

One day this great artist was painting the portrait of an important Duke, who complained that things were not going well with his mistress. Fragonard's answer was to present the nobleman with his latest fragrance, saying, "Si vous adoptez cette fragrance, vos problemes d'amour n'existent pas!"*

"The Longed-for Moment" by Jean Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806), who obviously knew something about love.

The name of that fragrance was Zizanie. And the results were all that Fragonard predicted. From that day, over 200 years ago, the success of Zizanie was assured. (It is still being made as it was originally, in the French perfume district at Grasse.)

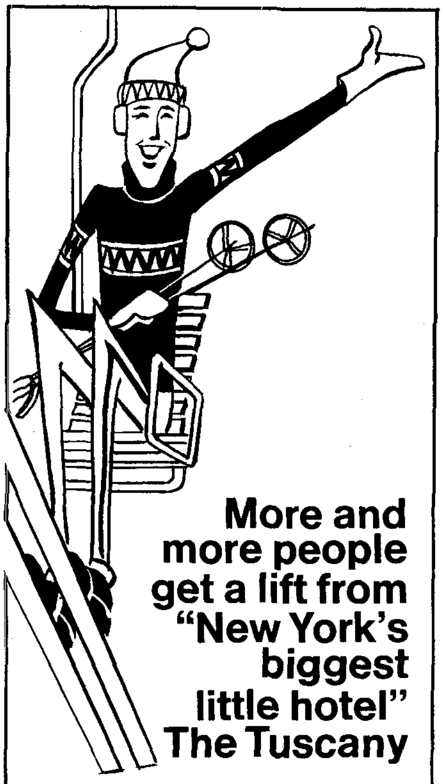
After reading this, you won't be surprised that Zizanie is the world's most expensive men's fragrance. Is it worth the price? Remember what Fragonard told the Duke, back when romance was still considered an art form.

**If you wear my fragrance, all your love problems will be over.*

Zizanie de Fragonard: the newest men's fragrance is over 200 years old.

sands of Americans out of work. In 1969 alone, Westinghouse closed its Edison, New Jersey, TV plant and moved production to Canada and Japan; Emerson Electric closed down its Jersey City plant and transferred production to Taiwan; General Instruments transferred its TV-tuner production from New England plants to Portuguese and Taiwanese plants (laying off between three thousand and four thousand workers, according to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s research director, Nat Goldfinger). Moreover, the continuing exodus to low-wage areas is only part of the problem that the internationalization of the labor market poses for the union movement in the United States. Corporate organization on a global scale is a highly effective weapon for undercutting the power of organized labor everywhere. Capital, technology, and marketplace ideology—the bases of corporate power—are mobile; workers, and their national unions, are not. The ability of corporations to open and close plants at will and to shift their investment from one country to another erodes the basis of organized labor's bargaining leverage—the strike. The power of corporations to neutralize the strike weapon is not merely theoretical; it is used. Perhaps the most celebrated example occurred during a strike at Ford's British operation at Dagenham, in 1971. Shortly before a conference with Prime Minister Heath, Henry Ford II delivered a curt message to the British people. "There is nothing at all wrong with Ford of Britain but with the country," he told reporters. "We have got hundreds of millions of pounds invested in Great Britain, and we can't recommend any new capital investment in a country constantly dogged with labor problems." Management finds that its power to close an operation and to transfer everything but the workers out of the country produces a marvellously obliging labor force. The threat, real or imagined, of retaliatory plant closings has caused unions in both Europe and the United States to moderate their demands, and in a number of cases to give no-strike pledges. There have been enough such closings to make the threat credible.

Management has less drastic alternatives to plant closings, of course, and these further weaken labor's bargaining power. Management can protect itself by arranging for what is called multiple worldwide sourcing—different plants in different countries producing the same component. In 1970, when workers in Britain went on strike



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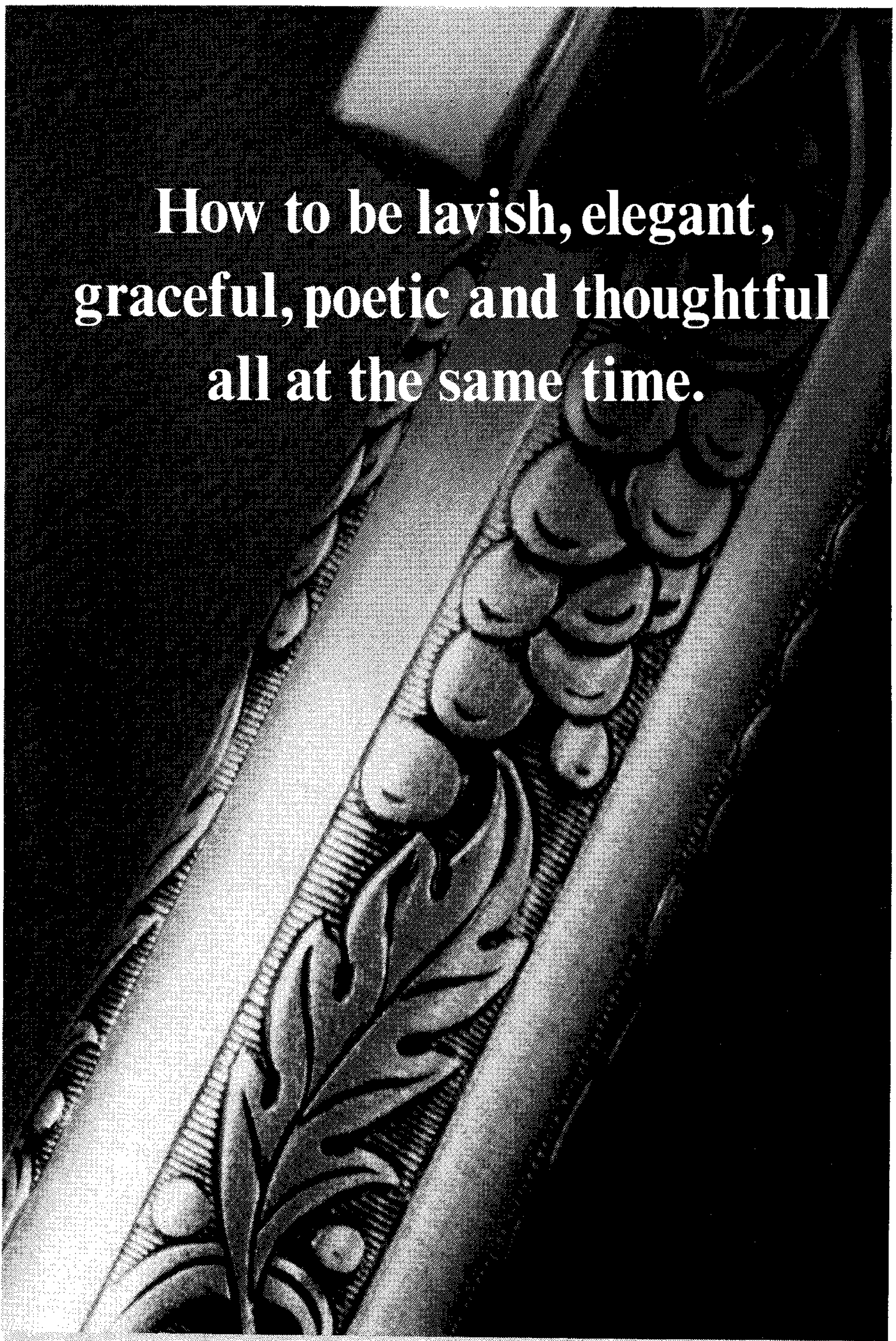
at a plant that was Ford's sole supplier for a crucial component, the company picked up the die used in the manufacture of that component and had it flown to a German plant.

The global corporation's very structure also gives it a number of lesser advantages. Since lines of authority are often kept deliberately murky, a local union may not know with whom it should deal. Many union leaders in Europe complain of "buck-passing" in negotiations. They are unable to get a decision from the local manager, and are never sure what issues he has the authority to settle. Unions thus far lack anything comparable to the sophisticated communications systems of the corporations. They have difficulty finding out what the corporation may have paid in other countries, or whether there are precedents for the contract terms they want. Corporations surmount differences in language, customs, and outlook by spending money for translators, language schools, and cram courses on local culture, but unions do not have these advantages.

The complexity of intracorporate balance sheets, obfuscated by the miracles of modern accounting, make it exceedingly difficult for unions to find out how much money the employer is making, or, indeed, if he is really losing money, as he frequently claims. Transfer pricing and intracorporate transactions are formidable obstacles for union negotiators trying to get an accurate picture of what a local subsidiary can and should be paying in wages. A company often bargains with several unions representing different parts of its empire. Because of the way unions are typically organized, what impact they have is limited to that phase of the operation in which the dispute is taking place. They have little leverage to affect other aspects of the operation, although they are trying to develop more. Most unions are nationalistic and unwilling to risk jobs to support workers in other countries. Moreover, unions lack a tightly organized structure to put up against the corporate hierarchy. They not only are at a disadvantage because they know less about the company than the company knows about them but they also lack the common purpose that moves the company—global profit maximization. In Europe, the ideological splits of the Cold War which divided Communist and non-Communist unions still persist, though they are growing weaker. Moreover, there are sharp differences between "pragmatic" labor leaders looking for a bigger paycheck and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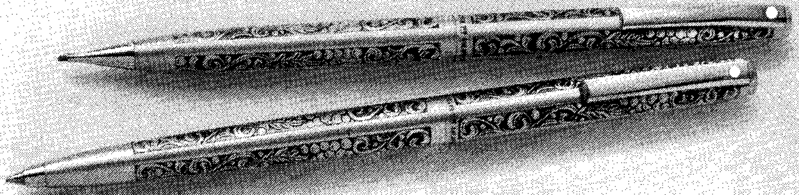

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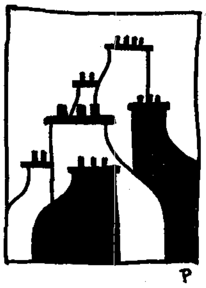
more job security and "ideological" union functionaries who, in the words of Charles Levinson, the secretary-general of the International Federation of Chemical and General Workers' Unions, in Geneva, want not merely a bigger piece of the pie but also a hand in baking it. In general, European unions are more radical than American unions in demanding a share in management decisions about the workplace, but they are less well organized, and, with few exceptions, they appear to have even less comprehension of the nature of the challenge that the multinationals pose to workers. Legislation hampers organizing efforts in many parts of the world. Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesia, and Hong Kong advertise their repressive labor legislation.



Nonetheless, the exploitation of wage differentials by the global corporations is causing unions to dust off the old phrase "international worker solidarity" and to see its relevance to bread-and-butter bargaining. But even as American union leaders begin to realize that the army, thirty-four thousand strong, of thirty-cent-an-hour child laborers in Hong Kong is not only something to be deplored at the annual convention but a real and growing economic threat to American workers, they are confused about what to demand. Should the wages in Hong Kong and Detroit be the same? Not even powerful unions in Europe are making demands for parity with workers in the United States. Despite the logic in paying all workers the same wages for the same work for the same company, the practical union organizer is reluctant to ask that employers do this. Given the risk that the company may decide to pull out altogether, he is happy if he can get a few more francs or marks a day. International solidarity has yet to extend to Taiwan or Korea, where, of course, there are no local unions.

THE U.A.W. is now developing a new set of tactics for dealing with global corporations. One important objective is common worldwide contract-termination dates. A single termination date has already been achieved in the United States, and automobile unions in other countries are seeking to extend this advantage on an international scale. The U.A.W.'s preferred strike tactic is to close down only one or two plants rather than to take on the entire industry. Herman Rebhan, the union's former director of international affairs and now the secretary-general of the International Metalworkers Federation, points out that the tighter the integration of the production process, the more vulnerable a company becomes to worker intervention. For example, there are two key plants in the United States that supply nearly all ignition systems produced by Ford in North America. A strike in these plants would bring Ford production to a rapid halt.

Worldwide bargaining is labor's most important tactic for trying to overcome the structural advantages of the multinational corporation. It enables unions to internationalize demands, introducing ideas for improvement in working conditions in one country that have been successfully tried in another. But the companies are in a stronger position to centralize their bargaining efforts than the unions. General Motors' headquarters in Detroit maintains a tight control over bargaining anywhere in the world. All labor agreements, whatever the country, says Irving Bluestone, the head of the U.A.W.'s General Motors Division, must be approved in Detroit before they go into effect. Ford is more decentralized, but executives from Detroit regularly advise Canadian management on how to negotiate with the union.

The argument for wage parity between Ford workers in the Philippines and Ford workers in Detroit sounds radical at first, but, U.A.W. officials point out, equal pay for equal work is eminently fair, given the fact that the value of the company's capital investment is the same in rich countries and poor, and that the price at which the product is sold is the same, or even higher, in poor countries. But wage parity would not necessarily solve the problem of the runaway shop, although it would undoubtedly slow the exodus of plants from the United States. Companies have other reasons besides low wages for going abroad. A docile labor force hamstrung by anti-union legislation in Singapore is preferable to a discontented labor force in Lordstown, Ohio, even if you have to pay the workers approximately the same. Tax holidays, the avoidance of local tariffs, and an increase in the company's share of the local market are also important reasons for moving production out of the United States, and wage parity would not affect them.

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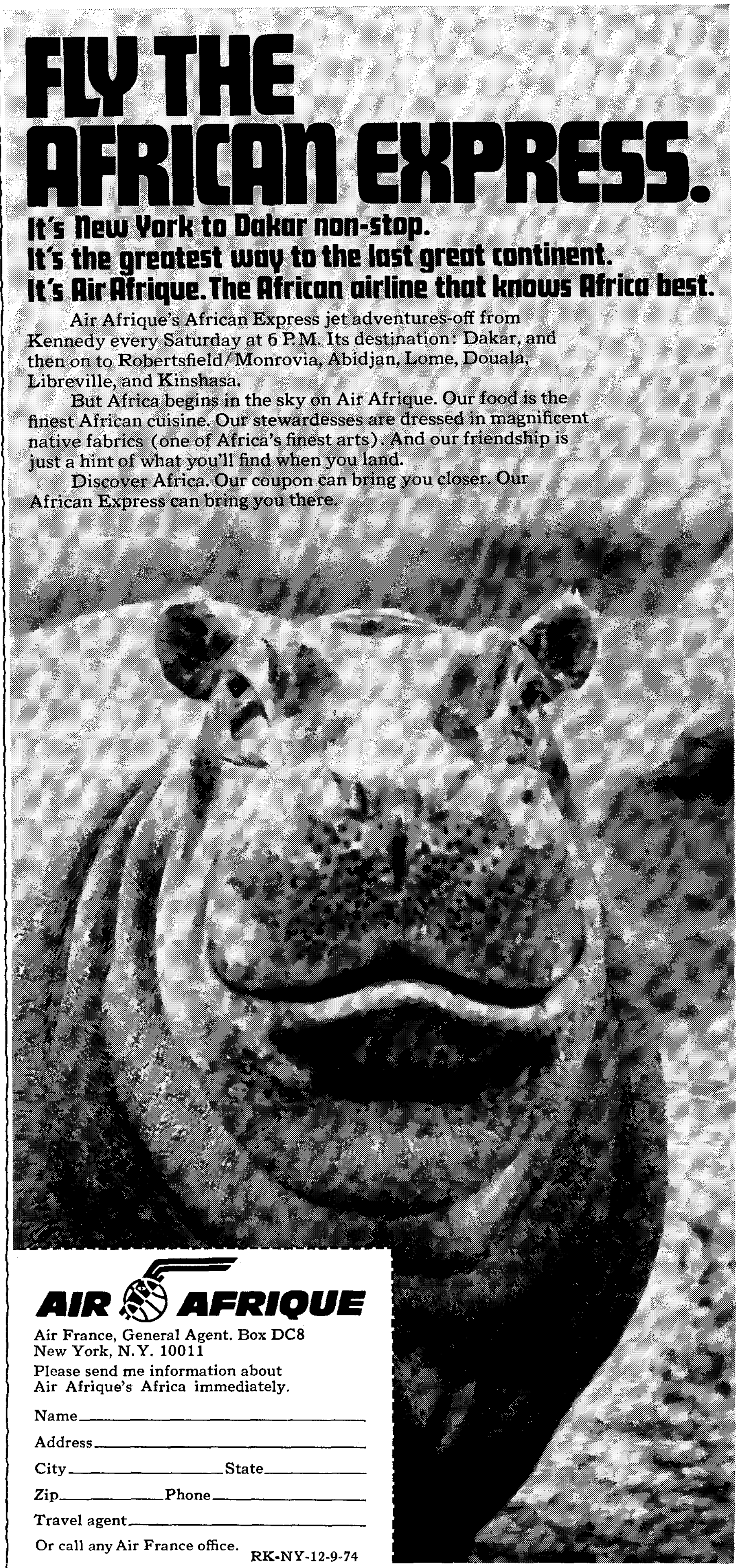
gaining position, labor is demanding legislation to redress the balance. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. takes a tough, protectionist line, and has sought to have this enacted into law through the Hartke-Burke bill, which the Senate Finance Committee set aside in favor of the Ford Administration's trade-reform bill of 1974. Corporate opponents of the Hartke-Burke bill like to emphasize the mandatory quota it would impose on imports, and say the measure would turn the clock back to before 1934, when the United States first embarked on a program of progressive liberalization in trade. In the intervening years, free trade has become part of the holy writ of the American consensus, and thus the corporations, in their crusade for understanding, have little difficulty in portraying Meany as an antediluvian standing in the path of progress. (The fact that the U.A.W. also attacks the measure as protectionist helps their case.) But at the heart of the bill are tax provisions, and these are harder to attack with lofty arguments about how free-trading corporations stop depressions and wars. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. estimates that the tax incentives provided for United States corporations operating overseas amount to a three-billion-dollar subsidy. *U. S. Oil Week* notes that eighteen major oil companies paid a combined tax of six hundred and eighty-three million dollars on combined income of ten billion two hundred million dollars—an effective tax rate of six and seven-tenths per cent. "The larger the company the smaller the tax percentage," the magazine observed, "because larger firms are involved abroad where royalties [paid to host governments] may sometimes be treated as federal income taxes."

The Hartke-Burke bill would substantially reduce the tax credit by treating the taxes paid to a foreign government as a deduction against taxable income rather than as a deduction against taxes, and would eliminate the tax-deferral provisions of present law, bringing the tax burden of corporations operating abroad more in line with that of citizens, corporate and otherwise, who elect to stay at home. For the corporations, it would be a very expensive reform, but one hard to oppose effectively in a country so concerned with high and unequal taxes that the term "taxpayer revolt" is becoming a political cliché. Another provision of the Hartke-Burke bill is a grant of Presidential power to prohibit the export of capital and technology, presumably to prevent American corporations from setting up China or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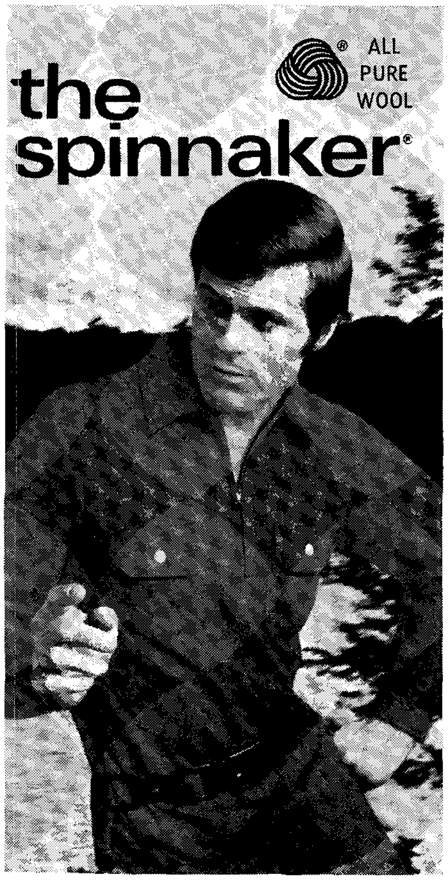
Brazil as an arch-competitor in the next generation, as they helped to set Japan up in the last. The U.A.W. also wants a licensing requirement for capital and technology exports. In June of 1974, the U.A.W. constitutional convention passed a resolution that said:

> Licenses should be issued only when the investment can be shown to be in the interests of the people of the United States and should require corporations to conform to a code of good behavior in relation to the foreign workers whom they employ. Full protection against loss of wages or fringe benefits should be guaranteed to any American workers whose jobs or incomes might be adversely affected by foreign investment.

In addition, the U.A.W. wants a special tax on "excessive profits" resulting from "refusal to compete with imports," and criminal sanctions against corporations that "engage in speculation against the dollar." The Ford Administration's trade-reform bill, by contrast, would end tax deferral on profits left abroad only for any new corporate investment in tax havens used for substantial export to the United States, and then only if the President did not find the continuation of such privileges to be "in the public interest."

Perhaps the most eagerly sought provisions concern adjustment assistance to workers who have lost jobs because their employers have moved to, say, Italy or Taiwan. Pointing out that since 1959, the year that marked the big push toward the globalization of United States business, the United States unemployment rate has been running two and a half times that of its major trading partners (except Canada), Leonard Woodcock, the president of the U.A.W., says that those who are put out of work by this process must be retrained and relocated at the corporations' expense. There is a precedent for adjustment assistance in the United States in the legislation creating Amtrak. Any worker laid off or downgraded because of changeovers in the railroad system is assured of full wages and fringe benefits for up to six years. Moreover, if he is transferred the government pays his moving expenses and compensates him for any loss he may incur in the forced selling of his home or the cancellation of his lease. Finally, he is entitled to a retraining program at government expense. The only way the United States can eliminate its inefficient industries without victimizing workers, the U.A.W. argues, is to establish similar benefits to help all affected employees



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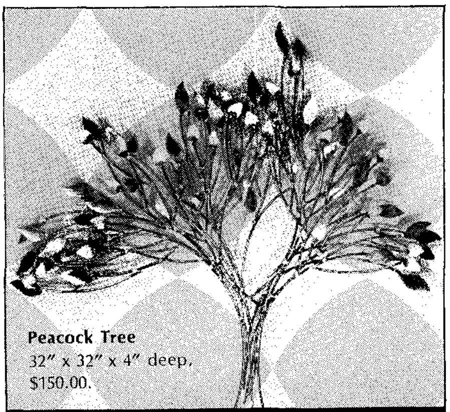

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adjust to the new division of labor now taking place around the world.

The global corporations tend to have liberal views on adjustment assistance. They recognize that the pockets of unemployment they leave behind represent a serious political problem—one they are happy to solve with the taxpayer's money. Thus, the United States Chamber of Commerce proposal for worker benefits is far more generous than the Ford Administration proposals in the trade-reform bill, and is remarkably close to what the unions are demanding. A large minority in the Chamber, however, have tried to block adjustment assistance. The split within the Chamber is a concrete example of a wider division taking place in the United States between world corporations and smaller domestic industries. Those industries which cannot survive without legal curbs on foreign competition obviously prefer a solution that requires their competitor to pay a tariff rather than one that pays off displaced workers with tax dollars. Increasingly, this split is going to be mirrored in the union movement itself as the differing short-term interests of workers in the national and international sectors of the United States economy become more apparent.

The global companies have several lines of defense against the unions' demands for legislation. The battle of statistics to prove whether or not overseas production creates jobs in the United States continues. On another front in the same battle, the companies argue that their imports into the United States are of limited significance. In 1968, Department of Commerce statistics showed, United States-owned foreign factories exported only four billion seven hundred million dollars' worth of goods to the United States market, or about ten per cent of total United States imports. Then, too, the companies like to argue that their foreign operations are a boon to the American consumer, because cheaply produced imports "discipline" prices in the United States. This argument perhaps applies only to those American consumers who manage to get along without radios, shoes, or cars. Nat Goldfinger, of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., notes that between 1960 and 1970, a decade in which the United States shoe industry substantially moved abroad, prices of women's shoes in the United States rose more than forty per cent—nearly a third faster than the Consumer Price Index as a whole. The annual rise in automobile imports has also been accompanied by an annual

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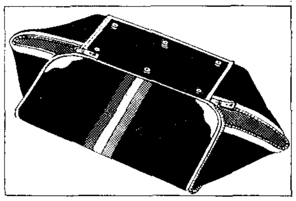

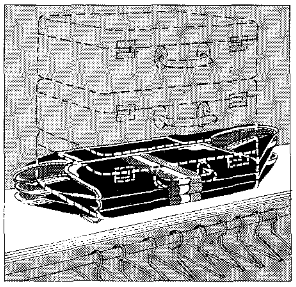

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price increase in much of the industry.

The most powerful argument the corporations can marshal against legislation to limit their power is that the attempt comes too late. American society is already so dependent on their activities that it cannot afford to curb them, because the consequence would be economic chaos. The standard warnings, or threats, as labor calls them, of the corporations are all too credible. If Congress decided to undermine the present highly favorable world-investment climate with some of labor's suggested reforms, business confidence would be shaken and the economy might well suffer. By spearheading such a campaign, the American labor movement makes itself a candidate for national scapegoat. Labor's dilemma—the choice between doing nothing and watching jobs disappear or risking an economic tailspin by fighting the giants—is symptomatic of a larger crisis.

THE vision of a world without borders dominated by a few hundred corporations is a seriously flawed vision, because it violates three fundamental human notions—those of social balance, ecological balance, and psychological balance. As owner, producer, and distributor of an ever-greater share of the world's goods, the global corporation appears to be an instrument for accelerating the concentration of wealth, and, in so doing, it is aggravating social imbalance. For the majority of the world's population, living in squalor, and particularly for the hundreds of millions who subsist at the edge of starvation, the corporation's development plan offers no hope. The interacting processes of concentration and globalization have rendered traditional approaches to economic management for the nation-state obsolete—in rich countries as well as poor.

Driven by the ideology of infinite growth, the corporations act as if they must expand or die, and in multiplying they have made thrift into a liability and waste into a virtue. Their growth depends upon converting ever-greater portions of the earth into throwaway societies—ever-greater quantities of unusable waste produced with each ton of increasingly scarce mineral resources, ever-greater consumption of nondisposable and nonreturnable packaging, ever-greater consumption of energy, and ever more heat in our water and our air. In short, ever more ecological imbalance. As central planners, hoarders of information, and creators of sophisticated hierarchies, the corporate managers are seeking to legitimize new organizational loyalties to rival family, town, church, and state, and in so doing they are accelerating the process of alienation which aggravates psychological distress. They have developed the technology to program individuals, whether executives, workers, or consumers. By marketing the fiction that mass indoctrination, avarice, and waste can be the basis of community, they have helped to destroy the possibilities of real community—the reaching out of one human being to another, working out common purposes, not those of higher authority.

Obviously, the corporations are not responsible for the worldwide onslaught on the possibilities for human freedom, but their approach to the world as a huge management problem to be solved in boardrooms is a final playing out of the late-twentieth-century Orwellian nightmare. As the vision comes more clearly into focus, we see that growth demands a tolerant attitude toward inflation and that managing inflation requires a tolerant attitude toward political repression. "There is little doubt," says Storey-Boeckh and Associates, well-known bank-credit analysts, "that we could correct a lot of problems with a large dose of authoritarianism, at least for a while, but the chances of operating a successful inflationary economy like Brazil's within the confines of democracy are just about nil." The global corporation seeks not only to transcend but to use the state for its own purposes. For a clear majority of the earth's population, the working out of these purposes brings only deepening despair.

If the rise of the global corporation does threaten social, ecological, and psychological balance, how can it survive? Is the earth—or, for that matter, the corporation itself—so lacking in self-correcting mechanisms that we are doomed to be diverted with upbeat balance sheets while we and our descendants wait for the air to give out? The late economist Stephen Hymer, of the New School, has argued that high noon for the global corporation has already come and gone—that the highly centralized hierarchical model of organization is simply too much at odds with the aspirations of too many of the inhabitants of the planet for

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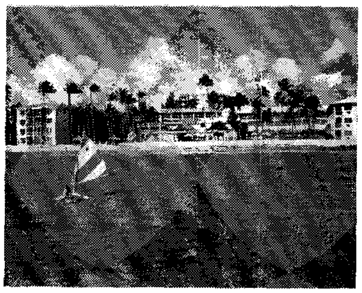

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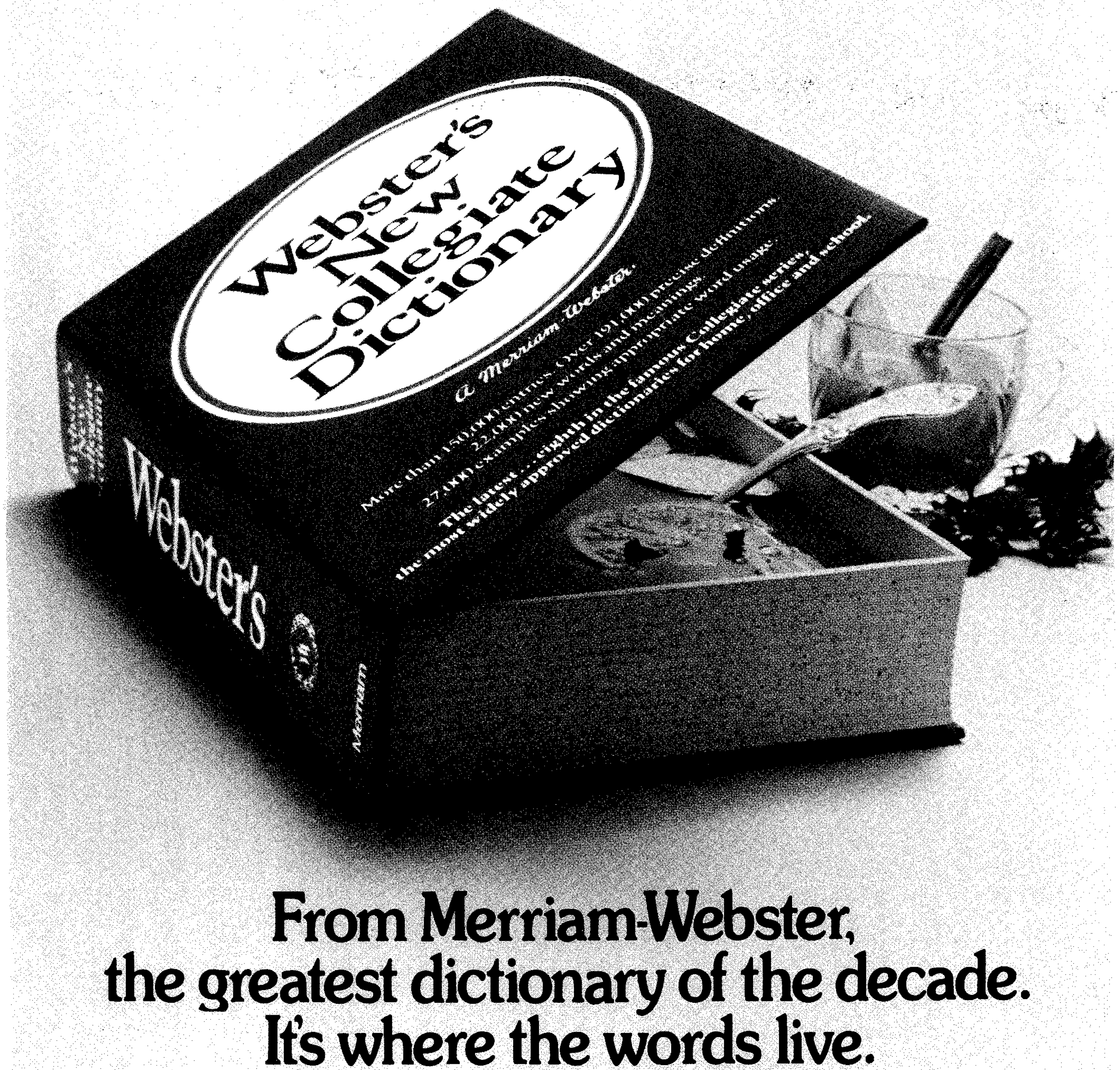
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greater control over their own lives and for greater political participation. There is instability in every large hierarchical organization, including the Catholic Church, universities, the American armed forces, and authoritarian states like the Soviet Union. Why should the corporation be successful in establishing its political legitimacy to gather more and more public decisions into private hands at a time of worldwide political awakening?

Public anti-corporate criticism is growing. Monkey-wrench politics—oil boycotts, kidnapping and hijacking, extortion, bomb threats, trucker stall-ins—also threatens the symmetry of the global model. Resource scarcity jeopardizes world planning, which has been based on the assumption that transportation costs can be kept low and that ships, trucks, and planes will always be available. Winging components and managers across oceans to take advantage of differentials in labor costs, tax rates, and tariffs may no longer make economic sense. If the global factory, with its worldwide division of labor, no longer represents the ultimate in economic efficiency, much of the rationale for multinationals vanishes. Is it possible that limitations on resources are forcing an alternative model in which decentralization is the hallmark? Perhaps the wave of the future is not the "cosmocorp" but the back-yard steel factory.

Whether the corporations will in fact succeed in colonizing the future depends upon how adaptable they are. They are more adaptable than government in changing policies, products, and geographic locations, because their basic goals are much simpler. Moreover, they can change policies much faster than governments can. (Their bureaucracies are simpler and more authoritarian; fewer conflicting interests need to be heard, and the planning cycle in industry is shorter.) Despite their many problems, there is nothing at the moment to suggest that their rapid expansion is slackening. The rate of United States corporate investment abroad continues unabated. While the rate of concentration and mergers within the United States seems to have slowed somewhat in the nineteen-seventies, the globalization process is gathering momentum. True, the fluctuation in the value of the dollar and the uncertainties of the international monetary system are causing some reexamination of the export platform. In the electronics industry, for example, the rush to Taiwan and Singapore appears to be slowing. But the pace of

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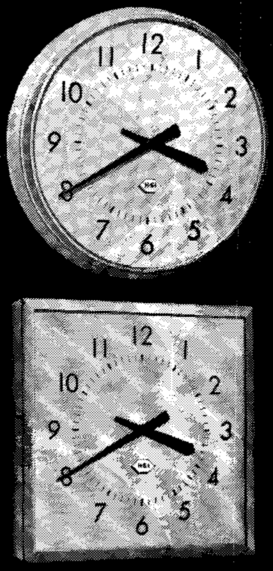

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globalization in the chemical and steel industries is accelerating. Rising concern over pollution in the United States continues to make overseas plant relocation an attractive option to corporate managers.

The global corporation continues to expand because of its organizational control over the three sources of power that brought it to preëminence: finance capital, technology, and the accumulation, use, and dissemination of knowledge. The dependence of advanced capitalist societies on these privately controlled sources of power for maintaining employment and economic stability and for distributing technology and goods is a huge corporate asset. While the state technically has the power to control, or even to abolish, the global corporation, corporate interests so strongly dominate government in a business civilization such as the United States that as a practical matter the power is not exercised. Whether one looks at short-term trends or takes a long view such as that of Leslie White, professor emeritus of anthropology at the University of Michigan, who sees the entire process of cultural evolution determined by the ever-growing concentration and control of energy sources, the continued ascendancy of the global corporation seems assured in the absence of forces with a different vision of the future and the understanding and the power to bring that vision into being.

WHAT can be done? Some argue that the corporation is able to regulate its own behavior in response to the requirements of human survival so as to eliminate the negative aspects of the new world economy and to preserve the positive. If, for example, foreign investment in poor countries turns out on balance to be negative, a corporation could transfer technology by means of service contracts to locally owned enterprises in preference to owning them itself. But the capability or the willingness of the world enterprise for anything more than cosmetic reform is questionable. While increasing numbers of executives are concerned about the negative impacts of the global corporation, they are, because they operate within a system of oligopoly competition, under too much pressure to show accelerating profits to soften those impacts. The heart of the problem is excessive power, and a self-imposed limitation on power is not characteristic of human institutions. The issue, then, is what can be done to develop countervailing power in such a

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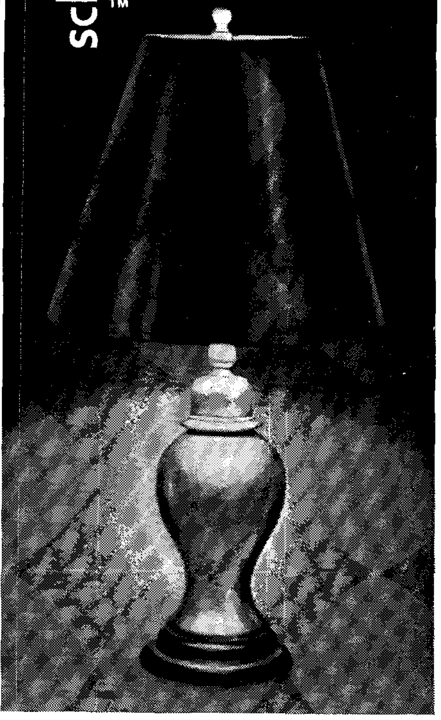

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way as to achieve greater social, ecological, and psychological balance. Literally hundreds of ideas have been put forward by business and labor leaders, academics, government officials, and international agencies on what to do about the global corporation. In broad terms, these ideas fall into two general categories: disclosure and regulation.

If there is to be more effective control of the corporations, there must be some fundamental reforms in the process by which information crucial for society is produced, used, and diffused. To begin a campaign to encourage the social responsibility of global corporations, governments and citizens must know what these corporations own, what they are doing, and what they are planning. The books of multinationals—*all* the books—ought to be public documents. Sufficient information should be disclosed on a continuing basis to enable the Treasury to analyze the real nature of all intracorporate financial transactions. Corporations should be required to disclose to public authorities the extent and nature of their reserves of necessary materials. What mines, mineral reserves, and land does the corporation own, and where? How did it acquire these assets, and what did it pay for them? What arrangements for licensing foreign technology have been made, and under what terms? What taxes does the corporation pay to what countries? What tax concessions have been received and from whom? Who are the real owners of the largest blocks of stock of global corporations and global banks? What investments does the corporation plan over the next five years and where? What studies has the corporation done on the effects on local employment of such investments?

This is indispensable information for the development of any rational program for national or international regulation—or even for a rational decision that no regulation is needed. There are other important questions as well. There are many technical problems involved in drafting legislation to elicit adequate disclosure. A joint committee of Congress could be appointed to make a full-scale study of existing disclosure requirements, to assess their adequacy and to prepare comprehensive legislation for compelling disclosure in crucial areas for all corporations over a certain size. (This would automatically include all corporations with foreign activities extensive enough to have an important impact on the United States economy.) Global-corporation executives have maintained that, however

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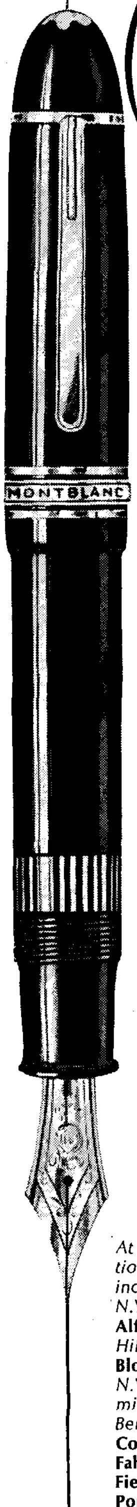

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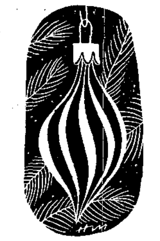
reasonable new disclosure requirements might be, their imposition by national legislation would put United States companies at a competitive disadvantage. Japanese and German companies, free of such restrictions, would take over America's markets. This argument won't bear scrutiny. The fact is that in many important areas other industrial countries have more stringent disclosure requirements than the United States. In Japan, for example, corporations are required to give the tax collector and the shareholders the same profit figures. This eminently reasonable requirement, completely at odds with the ethic of the corporate accountants, has not bankrupted Japanese companies. A similar requirement here would not bankrupt I.B.M., either. Moreover, there is historical evidence that where the United States takes the lead in regulating global corporations in areas that frustrate fiscal or monetary policy, other governments, having similar interests, follow suit. In 1962, when the United States curbed the use of tax havens, other industrial countries, including Great Britain and Germany, adopted similar legislation.



Nevertheless, the disparity in the type, severity, and enforcement of disclosure requirements is obviously a serious problem. No government will put its own industry at a serious competitive disadvantage, even to regain its sovereignty. A most important task of foreign policy, therefore, is the harmonization of disclosure requirements among the major countries in which global corporations are based. As the managerial crisis deepens, governments will have stronger incentive to set new ground rules for oligopolistic competition. It is clearly in the interest of all countries not to permit the power balance between governments and corporations to shift in ways that further subvert national policies for the management of the home economy. All governments, to varying degrees, perhaps, have incentives to break the power of corporate secrecy. Whether there is sufficient statesmanship to see and to act upon this common interest is another matter, but few areas of international coöperation are more important.

Corporate statesmen and business reformers talk little in public about the need for more disclosure. Instead, they talk about international regulation. The enemies of the global corporation, principally organized labor, also talk about regulation. Not surprisingly, they usually have diametrically opposite things in mind. From the viewpoint of the corporation, the problem is not how to curb power but how to get rid of obstacles that stand in the way of expanding it. True, some executives have expressed concern that the great disparities in national law on such matters as taxes, securities regulation, anti-trust laws, and balance-of-payments controls permit global corporations, in the words of Charles Kindleberger, a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to slip "between the cracks of national jurisdictions." But usually the corporations argue, Kindleberger notes, that they are "cabined by . . . overlapping regulations" that inhibit their flexibility. The greatest source of strength for the corporation is its ability to plan centrally for profit maximization on a world scale. The more regulations that inhibit global planning, such as investment restrictions, the less the corporation can maximize its unique advantages. James W. McKee, the president of C.P.C. International, which is a manufacturer and exporter of food and industrial products, complains that satisfying "inconsistent demands of governments" creates problems for world corporations because they are subjected to "contradictory sets of policies and laws." He proposes simplified and harmonized patent procedures and common food and drug standards. "When we have similar policies and laws governing corporate behavior in all countries, the fear that multinational companies could operate as a law unto themselves will disappear," he argues.

A number of proposals have been put forward to accomplish this purpose. Several suggestions for an international code of conduct covering the rights and duties of states and corporations have been made at a variety of international meetings. Paul M. Goldberg, a lawyer and management specialist, and Charles Kindleberger propose a General Agreement for the International Corporation along the lines of the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs (GATT), which would establish an agency to "act as an ombudsman for corporations and countries seeking relief from oppressive policies." George Ball, a former Under-Secretary of State and now a partner in the international investment-banking firm of Lehman Brothers, calls, on the other hand, for an "international-companies law" or "world chartering" administered by an international agency. Global corporations,

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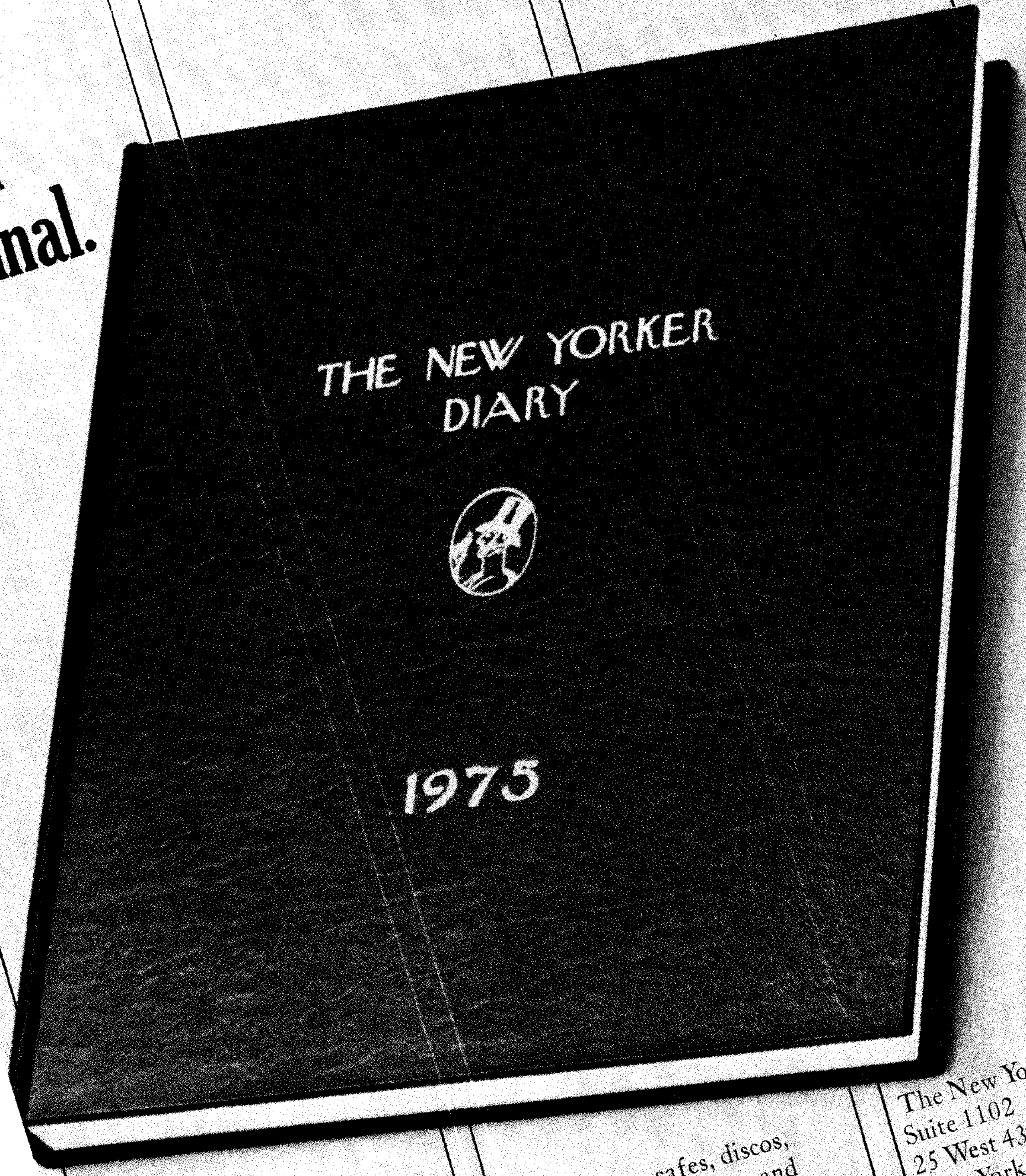

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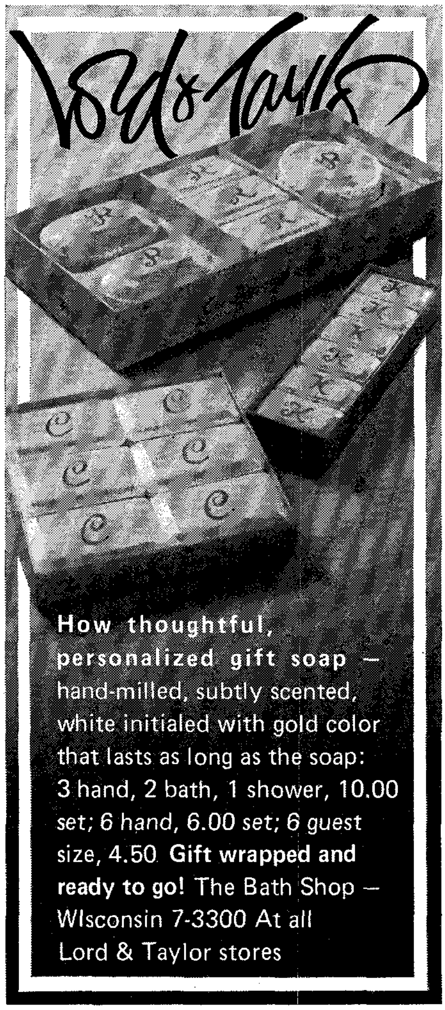
he says, "should become quite literally citizens of the world"—stateless. Such proposals are attempts to legitimize most of what the multinationals are now doing by establishing minimal and largely unenforceable limits on their power to penetrate national borders in the process of private planning.

The global corporation has so many advantages vis-à-vis the nation-state, not the least its power within each nation-state to influence national policies, that effective regulation appears extremely difficult. Because its reach is so pervasive and its power so great, the corporation can be restrained only within a context of international reform. The only long-run hope for correcting the imbalances that the corporation is helping to aggravate is to develop an alternative vision of how the world's production and distribution systems might work. The globalization of political economy and the developing managerial crises of the nation-state are creating the necessity, and perhaps the political foundation as well, for sweeping reorganization. But such a reorganization cannot be willed into being, even if there were enough people with enough power who could agree on what the new world should look like. However fast the pace, the process of change unfolds in separate steps.

Each step toward reform needs to be evaluated in terms of broad objectives. We should keep asking ourselves whether any specific reform is creating the right framework for the ultimate achievement of social, ecological, and psychological balance. For example, international regulation of global corporations sounds plausible and progressive. Why not an international political body to act as counterpart and counterweight to the corporation? The problem, of course, is that present international agencies, and any agency that might arise in the near future, are too weak to regulate the corporate giants. To pretend otherwise is to settle for the patina of regulation instead of the substance. Indeed, the best way to escape regulation even from such already outmoded national agencies as the Treasury Department's Internal Revenue Service and the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division is to shift the burden to an international agency with broad unenforceable powers and a modest budget. Paradoxically, the precondition for effective international regulation is quite likely the restoration of power to national governments and local communities. When one says that the new international economy



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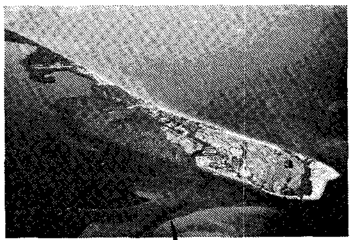

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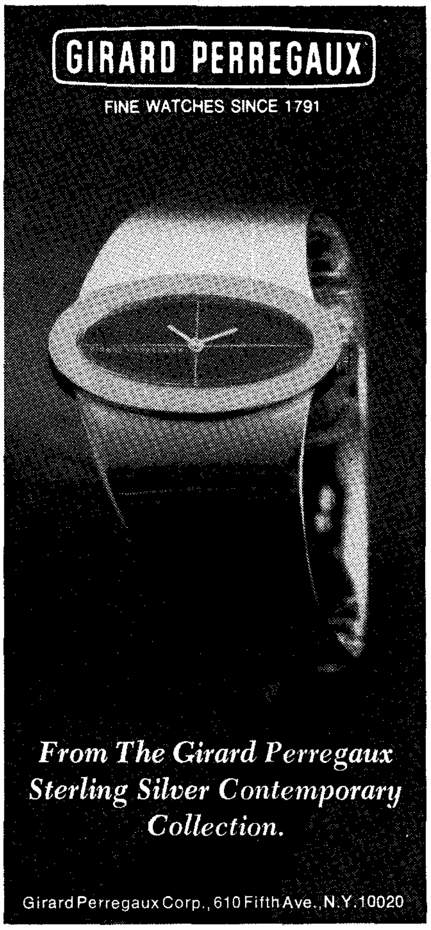
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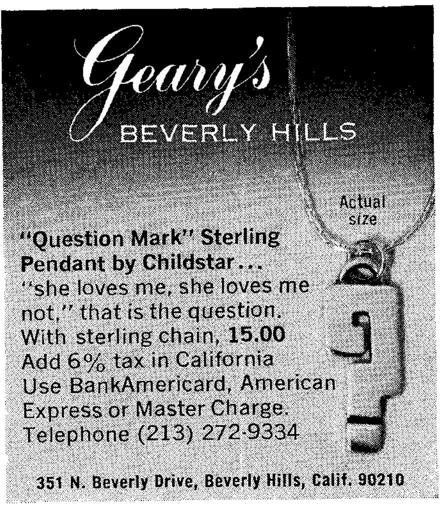

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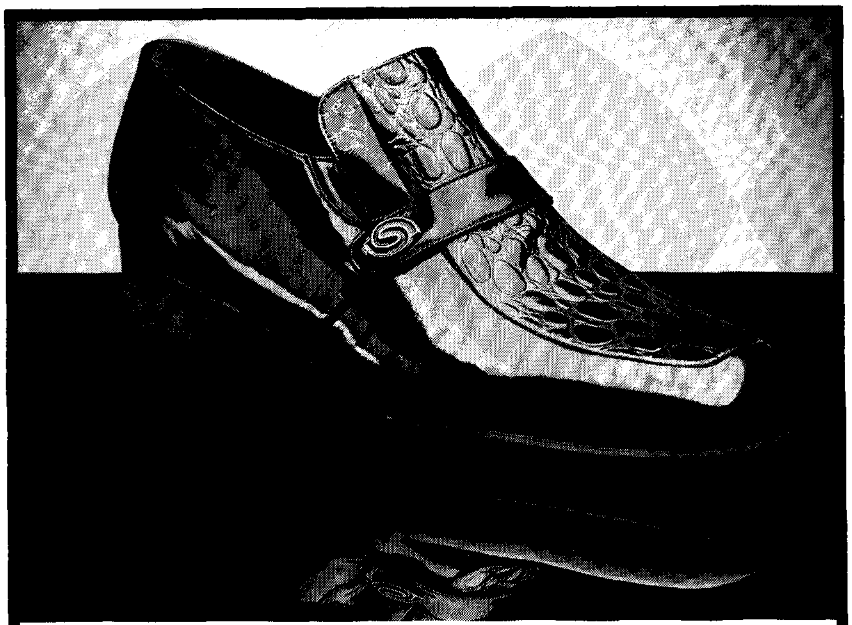
being built by corporations threatens the sovereignty of the nation-state, one means that the nation-state's principal domestic powers and functions—to raise revenue, maintain employment, provide adequate social services, encourage the rational allocation of income and wealth, maintain sound currency, keep prices and wages in line—are being seriously undercut.

Global corporations must be regulated to restore sovereignty to government. Public authority must be shared at the supranational, national, state, local, and neighborhood levels; yet how this is to be done is by no means clear. The crucial point, however, is that the power of the corporation, a private organization with limited purposes and extremely limited accountability, must be circumscribed to permit broadly accountable, democratically selected, and socially committed public authorities to govern. For the productive system to be made socially responsible to the people of the United States, its activities must be regulated in such a way as to support national development objectives. For this to be possible, there must *be* clearly articulated national priorities, debated and adopted by democratic procedures. The United States needs a national development plan that sets forth a vision of the society we are hoping to achieve and the policies for achieving it. Some basic goals should be a significant reduction in waste and pollution; full employment; control of inflation; major improvement in availability of public services—health, education, transportation; major investment in reconstruction of cities and towns; and decentralization of political authority. It is now clear that the nation cannot achieve these goals by allowing global corporations to continue as the principal planners for the society. Such critical decisions for the society as a whole as how many cars are to be manufactured and how much energy is to be produced can no longer be left in private hands.

There are no ready-made solutions. Staffing G.M. or Exxon with an army of civil servants would not in itself change the goals and strategies of the corporation. To substitute the concentrated power of a public bureaucracy for a private one may permit the company to moderate its goal of profit maximization, but it does not necessarily make it responsive to community needs. We urgently need a public debate on a variety of new forms of public ownership and control of our strategic industries and on how produc-



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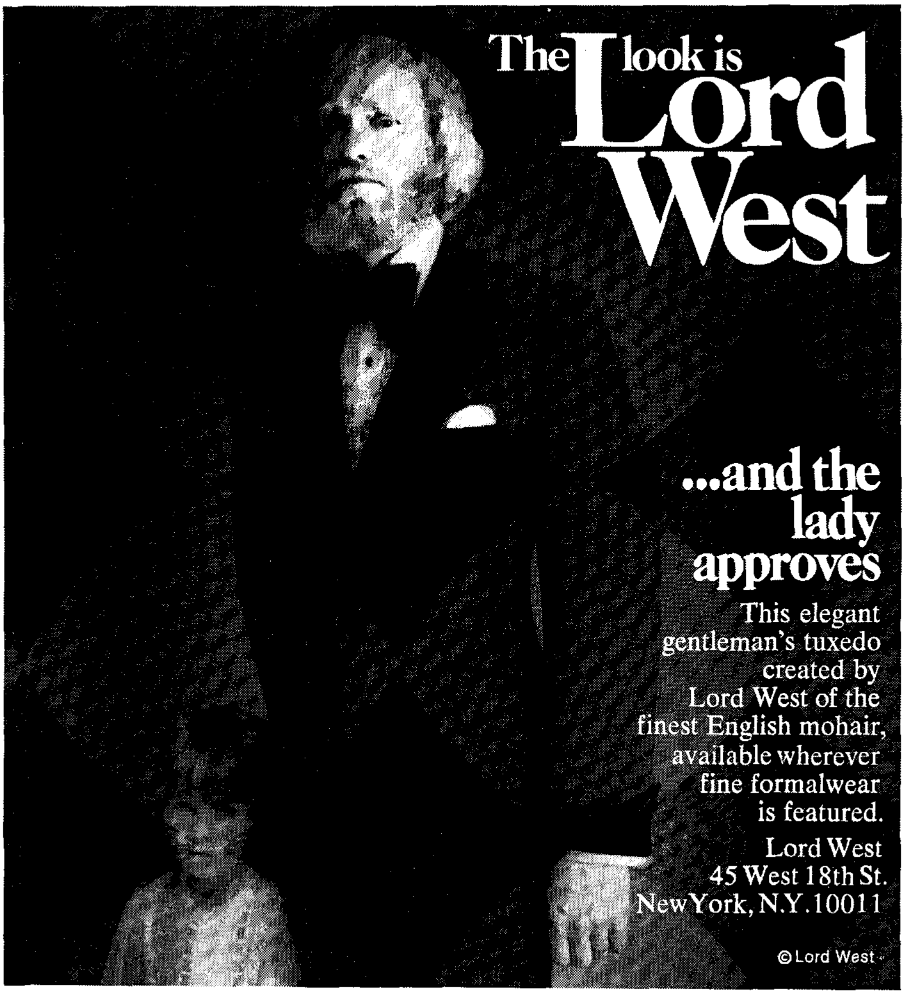

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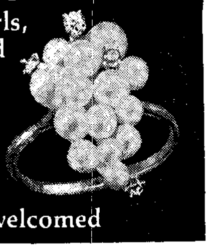

tion priorities should be set. (In a time of resource scarcity and worldwide famine, there are many things that should not be manufactured by anyone.) We already live in a mixed economy, and it is now time to re-examine the mix.

Much has been made in the United States of consumer sovereignty. The productive system supposedly produces the goods in the amounts people want. But we know enough of the actual workings of the economy to realize that much of the time the consumer-king is a figurehead. A development plan, however, should aim at more than the restoration of consumer sovereignty. It should strive toward more participation in the workplace—worker sovereignty—and more real participation in the political process—citizen sovereignty. A national development plan ought to have three main approaches. First, such a plan ought to encourage investment in the United States in such a way as to meet the basic needs of the American people. There exist in government offices various inventories of basic social needs—housing, medical care, transportation systems. The national development policy should stimulate the buildup of the social capital of the United States. At the same time, the subsidies that encourage the accumulation of private wealth with public money should be ended.

The bias in our laws favoring foreign investment should be systematically removed. Tax laws should not be used to encourage foreign investment. The elimination of tax deferral, permissive use of the tax credit, tax havens, depletion allowances, and other special privileges for particular industries is essential. If there are to be any nonfiscal purposes to be served by the Internal Revenue Code, they should be the encouragement of investment in the United States for job creation, the development of alternative technologies, and the extension of needed social services. Because corporate taxpayers, especially large ones with foreign operations, qualify for the many special concessions scattered through the Internal Revenue Code, United States tax law is no longer progressive.

A major investment program should be undertaken in the development of alternative technologies—particularly those which are cheaper, more resource-saving, and simpler. A rational program for the people of the United States would include a heavy investment in the public development of a

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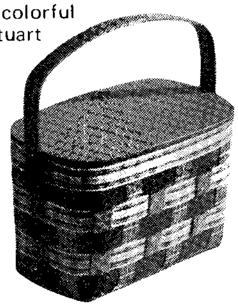

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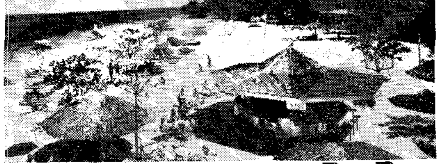

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variety of technologies to make the American people "self-sufficient"—independent not only of foreign governments but of oil companies, too. Another priority for such a development program would be investment in job-creating rather than in job-displacing technology. As Keynes once put it, investment abroad "does not stimulate employment a scrap more than would an equal investment at home." Robert Gilpin, of Princeton, in his report for the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, notes, "The national interest of the United States would be best served by an industrial strategy which emphasizes technological innovation rather than defensive foreign investment." It should be a priority in a rational program for the United States to stimulate possibilities for useful work in the United States. (There is no doubt that the definitions of both "work" and "useful" will change in the next generation.) To encourage investment in job-creating technology in the United States, United States law should no longer subsidize corporate growth through foreign investment.

A second priority of a development plan for the United States would be to encourage a more equitable distribution of income and wealth, not only in the United States but worldwide. As Gilpin puts it, "The real issue is that foreign direct investment tends to shift the national distribution of income to the disadvantage of blue-collar workers." Corporations are increasingly dependent on their foreign profits and are using them to increase their size and power while productivity in the United States is declining and with it the opportunity for higher wages. The systemic connection between concentration and bigness, on the one hand, and maldistribution of income and political power, on the other, is so strongly supported by the evidence that an explicit policy to reverse these systemic trends is needed.

It should be the objective of the United States to decentralize the economy so as to curb oligopoly power. An essential preliminary step in the preparation of a comprehensive development plan therefore would be a systematic examination of those specific practices which lead to concentration and undercut the power of government to manage the economy. United States tax and banking laws are much too loose in permitting and encouraging cross-subsidization, especially in the banking industry. Evidence is already available, for example, to justify the elimination of the "one-bank holding company." Banks, in short, should be required to get out of nonbanking businesses. Interlocking directorates of banks and industrial corporations should be prohibited by law.

In the furtherance of an income-redistribution policy, there is a strong argument for breaking up the most concentrated industries by law. The great corporations cannot be broken up, however, except in the context of a larger development plan. There must be a clearly articulated employment-and-income policy that includes government responsibility to create real employment possibilities, not make-work; otherwise, global corporations may well be vindicated in their prediction that restriction of their power will bring massive economic dislocation and worldwide depression. In short, reorganization of major corporations, although badly needed, cannot be done without reorganization of the goals and priorities of the whole society.

A third objective of a national development program should be a reasonable level of self-sufficiency in raw materials and manufactured goods. The strategy of the United States-based global corporation is to do more and more of its growing outside the United States. This process is causing the United States, like England in the nineteenth century, to become, in Gilpin's words, a "rentier society which lives off investment income." Not only is such a society dependent on others and hence vulnerable to political vicissitudes everywhere, but a nation of coupon clippers quickly loses the sources of inner strength when it lives off the productivity of others. When the United States economy is dependent upon foreign investment to maintain levels of employment, to keep the balance of payments in line, and to expand the wealth generated by American business, the result, as Gilpin puts it, is "neglect of domestic investment opportunities and social needs. Resources flow abroad to facilitate corporate growth rather than to improve America's cities, decrease her dependence upon foreign sources of energy, or seek out new commercial investment opportunities in this country. The result is to accelerate a shift in the global distribution of industrial and economic power away from the United States."

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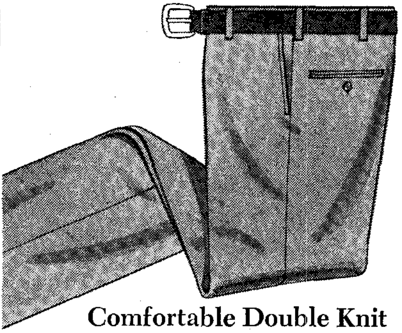

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the population consumes thirty to sixty per cent of some of the most vital resources, a redistribution of world economic power is long overdue. We cannot support a waste economy here without threatening subsistence elsewhere in the world. But the global corporation, operating under its present ground rules, is not the instrument to bring about economic redistribution. While its particular global strategy does indeed break down national frontiers, it strengthens class divisions. The multinational enterprise may spread wealth geographically, but it concentrates it politically and socially. Thus, in the fulfillment of its vision both justice and stability are eluded.

The way to accomplish a worldwide redistribution of economic power is not to further concentrate it in the private hands of American companies but to adopt directly a rational policy. Policies that would most help to shift economic power from rich to poor countries include the very proposals that global corporations spend the most money to oppose—preferential trade treatment, divestment of foreign ownership, encouragement of locally owned industry, and higher prices for raw materials. A sound policy for the redistribution of economic power in the world would include a program of capital grants by rich countries to poor countries without restrictions forcing them to adopt the "development" model of the global corporation.

To hedge in the private power of the corporation, public institutions must be strengthened at many different levels simultaneously. We have talked about the need for strengthening the national government to be able to manage the economy. But the immediate and noticeable negative impacts of the multinationals are felt in cities and towns where factories are situated or goods are sold. The essential strategy of the international company makes it an antagonist of local interests everywhere. The local community in the United States has the same ambivalent relationship to global corporations as do underdeveloped countries. There is always a price to absentee ownership. The company president in New York cannot be expected to concern himself with the traffic, housing, pollution, or fiscal problems of Schenectady or any other city where his plants may be situated. This is no less true, as is now becoming more common, when the president of the parent company lives in Tokyo. Local communities in the United States face the same fundamental issues of public policy as do

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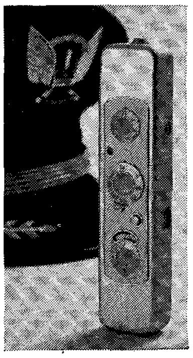

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Latin-American republics. How much foreign—i.e., nonlocal—investment do they wish to accept? On what terms? What does it mean to have the local economy controlled from outside?

Some communities are likely to begin questioning the wisdom of turning over the dynamic sectors of their economies to large corporations and to recognize that such corporations can play a useful role only if the community itself knows where it wants to go. The first priority for a community, whether in Argentina, Kenya, or Ohio, is to set its own development priorities: How many jobs must be created? What kind of technology should it develop? What sorts of product should it make? What are its consumption needs? If the local community is to develop the power to protect the interests of the people, it should seek greater self-sufficiency and self-reliance. Until the community knows what it wants and what it can do on its own, it is not in a position to bargain effectively with global corporations.

Self-sufficiency does not mean isolationism. It may be that communities in the United States can begin to establish direct commercial relationships with one another without the mediation of the multinationals. There is no reason direct relationships with communities outside the United States could not also be established. But the community would control the modes of interdependence to a much greater extent, and the criteria for establishing relationships would be local public needs instead of global profit maximization. Local communities in the United States might well begin to make the same analysis of their situation as underdeveloped countries are doing. Foreign ownership and control destroys local initiative and precludes the development of local entrepreneurial talent. Where possible, towns, cities, and regions should seek loans and indirect portfolio investment from the corporations as an alternative to being taken over. It is worth recalling that the development of the United States in the nineteenth century and of Japan in the twentieth century was accomplished with substantial amounts of foreign capital, but it was mostly in the form of bonds and other types of indirect portfolio investment. The suppliers of capital from abroad did not end up owning or managing either nation. Communities should consider whether they prefer, as some underdeveloped countries do, to buy technical services from the corporations rather than have

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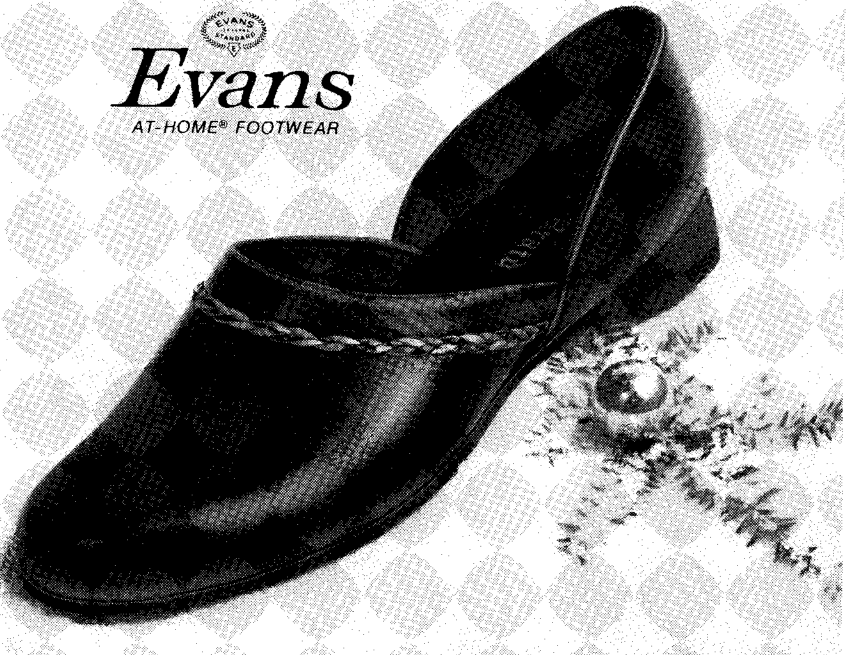

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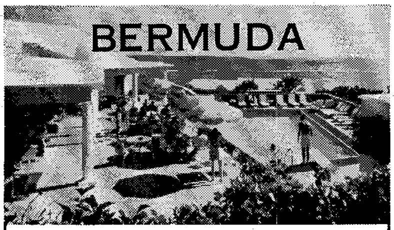

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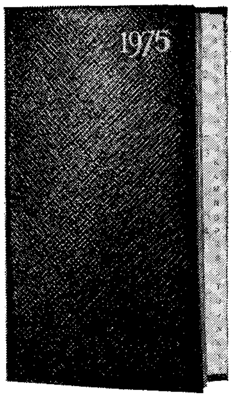
them manage or own local industry, or, indeed, whether the community itself should own and manage key industries, as is the case in some cities that operate public utilities and transportation systems. There is no particular reason that community-run golf courses and bus companies should be in the American tradition and community-run food stores, clothing factories, refineries, and other facilities to make cities and towns more self-reliant should be considered un-American. The reality that corporations providing essential public services, such as transportation, communications, and power, are social institutions should now be recognized, and increasingly they should be subject to community ownership and management. The principle of the Tennessee Valley Authority—a regionally based, publically controlled corporation—is now being proposed for the energy industry in Vermont and West Virginia, and a national program of public ownership has been proposed in Congress. The issue of deep government involvement in the American economy was settled long ago. The issue that remains is not "socialism versus capitalism," as it used to be put, but whether government intervention in an evolving, mixed economy is going to reinforce the present pattern of unequal distribution of wealth in American society or is going to change that pattern in the direction of greater equality and better social services for the majority.

Within the context of a national development program, there are many practical steps that could help insure greater bargaining power for local communities in their dealings with global corporations. Every corporation could be required to file a plan with local authorities covering the corporation's local operations. The plan should include an estimate of its employment requirements by categories and reports on what research it is undertaking to increase local employment opportunities, what measures it is taking to improve job safety, and what plans it has to increase worker and community participation in basic management decisions affecting the community. Any local public authority should have access to all plans submitted by the same company in other localities anywhere else in the world. (Such a provision might help accelerate the process of reducing inequalities of wages, working conditions, and so on.) The corporation should be required to conduct studies at its own expense of the amounts and impacts of pollution it is



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responsible for in the community. It should present a plan for pollution abatement, with costs and sources of funding. Finally, it should offer a demonstration of its financial impact on the community; i.e., whether it is taking out more in profits and disguised financial flows than it is putting in through taxes and payroll. In order that the community can determine whether the corporation is having a positive or negative effect on its own balance of payments, the city council should have access to all sets of the local subsidiary's books and such financial information from headquarters as is necessary for such a determination. Where a corporation has a dominant position in a community because it controls a large percentage of the local economy and is a principal employer and taxpayer, its mode of operation determines key political and social choices for the whole population. The members of the community should have the right from time to time to vote on whether the community is benefitting from the presence of the corporation. Such a renewable community franchise ratified by public referendum would give the public the chance to assess the costs and benefits of the local corporate activity and require the corporation to make the case that it is acting responsibly through public debate instead of periodic TV pronouncements.

But local reforms will not succeed unless they are integrated into national policy. Unless there is federal legislation setting national standards for building up the countervailing power of local communities and labor, the corporations can always play one community off against another. A community that wakens to the need for its own development programs may not represent a "good investment climate," and as long as more apathetic and manageable communities exist, corporations are likely to move there. For this reason, there should be legal prohibitions on the power of the multinationals to exploit their mobility. A corporation should not be allowed to move into a community, pollute it, drain it financially, build dependencies, and then disclaim responsibility for the problems it creates as it leaves. What those responsibilities are and how they are to be enforced must be established by law.

How can our institutions be stretched to cope with these fundamental issues? There are a number of possible approaches. The late Scott Buchanan, of the Center for the Study of Democratic

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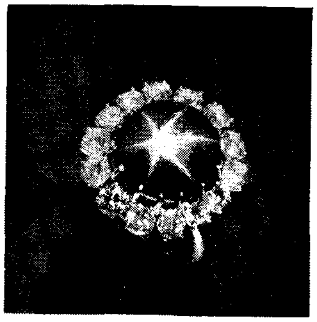

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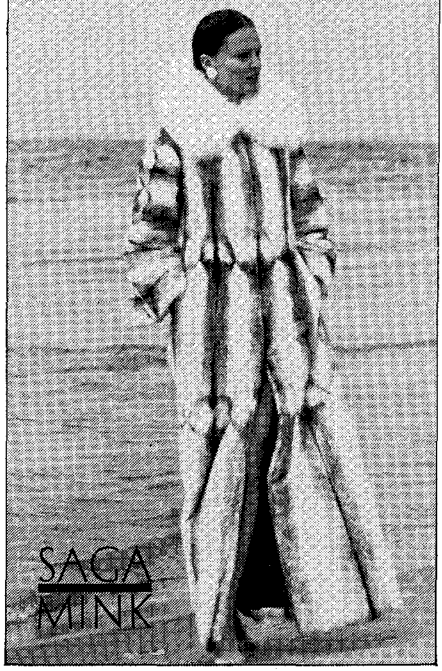

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Institutions, in California, Ralph Nader, the consumer advocate, and others have proposed that "public directors" be added to the boards of large corporations, elected by employees and the public. (Proposals to expand the board of directors are in some ways less ambitious versions of the "co-determination" system now being tried in several European countries. In Germany, for example, a third of a supervisory board of directors is elected by employees, and this board, in turn, appoints a managing board to handle day-to-day management decisions.) Unfortunately, the fight to make corporate boards more representative may be beside the point. A good many studies suggest that outside directors on the boards of large corporations play largely ceremonial roles—that, indeed, the whole board of directors is often window dressing.

Marcus Raskin, the political theorist and co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington, has suggested that the presidents of General Motors and other giant corporations ought to be publicly elected to their offices. Certainly they exercise more power over the daily lives of citizens than most elected officials. Whether it is possible to change our political system to recognize that fact in the context of a still nominally free-enterprise economy is another matter. But surely there is no reason that the officials in charge of regulating big business ought not to submit themselves to the electorate. Candidates for membership on regulatory commissions should be elected, not appointed. Their constituency should be the public, not the industry they are regulating.

THE challenge of the global corporation transcends technical solutions—even broad-ranging ones. None of the reforms suggested will work unless they attack social, ecological, and psychological problems together, and unless they fit into a global vision. The institutional lag in the public sector cannot be overcome merely by sniping at the vision of the world corporation; it must be replaced with one that better serves the interests of a majority of the earth's people. The rise of the global corporation is the culmination of the modern industrial era—the playing out of a certain system of values. The prospect of the global shopping center confronts humanity with a series of fundamental choices about the purposes of existence. Our system of measurement reveals what we value most deeply. By what standard do we pace ourselves? By the number of goods produced and the number of times they are transferred from one hand to another? By the amount of energy we burn? By the amount of precious paper we accumulate? By the number of human operations that can be transferred to a reliable machine? By how well we conquer nature? These are the dominant standards of the industrial world.

But there are other standards. We could develop a new meaning for efficiency, which is now defined simply as the most output from the private sector at the least cost to it. We could impose qualitative standards for what we produce—what human functions does it serve? We could compute the human factor in the assessment of costs—what does it do to people, water, air, and our social system to produce these goods? We could start putting a negative value on wasted lives. As long as the contemporary definition of efficiency prevails, the corporation will dominate our public life. The peculiar genius of the global corporation is its ability to organize people and goods on a vaster scale than any previous human institution. The designers of the global factory and the global shopping center have assumed that concentrating crucial decisions in a few hands is the key to smooth management, the antidote to anarchy and chaos. The managers believe that they are sophisticated enough to maintain a highly centralized system with just enough decentralization and participation to satisfy people's psychological needs and political yearnings. But perhaps it is really necessary to choose: Centralization versus decentralization. Private power versus public participation. Global empires versus communities founded on face-to-face politics. A process of equitable distribution of goods and claims on the future, which are the indispensable bases of freedom and political power, versus an ever more sophisticated system of accelerating repression. The search for stability through mindless growth versus a more modest model of stability.

This is an apocalyptic age, and prophecies of doom are commonplace. Yet there remain two inescapable imperatives for human survival. First, because we now know that the resources of the earth are finite and that the biosphere is not infinitely forgiving, each generation must act as trustee for the next, or at some point there will certainly be no next generation. We are the first generation to have the awareness that man has the power to end history, and the first that has the destructive technology to end it ourselves. Second, there can be no freedom in a world system rooted in social injustice. The structures and institutions of repression have become so widespread and interdependent that it is no longer possible, as in ancient Athens, to maintain the liberties of a few on the slavery of many. It is an insuperable task to achieve democracy in the United States within a world system in which the majority are doomed to hunger and hopelessness and pacified by official terror or official lies. An America that is less and less able to offer stability for the middle classes or hope for the poor can be governed only with the same heavy hand now so familiar in failed democracies around the world.

We are all prisoners of old political labels. The new system needed for our collective survival does not exist. Increasingly, the most powerful argument voiced in defense of the global corporation is precisely this lack of alternatives. Compared to avaricious local business, it is said, global firms are generous. They pay more in taxes, they employ more people, and they cheat less. Compared to dictatorial and corrupt governments, the corporate managers are relatively enlightened and honest. Compared to selfish local interests clutching at privilege, global corporations are less parochial. Compared to the Stalinist police state, a world run by the global corporation promises more freedom and less terror. Those who hold increasing power over our lives defend it with the argument that there is nothing better. But there are ways to organize our resources and our lives which transcend the old labels and categories. Both a global vision and radical decentralization and diffusion of political power now appear to be requirements of a stable and just human order. The intellectual and political task of reconciling the two is staggering. But our institutions are our own creations. The purpose of social organization ought to be human development—the building of structures that give individuals, acting in coöperation with others, the rights and powers of participation where they work and where they live. The democratization of institutions—toward increasing employee participation in the management of factories and direct participation of citizens in community reform and publicly controlled utilities—

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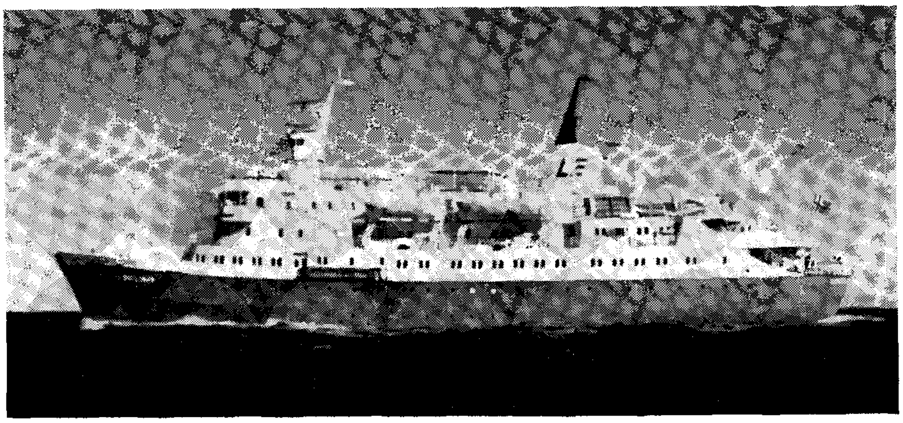

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is not efficient in terms of corporate profits, but it appears to be much more efficient than the global shopping center for developing the potential of human beings and for saving scarce, exhaustible resources. Under the rationalized, centralized management system of the global corporation, it is profitable to convert twenty pounds of scarce grain protein into a pound of expensive meat protein.

The search for an alternative is intimately bound up with a change in the global value system. As the British historian R. H. Tawney and others have shown, there were legal and moral barriers that tended to inhibit infinite accumulation in the Middle Ages. Greed is a special characteristic of our modern economic system, which depends upon it as a primary incentive of social organization. The market mentality that puts economic activity, irrespective of purpose, at the center of the universe is a product not of human instinct but of social organization. Competitive individualism, a system in which community develops from common consumption rather than from shared feelings, is increasingly incompatible with the survival of the species, but it, too, is socially conditioned, and new values can be learned to take its place. The values needed for survival turn out to be the familiar democratic values preached by prophets and sages since the beginning of history—respect for human dignity, justice, frugality, honesty, moderation, and equality. These values will not come to replace the contemporary outmoded values—competitive individualism, comfort, waste, infinite growth, and security through accumulation—because human beings suddenly learn altruism. They will come to be the dominant values of the coming century only if enough people are awakened to their necessity for the survival of the species. The battle for survival is always a race against time. The critical question is whether we can quickly enough adapt ourselves and our institutions to a rapidly changing environment.

—RICHARD BARNET
AND RONALD MÜLLER

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

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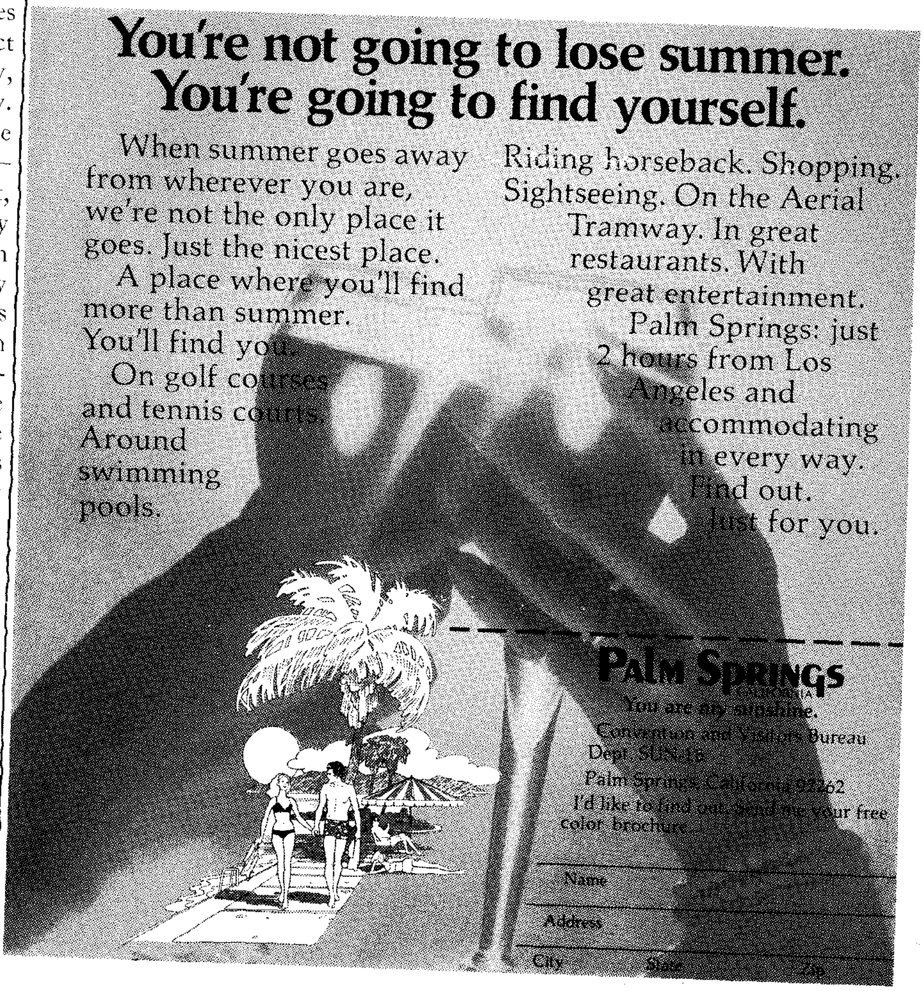

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MUSICAL EVENTS

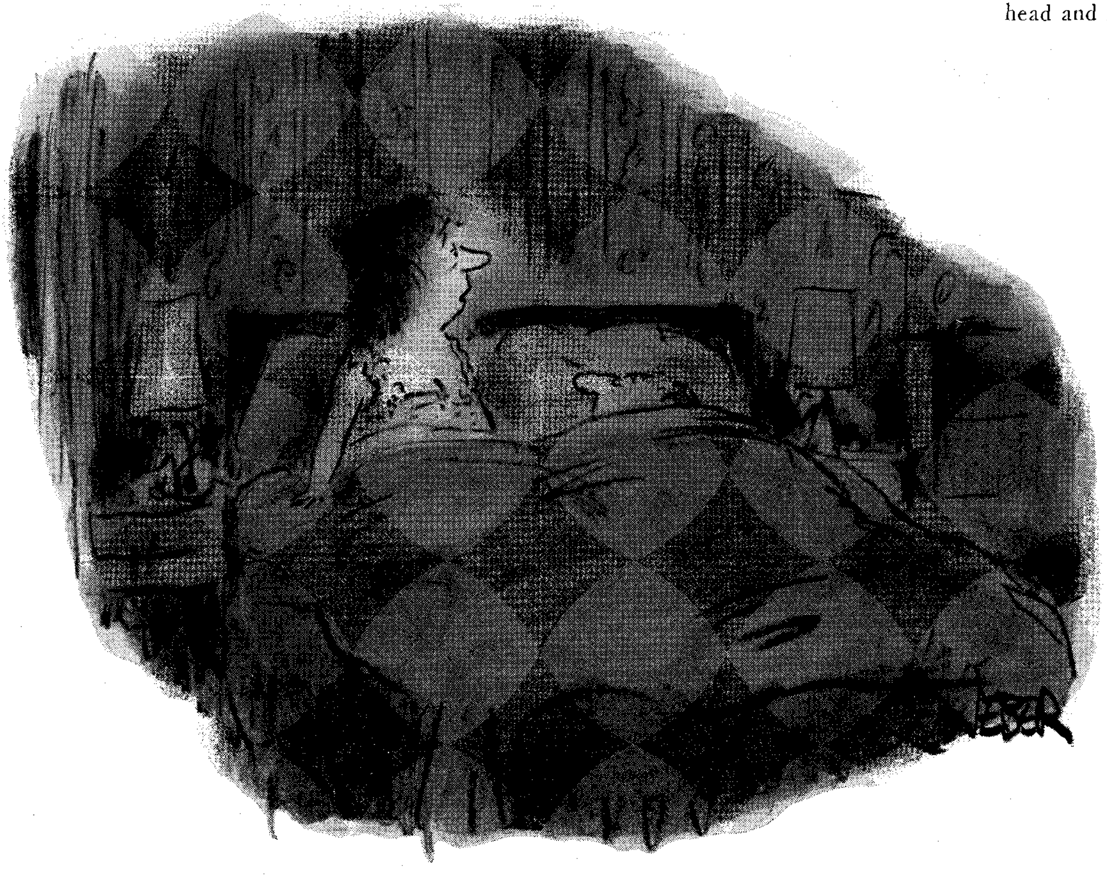
Grac'd with Birds

PETER MENNIN's Eighth Symphony, completed last year, was given its first performance on November 21st, at a Philharmonic concert conducted by Daniel Barenboim. I heard it that morning in rehearsal, with a score before me but without the help of the composer's program notes. The first movement, it was clear enough, was an "In Principio"—not St. John's but that of Genesis: musical depiction of a world so far without form but rich with inchoate wonders awaiting a disponent hand. Then came a scherzo, in which I heard burrs and blurtings of vague menace. The Adagio was plainly a "De Profundis"—a long, tragic sequence of melodies welling up from grief. After that, I felt that something like an extended passacaglia was needed, a final movement of powerful, patent structure and cogent argument to "clinch" the symphony. Instead, there was a series of apparently preludial paragraphs—making fragmentary reference to the earlier movements—which reached a climax and then came to a close. That evening, the program notes revealed that this finale is intended as a "Laudate." The sounds of the trumpet, of the stringed instruments (but no harp, timbrel, or organ), and of the high-sounding cymbals are praising the Lord in a brisk procession of jubilant verses. The scherzo is a "Dies Irae." The first and third movements are indeed an *In principio* and a *De profundis.* The symphony lasts nearly twenty-eight minutes. It is soundly planned and solidly wrought, the product not of fiery genius but of a skillful, thorough craftsman with a vein of poetry.

THE previous day, Olivier Messiaen's "From the Canyons to the Stars," commissioned by Alice Tully for Frederic Waldman's Musica Aeterna Orchestra, had its first performance, in Alice Tully Hall. A long composition in twelve movements—two of them for solo piano, one for solo horn, and the rest for piano and orchestra—it was composed during the last four years, after a visit to Utah. The score is a synthesis of the familiar Messiaen materials—birdcalls in bright instrumental stylizations; intense "colors" correlated with modes and harmonies; themes associated with landscape and with devotional concepts; classical metres and Oriental rhythmic patterns—and the new device, underlying the recent "Méditations sur le Mystère de la Sainte Trinité" for organ, of spelling out sacred exclamations in a musical cipher. In "From the Canyons," "MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN" and "ἅγιος ὁ Θεός" are "said" by the instruments, in notes, "by means of an alphabet of sounds and durations." The birds are mainly those of North America, joined by some exotics from Africa, Australia, and the Far East. The colors are a kaleidoscope, settling into a blue A major for two movements, Nos. 8 and 12. (As in the "Lohengrin" prelude, A major is the color of an intense blue sky.) The landscapes are those of Cedar Breaks, Bryce Canyon, and Zion National Park. Colors mingle as the birds pass across them:

> Bryce Canyon is the greatest wonder of Utah [Messiaen observes in his program note for the work]. It is a gigantic natural amphitheatre, with fantastic red-orange, purple rock formations shaped like castles, square towers, bulging towers, natural windows, bridges, statues, columns, entire cities. . . . Here comes a superb bird: the Steller's Jay. His belly, his wings, and his long tail are blue; his head and his lapwing are black. When he flies over the Canyon, the blue of his flight and red of the rocks take on the splendor of gothic stained-glass windows.

Messiaen has already written a work inspired by the windows of Chartres and entitled "Colors of the Celestial City." The symbolism of Zion National Park, with its "pink, white, mauve, red, black walls, the green trees, and the limpid river," was ready-made for him by those who named it, and his last movement is "Zion Park and the Celestial City." The Wood Thrush, which is "reddish, with a white chest spotted with black," sings a major arpeggio "with a clear, gay, sunny pitch." And "for me, the song of the Wood Thrush stands as a symbol of that archetype God intended for us in his predestination, which we more or less misrepresent, in the course of our worldly life, and is

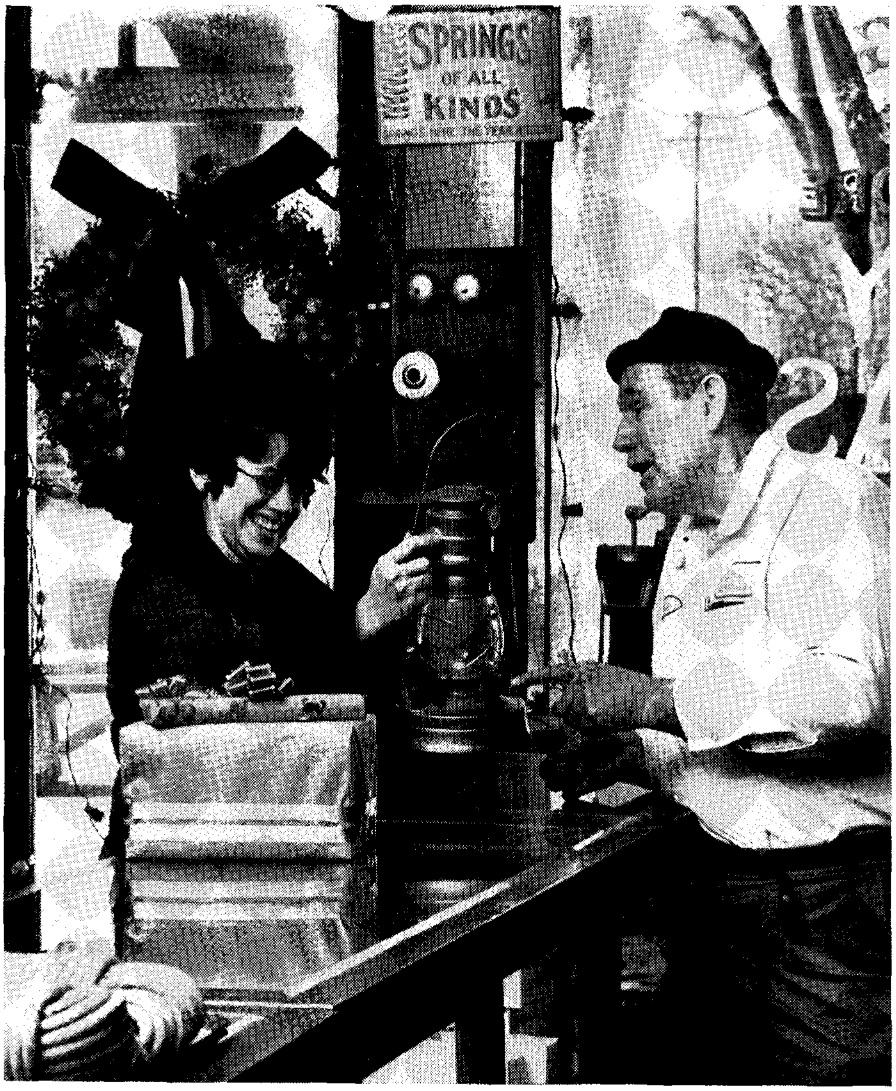


"Then this maroon suitcase walks into Lord & Taylor, takes the escalator to the Country Shop, unwraps an egg-salad sandwich, and starts to cry."

fully realized only in our celestial life, after Resurrection." Messiaen goes through mortal life listening to the birds—every parakeet a paraclete—in country after country; admiring the wonders of nature and the nobler works that man has raised to divine glory (Chartres, the temple on Miyajima); rapt in a color-bright vision in which all these things are but an adumbration of the Celestial City we shall one day inhabit. Then he sets it down in music. His scores can certainly bear formal analysis (the young Boulez and Stockhausen would not have sat at the feet of a man whose rhapsodies lacked structure), and the intricate rhythmic procedures of his earlier pieces have been influential. But, oh dear me, he does pile on the ecstasy!:

> Cedar Breaks is one of the wonders of Utah . . . a vast amphitheatre, sliding down toward a deep abyss of which the orange, yellow, brown and red rocks stand up like walls, columns, towers, turrets, dungeons. The birches, the firs, a trace of snow, the wind which blows violently, add even more to the majesty of the site. All these features inspired in me *a feeling very close to that of Awe.* "The Gift of Awe" is one of the seven gifts from the Holy Spirit. . . . After the Red-shafted Flicker's powerful cries follow the deep borborygmuses of the Blue Grouse (in French: "Tétras obscur") given to the bass trombone. . . .

Hard to tell whether this is genuine Messiaen (it is) or an unkind parody. Hard, while listening to his later compositions, to stop phrases like "voluble visionary," "instant ecstasy," "automatic awe," from forming. The recipe for converting transcendental joy into sonic patterns is now all too familiar. Another high-heaped serving of the avian calls, the abyss, the primeval wind, the dazzling colors, the devotional fervor, stirred together and sweetened with chords of the added sixth. There is one new ingredient in "From the Canyons"—the long horn solo, "Interstellar Call." "He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names": the cries go breaking out into the stillness, becoming more and more intense, and there is no answer. This movement, employing the instrument in a variety of virtuoso ways, has an independent future as a recital piece. It was passionately and poignantly played by Sharon Moe. The two piano solos are "The White-Browed Robin" and "The Mockingbird." Unlike the entries in his "Bird Catalogue," which seek to evoke habitat and habit, and to portray effects of climate and season around each songster, they are made of



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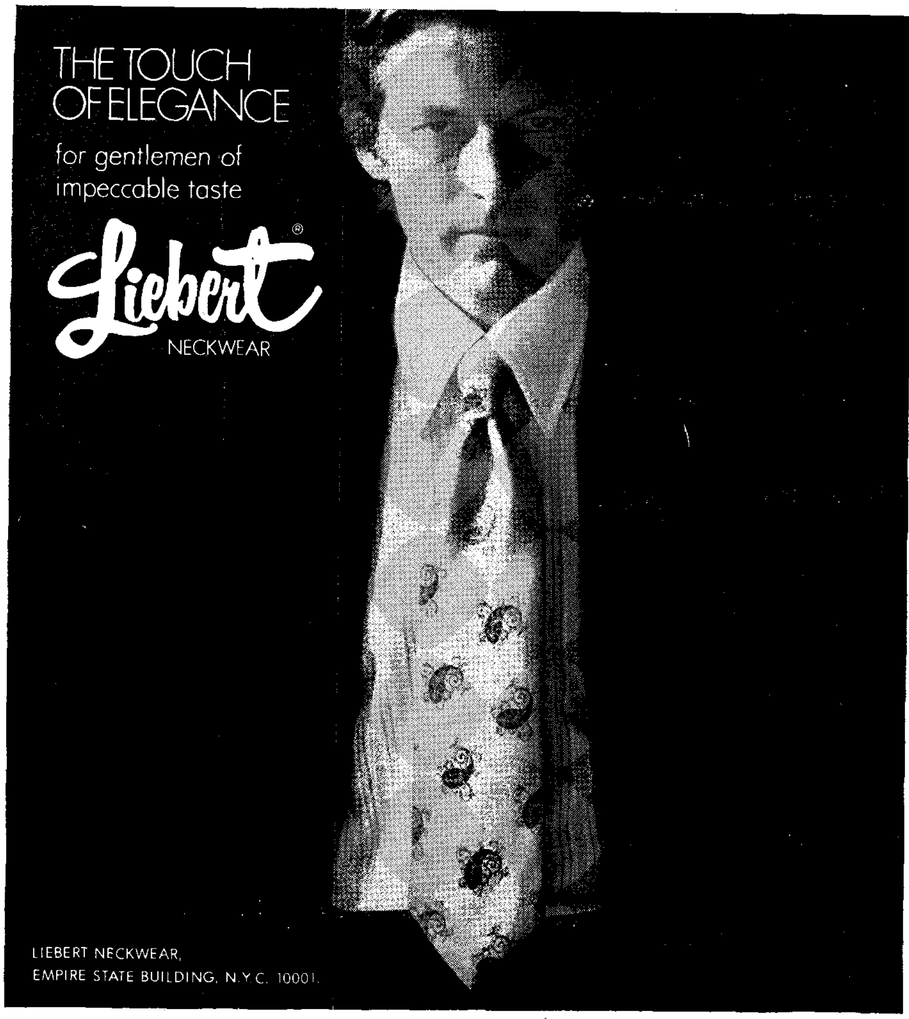
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pure birdsong. The second, in particular, is a brilliant piece. Yvonne Loriod was the pianist, marvellously precise as she scattered glittering, joyful, and never ugly timbres from all over the keyboard. The orchestra consists of thirteen strings, each with an individual part; quadruple flutes and clarinets; triple oboes, bassoons, and brass; and plentiful percussion (eight players). Mr. Waldman had scheduled twelve three-hour rehearsal sessions, which must be more than most New York concerts receive; the playing was bright and assured. "From the Canyons," like most of Messiaen's music, would be best suited by exceptionally resonant acoustics. The music sounded richer at a morning rehearsal, in the empty hall, than at the concert, when the place was full. (Those in side seats then discovered that Tully Hall could add wind noises of its own, whistling low and wailing through the doors, to the whoosh of the Aeoliphone on the platform.)

By comparison with the "Exotic Birds," "Seven Haï-kaï," and "Colors of the Celestial City," "From the Canyons" seems to me a self-indulgent piece. "Generous" would be a kinder word—but generous to a fault. There is much sweetness in it—sweetness of timbre, of temper, of harmony—but sweetness *whereof a little more than a little* can be by much too much. Musica Aeterna expected a composition about twenty minutes long; this one lasted ninety-six. (It was given with an intermission.) There is no movement I would not gladly hear again, but the performance of the whole brought surfeit.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

The papers, consisting primarily of letters to Nixon from American and foreign dignitaries, were removed from the correspondence file given to the government and retained for Nixon. Newman said they were worth $250 each.

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Who's this Newman, anyway?

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THE AIR

Snapshots from Operation Attleboro

THERE has been something strange about television news lately, or so I've thought. There's been a kind of quiet about it—almost a silence—although I know that there are plenty of events being reported on, and that this quiet doesn't necessarily imply an absence of significance or noise. Maybe it's that, as one watches the figures on the screen, one knows that *we ourselves* are part of the drama—but how does one know which part? And how is the connection to the drama made? The other night, for instance, I skimmed the channels for the evening's news. Surely this is one of the more pleasurable sensations of modern technological life—to thus sit before a working piece of machinery and summon reports from Olympus about the day's doings. Hello, John Chancellor, Harry Reasoner, Walter Cronkite! What an odd fate has bound us all together: these Newsmen, in their working-reporter clothes, with their sensible faces and steady voices, and we—*the News*—each night heaved up on kitchen beaches across the land, attending vaguely to kids and wives, opening a beer, shoving the bills behind the breadbox, and watching with half an eye for these nightly certifications of our shared existence.

The news that night was, as it often is, fast-paced and various. CBS showed film of a reprisal by Israeli townspeople against a Palestinian attack. ABC reported on an attempt to kidnap the Philippine Ambassador in Washington. CBS said that sugar prices would drop next year. NBC showed scenes of auto workers standing in unemployment lines in Detroit and said that Chrysler was shutting down five of its seven assembly plants. Since President Ford was in Japan that week, all the networks strove to provide scenes and documentation of the Presidential visit. Emperor Hirohito was shown—at a distance—toasting Mr. Ford. Mr. Ford was shown—also at a distance—toasting the Japanese. "President Ford toasted the ties that bind the two countries," said an invisible correspondent. Back in New York, ABC reported that former President Nixon's lawyers had agreed to permit a court-approved physical exam. CBS showed scientists gathering for an ecology conference. From Tokyo, NBC's John Chancellor appeared in closeup, against a tree-lined street, and said, "The historical importance is that the President of the United States was welcomed in the Japanese capital by the head of the Japanese state." NBC showed film of the Israeli reprisal against the Palestinian terrorists: a stark scene of bleeding bodies and contorted, angry faces. CBS reported on a strip-mining bill, and Eric Sevareid talked about the "economic warfare" that now threatened to undermine the world. ABC showed President Ford in Japan, receiving the Order of the Golden Pheasant from a group of Japanese Boy Scouts. And so it went.

What was strange about this news? At any rate, I found it strange—in a way, almost eerie—and this has puzzled me, because I know that the news isn't being handled differently or less competently now. Granted, network news is usually too official and too much concerned with official happenings, but that wasn't what seemed wrong about it. I could say that I had the feeling from watching the news that something had been left out, though that also seems too simple a view to take. Besides, if there were a "thing" that one could leave out of news, what would that "thing" be?

Then, on a certain morning recently, as I walked to work—a cold and gray morning, with damp in the air, and the feeling of concrete beneath one's feet—I was struck by an odd sensation, almost a kind of flashback. I mention the quality of the morning not to be poetic but because it was one of those gray urban moments that invite cheap philosophy and thoughts of mortality. There was also something oddly quiet about the city at the time. I've walked this particular stretch of street many days of my life, but on this morning I found myself suddenly remembering that it was *there*, at such-and-such an intersection, that eight years ago I had watched one of the first anti-war parades of the Vietnam period, and it was *there*, at that Park entrance, that in 1966 I had heard—whom? a man—denounce the war as

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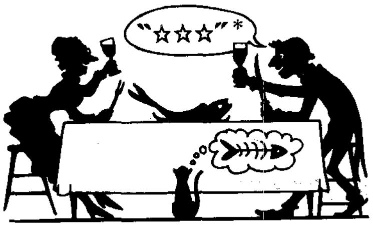

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"murder," until he was driven off by the police. Right where I now stood, in early 1967, I remembered watching one of the pro-war parades march by. There had been an elderly Legionnaire being pushed in a wheelchair, holding up a placard: "It's Your Country! Love It or Leave It!" Two long-hairs—"hippies," they were called then—had tried to distribute anti-war leaflets on the sidewalk and had been rushed and beaten by a number of the marchers. Such a curiously textured, distant time! Often the city had seemed quiet then, too. I remembered an old friend—a kindly, thoughtful man—telling me, one evening in the sixties, "Yes, I feel the war is wasteful. But I'm not *sure*. And we can't just pull out now, can we?" Some years later, I think, he flew to Washington with members of his law firm to protest the bombing of Cambodia.

When I reached my office—on this quiet morning in 1974—I found myself wondering what the television news had really been like in those days, when so much had actually been going on, and when so many people felt so little, or knew so little, or grew apart. It happens that I used to keep notes of certain news programs that I watched. I don't think that I'd ever expected to use the notes again, and I had stuffed them into two old boxes, along with cancelled checks and health-insurance forms. Anyway, here is a rough outline of the CBS Evening News for a random fall day—November 24, 1966:

The lead story that night was about United States maneuvers in the United Nations General Assembly to defeat the proposed admission of Red China. Walter Cronkite had two reports on this subject. President Johnson was home in Texas after an operation, and there was a report on how he was being kept informed of the U.N. situation. Vietnam: Walter Cronkite said that an American patrol had been overrun by Vietcong in the Ia Drang Valley. From Saigon, a correspondent was shown standing in a field of tall grass beside some helicopters, and he reported on the progress of Operation Attleboro, one of the Army's "sweeps" against the Vietcong. "The men of Operation Attleboro are using heavy firepower from artillery and also coördinated air strikes in order to clear out the enemy," said the correspondent. In New York, Walter Cronkite said that a conference of Roman Catholic bishops had approved the war. Jordan was asking the U.N. to condemn Israel. The Haitian govern-

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ment denied an invasion rumor. There was a story from Germany about the neo-Nazi party's success in a recent election. There was a film of Robert Kennedy visiting his brother's grave, and talking with Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. There was a film of Governor Rockefeller and George Romney vacationing together in Puerto Rico. Lester Maddox attacked the A.C.L.U. Vietnam: Morley Safer had a story about soldiers going on leave to Hong Kong. "One assignment no G.I. is ever late for is a trip to Hong Kong for R. and R.," said Morley Safer. Walter Cronkite told of a Bulgarian airliner that had crashed after takeoff, and of a pilots' strike against Qantas Airlines. He said that so far six thousand United States servicemen had been killed in Vietnam. In Mississippi, a man pleaded guilty to the shooting of James Meredith. Vietnam again: a CBS correspondent explained the "complex problems" that the military encountered in getting Thanksgiving turkeys to the troops in the field. Jordan announced a call-up of able-bodied men. . . .

What does one make of such a trip into the past? On one level, it was quite poignant. That fleeting image of Robert Kennedy! Or the almost boyish assurance of the CBS correspondent who reported on Operation Attleboro! Had Robert Kennedy been real? Had Operation Attleboro been real: all those Operations, with the whirring helicopters, and the men fanning out against the buffalo grass; and all those correspondents who had stood in fields or outside canvas tents—a microphone in one hand, a cameraman in front of them—as they composed the American involvement in Southeast Asia into film clips for the evening news? But on another level it was not poignant at all. For although Operation Attleboro had been real, the news about it had not been real. The shipment of Thanksgiving turkeys had been real, but the news about it had not been real. The G.I.s cheerily boarding military-transport planes for a seven-day furlough in Hong Kong had been real, and, as it turned out, Morley Safer's personal disapproval of the war they were being furloughed from had been real. But the story he told had pursued a different logic. The event might have been real, as an event. But the story in the end, on a deep level, hadn't been true.

Certainly there are differences between the way the networks dealt with news then and the way they deal with it today. For one thing, an American

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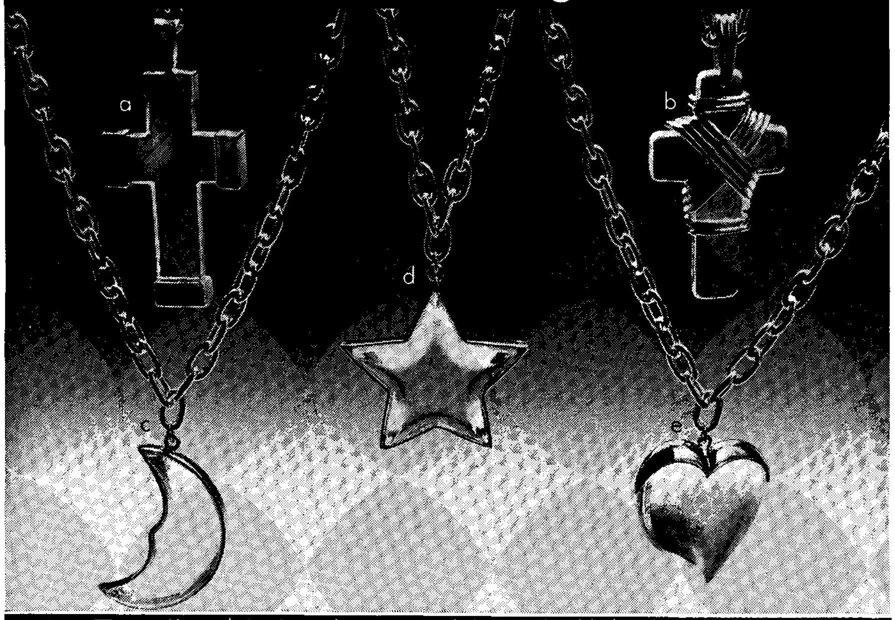

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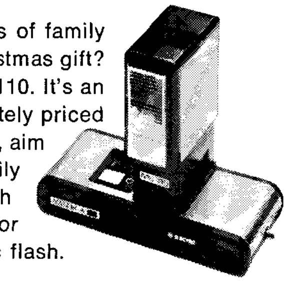

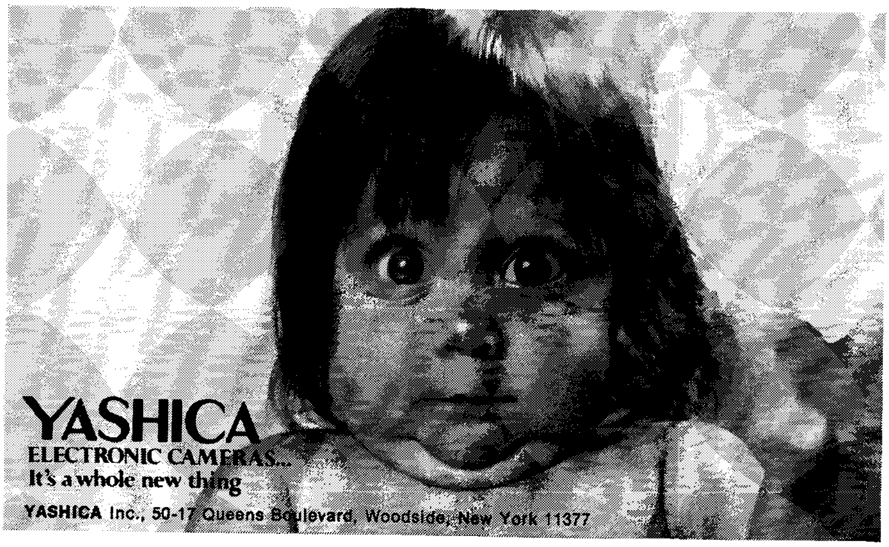

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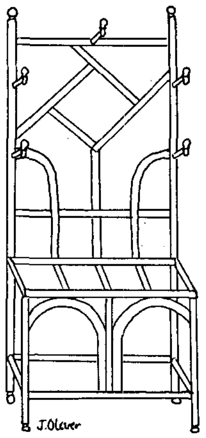
military involvement overseas now wouldn't be likely to elicit benign majority approval from the nation's citizens, or the same kind of assured—and, on the whole, benign—reporting from the nation's television newsmen. For another thing, after Presidents Johnson and Nixon, after Vietnam and Watergate, it has become increasingly acceptable for news organizations to take a skeptical attitude toward official authority. Lately, there seem to be signs of slightly greater sophistication on the big news programs. There's less lofty didacticism on the part of studio newscasters, and more opportunity for reporters in the field to occasionally insert a personal or human note. Sometimes, now, newsmen even ask tough questions. As occurred the other day when ABC's Harry Reasoner, ensnared for fifteen minutes in one of those numbing Ed Murrow-"Person to Person"-type interviews with the high and mighty—in this case, a tour of Camp David with President Gerald Ford—finally sat himself down before the President and said, "I suppose the basic [criticism] is that your Administration so far seems rudderless. . . . Is there something in that?" And "Can you *grow* into this job, sir?" The President answered both queries in a vague and amiable manner, asserting that he was "moving the ship of state right down the middle," and so forth; and perhaps he hadn't quite understood the questions. It was an odd moment, though. For years, journalism critics have censured television reporters for not asking tough questions. Tough questions were supposed to untangle complexity and create truth—and doubtless they can when they are not fired into the bland pudding of a chief of state. At any rate, here were tough questions—being swallowed up by pudding. But could one have imagined a network newsman even *asking* such questions of a high official back in 1966? *General Westmoreland, there have been criticisms that your military campaign is rudderless. What do you say to that, sir?*



It's tricky, obviously, to draw too strict a sense of déjà vu from a comparison of the evening news this fall with that of eight years ago. Too many things everywhere have changed. We are no longer concerned with trying to keep Red China out of the United Nations, or with President Johnson's operation, or with Lester Maddox, or even with Vietnam—although we have nearly as great a "presence" there now as we had in 1966. Instead, we are faced with enormous dislocations in our working population, with starvation across the world, with a collapse of governments and international markets, with a failure of social structures—and with grave threats of war. Our position, and the position of many Western nations, has apparently changed significantly, and for the worse. The best reports indicate that we are in a time of crisis.

But some things haven't changed very much. Television, for example. Neither the structure of television news nor its basic approach nor the note struck by it seems to have altered appreciably in the past decade. There have been surface changes in procedure. News is now more popular, and efforts are made to present it more attractively and personably. Camera and transmission techniques have been improved. But the system remains the same, and this should concern us, because, by and large, the collection, the selection, and the *form* of the news beamed by American television to the American public are essentially similar to what they were in 1966. By that I mean that the same system of communications which gave this country its sense of itself, and of the war, during the Vietnam period gives us our sense of ourselves, and of our difficult situation, today. By that I mean that the tendency of network news to fragment and trivialize events and flux (which it calls "news") has become virtually automatic. Suppose one asked, *What is the important story of the time?* Is it a military engagement in Southeast Asia? Is it a precarious conflict of interest in the Middle East? Is it the deep dissociations and inequities forced on a nation during even a partial economic collapse? Suppose one then asked, Now, if *you* had such a story to tell, and thought it *important*, would you contrive to tell it only in bits and pieces—say, an item before dinner, and then some further observations between dessert and coffee, and perhaps a "windup statement" before putting the cat out for *the night?*

It seems to me that the crucial failure of television news during the Vietnam period was not its early bias toward the government (which was somewhat understandable, given the

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conventions of the time) but that it abused its own powers. Pierre Mendès France once observed, "To govern is to *choose*." One could add that to inform, to communicate, to give the news is to choose. As a device, television can communicate virtually anything. It can reveal people—which is why so many politicians have tried to control it. It can reveal processes, even the most intrinsically boring of processes, and make them clear, unfold their coherence: senators reading from testimony in a committee hearing room; men waiting for hours on an aircraft-carrier deck for a parachute to appear in the sky. Admittedly, there has to be a willingness on the part of the public to watch the people or to observe the processes, but—what is surely just as important in this other-directed era of "priorities" and image—there has to be a willingness on the part of the communicator to communicate *this* particular story, to put his bets on *this* particular event. To choose to make *this* process clear. I remember, in the fall of 1967, talking with a network-news executive who was about to leave for a quick trip to Saigon. "It's the most important event of my generation," he proclaimed, "and I have to see it." In fact, we both expected the war to be over by that winter. "Why don't you run more about it on the news?" I asked. He looked at me. "The public wouldn't stand for it," he said. He was right, of course, in that the public wasn't keen on watching an endless unfurling of one-minute film reports on Operation Attleboro, or of officious interviews with General Westmoreland, or of scenes of ghostly, distant combat in unexplained jungles. But the public was never given anything else about the war to watch, or any other way to watch it. When a few "news specials" were made about the war, they were made from the same semi-official, disconnected point of view, and they were usually aired late in the evening—past "prime time." For most of the time on television, the Vietnam war was rarely *prime*. It was chopped up for us. *Fragmented*. Sensible men with steady voices doled it out to us in bits and pieces. And for nearly ten years the American nation was adrift, tangled in this seemingly remote and deadly matter, and also detached from it, and not so much misinformed by television reporting (although there was that, too) as indulged in its own distractedness by television-news leadership.

And so this fall, as I said, it seems strange to be *again* in a hard time—a hard, quiet time—and watching the

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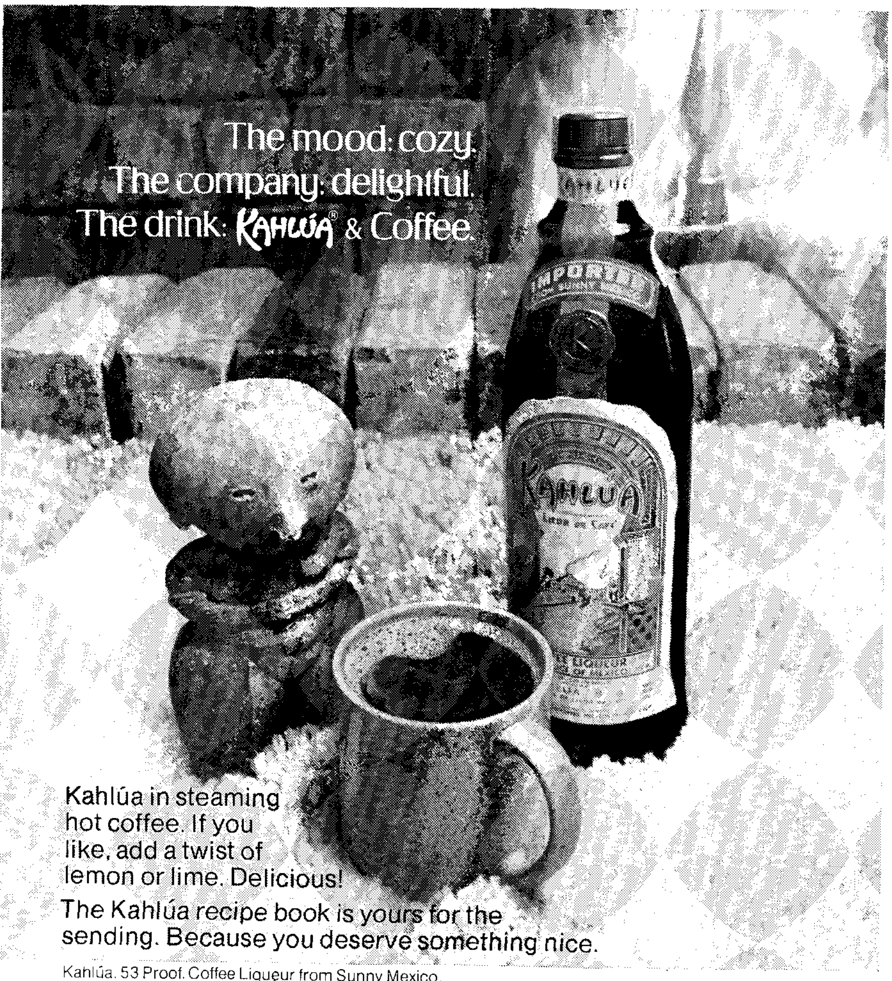

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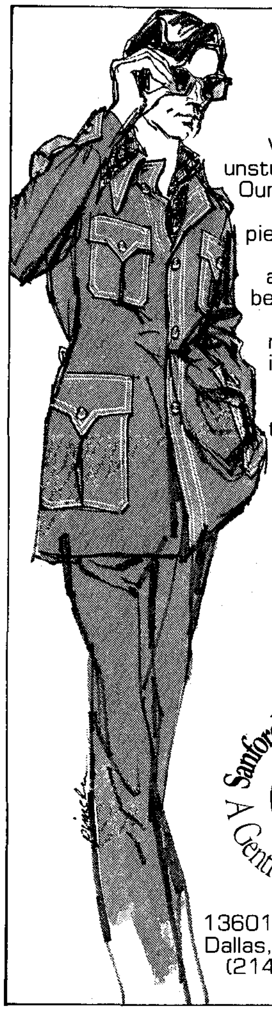

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news. In its measured, far-off delivery, the news speaks about "layoffs at Chrysler." About "work forces." Percentages. Was it five plants shut down, or seven? Were they Palestinians screaming in the courtyard in Beit Shean, or Israelis? Which man held up the knife? Who made the speech? The Philippine Ambassador is kidnapped. The Philippine Ambassador is safe. Here's some weather. A new strip-mining bill. Here's President Ford. Isn't that the Japanese Imperial Palace off there in the blur? "The Imperial Palace sits within a kind of two-hundred-and-forty-acre estate," John Chancellor says. I bet John Chancellor must feel pretty tired, chatting up the Imperial Palace in distant, war-torn Tokyo. No, Beit Shean, in Israel, is war-torn. Tokyo is fine, except that its economy (according to the *Times*) is close to collapse and the government is expected to fall. President Ford is fine, too. John Chancellor is fine. We have a few problems, of course, but everything is fine here, too. Good night from Saigon. Good night from Tokyo, New York, and London. Good night from Vladivostok, Beit Shean, the Houston Astrodome, and Chrysler. Good night, good night. Later, we'll find out how it really was.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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New Rochelle harbor, Twelfth Night, dusk, water skis, blue whale, regrettable, Geoffrey Murk, Pelham, phone out of order.

•

Missouri Beef Packers Inc. and Kansas Beef Industries Inc. said their stockholders approved a previously announced plan to merge the two companies effective next Tuesday. . . . The companies said they plan to list shares of the new corporation, to be called Mbpxl Corp., on the New York Stock Exchange.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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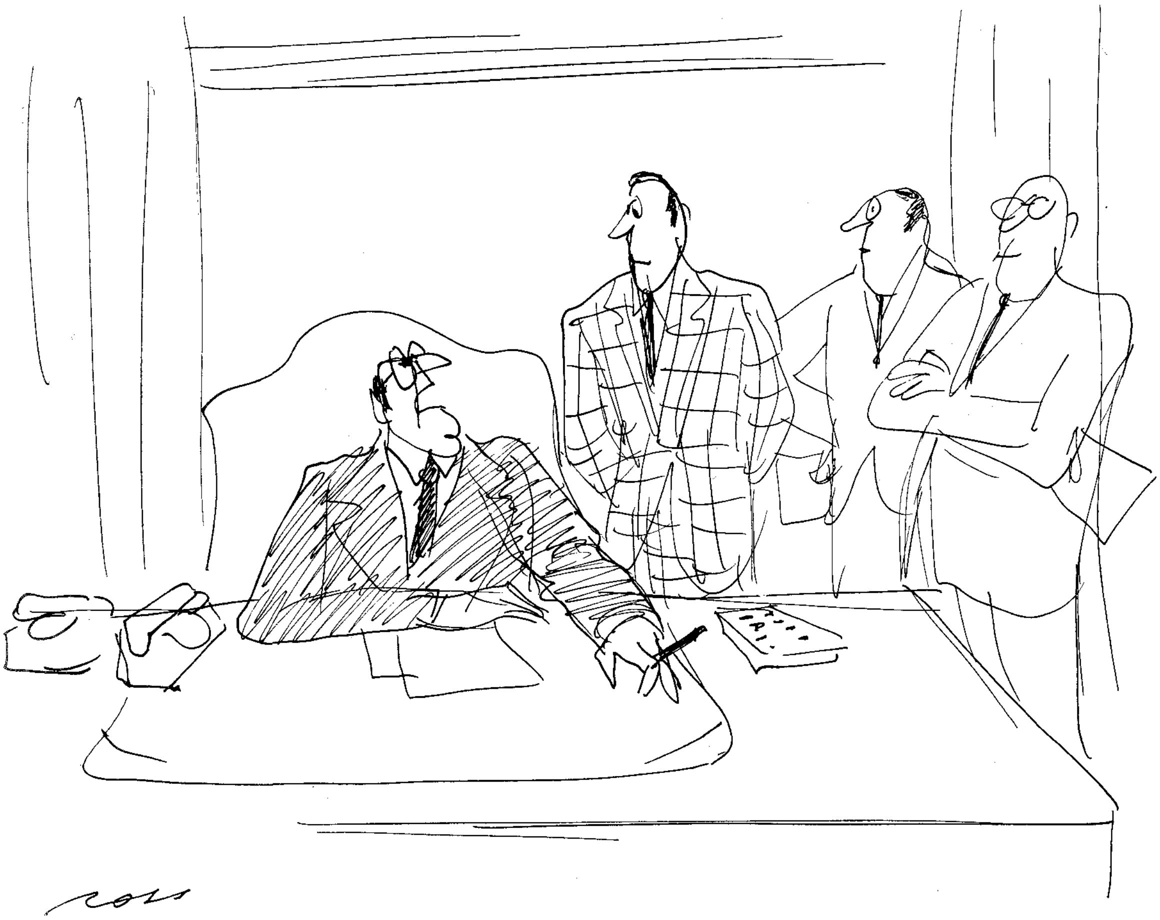
THE eagerness of the audience before the start of "Murder on the Orient Express" suggests that people are hungry for this sort of entertainment and so may take the picture to be what they want it to be. That is, a high-style, slightly camp version of an old-fashioned detective mystery. Nostalgia for old movies is beginning to be used as an element in new ones. With Ingrid Bergman, Lauren Bacall, and Wendy Hiller on hand, along with such comparative newcomers as Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Jacqueline Bisset, and with the men's roles taken by Albert Finney, Sean Connery, John Gielgud, Richard Widmark, Tony Perkins, Michael York, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Martin Balsam, George Coulouris, Colin Blakely, and Denis Quilley, the cast has the allure of "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight," and then some. The atmosphere is gallant and affectionate; the stars aren't asked to play seedy, routine roles. They're unmistakably stars here, and they're allowed to take over and strut. The great ladies of stage and screen gathered together are, perhaps not incidentally, a towering collection. There cannot have been so many tall women stars in one movie ever before; ranging from five feet seven to six feet, and outfitted in plush, costumy versions of thirties swank, they're like a parade of Billy Rose's giant showgirls turned into *grandes dames*. The men don't seem quite so *grand;* most of the male roles don't allow for peacocking. The picture, directed by Sidney Lumet from Paul Dehn's adaptation of an Agatha Christie antiquity—one of her Hercule Poirot series—is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good.

A percussively edited pre-title montage by that wizard of film shorthand Richard Williams covers the crime—a 1930 child-kidnapping on Long Island, much like that of the Lindbergh baby—that is the background for the murder to come, and then the movie (which never lives up to the passionate excitement of the prelude) opens in Istanbul, in 1935, with the arrival of the star-passengers, who board the luxury train. The film proper, shot by Geoffrey Unsworth, of "Cabaret," reaches its visual peak in the railway station: that majestic, steaming train is so wistfully photogenic, and sighs of yearning and gluttony may be heard in the theatre as champagne and oysters, fresh fruits and vegetables are hauled aboard. The picture promises to be a sumptuous spread, and so it is, but not as tasty as one had hoped. Unlike many highly advertised, all-star-cast movies of the past, this one doesn't have the famous people turning up in relays; they're all in the same railway carriage, interacting. Yet the sparks never fly. In the Poirot series, Agatha Christie didn't write characters; that doesn't much matter here, because the passengers are involved in impostures, which give the stars a chance to play some acting games. However, in this unusually static novel she also didn't provide for action, and that's a dampener.

"Murder on the Orient Express" isn't a jazzy film thriller, like Costa-Gavras's "The Sleeping Car Murder." In "Orient Express," a murder is committed at night in the compartment next to that of master detective Hercule Poirot (Albert Finney), and Agatha Christie's plot unravels in his interrogation of the passengers. In the Costa-Gavras film, the hunt for the killer had electricity: it wasn't just a search for the motive but a race to stop the assassin from killing others. In the Agatha Christie plot, there's no suggestion that anyone else is in danger, and after the murder has taken place the rest is deduction. The mystery was planned to be read: the clues by which Poirot trips up the guilty are mostly verbal, and there's nothing much Lumet or Dehn can do to dramatize his erudite fatuity. But perhaps they could have simulated a sense of action if the train had only kept going. When the train stops—it's snowbound throughout Poirot's investigation—the movie loses its impetus, and although the dining accommodations, the compartment furnishings, and the Art Deco woodwork that Tony Walton has designed may make many in the audience ache for splen-



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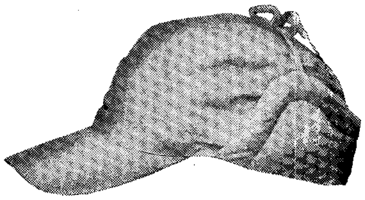

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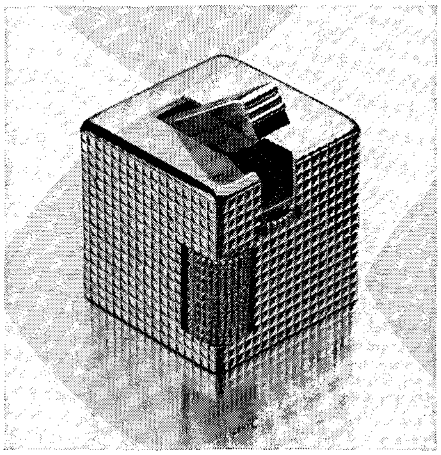

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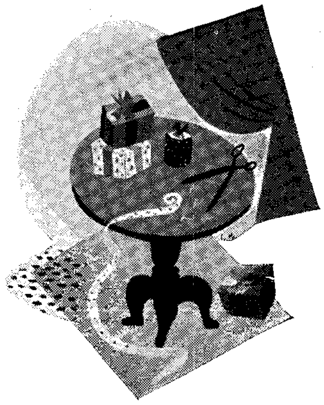
dors they can never know, still we're confined in a stalled train. It's all very handsome, but we're there a long time.

The film isn't directed for suspense (and there isn't any); you don't particularly care who committed the murder. "Orient Express" is strictly an actors' showcase, and some of the performers have such assured technique that you begin to grin each time you see them. Vanessa Redgrave plays a sunny, footloose charmer; it's a dashing, tickled-pink performance, all too brief. The other standouts are Rachel Roberts, witty as a tight-faced Fräulein with a dippy lewd gleam, and Ingrid Bergman, who, unexpectedly, makes one giggle at her portrait of a conscientious, goody-goody missionary. She looks pleased with herself, too, which adds to the amusement; she probably enjoyed the chance to parody her role in "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." Gielgud is so polished he shines, but I wish Wendy Hiller weren't buried in old-lady makeup—she's not someone to be hidden. There are only a few obtrusively disappointing performances: Lauren Bacall seems out of her league (when she's acting tiresome, she is tiresome), and Tony Perkins has more tics and neurasthenic smiles than his role (too feyly inbred to start with) can sustain. An editor could cure most of what's wrong with him; one of the side effects of Lumet's generosity toward actors is that he lets their performances run on destructively. The central player, Finney, appears to have decided to be literally faithful to Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot. His bogus manner reeks of broad impersonation, and he's as unbearably adorable as Poirot is in the novels. At the start, Finney's makeup, and his emphatic (presumably Belgian) accent are off-putting, though he gets quite funny later on (especially in his interrogation of Bergman) and wins the audience over. The film ambles when it should prance, and a key sequence—the events during the night of the murder as Poirot experiences them—is mussy. The picture as a whole lacks that zest for style which one glimpses in some of the performances; the climax—a flashback to the murder itself—has no acting tone, and it's so dishevelled it looks like the stateroom sequence in "A Night at the Opera." Still, no idols are smashed, and there's a lovely farewell scene in which the stars, drinking a toast, seem to be taking their bows.



THE theories of R. D. Laing, the poet of schizophrenic despair, have such theatrical flash that they must have hit John Cassavetes smack in the eye. His new film, "A Woman Under the Influence," is the work of a disciple: it's a didactic illustration of Laing's vision of insanity, with Gena Rowlands as Mabel Longhetti, the scapegoat of a repressive society that defines itself as normal. The core of the film is a romanticized conception of insanity, allied with the ancient sentimental mythology of madness centering on the holy fool and with the mythology about why Christ was crucified. The picture is based on the idea that the crazy person is endowed with a clarity of vision that the warped society can't tolerate, and so is persecuted. Laing's approach is a natural for movies at this time, since the view that society is insane has so much to recommend it that people may easily fall for the neat reversal that those whom this society judges insane are the truly sane. Possibly it can be a healing step for some people to let themselves go, but Laing—in some ways a super-smooth snake-oil salesman—toys with the rakish notion that going crazy is a sign of health.

Laing has given modern weight to a persistent, emotionally appealing myth, and his books, such as the campus favorite "The Politics of Experience," tell counterculture readers what they are already disposed to believe. For those who feel blocked or ineffectual, the view that the good are the victims of the family and of society's other authoritarian structures can be wonderfully satisfying. It's the furthest extension of the line taken by William Inge and Elia Kazan in the 1961 "Splendor in the Grass." In that simplistic Freudian film, the adults, who had lost the ability to love, frustrated their children; the adolescents (Warren Beatty and Natalie Wood) weren't allowed to consummate their passion, and as a result she lost him and went crazy. By the end of the sixties, the division of the world into bullies and victims had become an article of faith for much of the counterculture, with its emblematic figure James Dean, the misunderstood kid.

Whether or not Laing is right in

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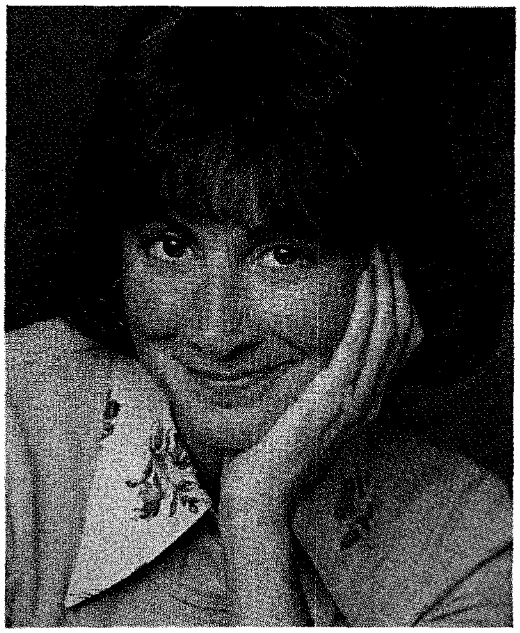

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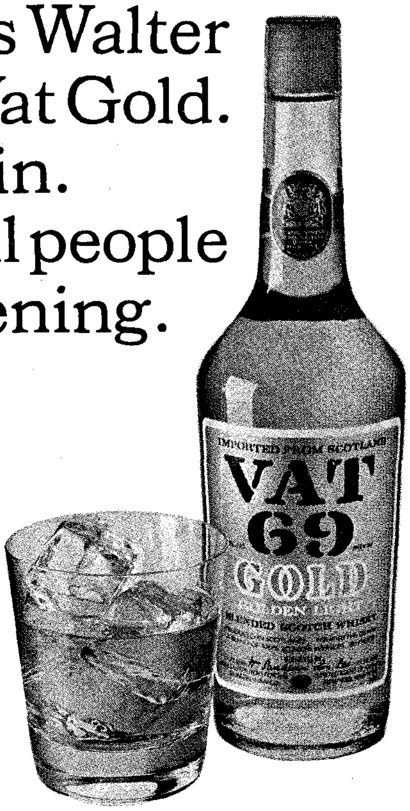

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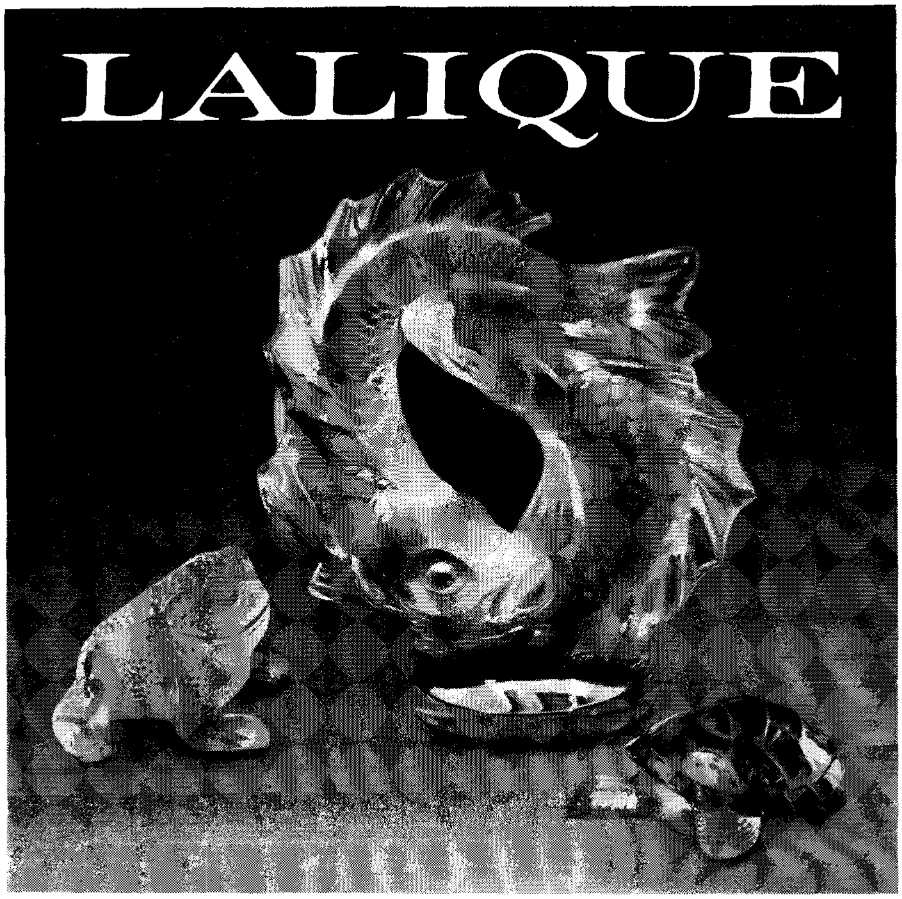
seeing the irrational pressures of family and society as the cause of schizophrenia, his poetic myth that the mad are the pure ones—the ones with true vision—is a piece of seductive nonsense. It's this nonsense that has made Laing a messiah to the drug culture; some acolytes have felt they had to take acid to go fearlessly mad and be worthy of him. In "A Woman Under the Influence" the schizophrenic heroine is the misunderstood kid as the ultimate Friendless One. Mabel Longhetti is basically spontaneous and joyful, but only children respond to her on her own terms. Every impulse she has is denied, and she's stampeded into madness by her violently irascible husband, Nick (Peter Falk). Mabel is as helplessly wronged as a battered baby. This frantic, wilted heroine is a Los Angeles housewife and the mother of three; a big, beautiful blonde in bright, short chemises, she darts about like an anxious speed freak, her manic gestures dissociated and jerky, her face changing rapidly from foolish smiles to uncontrollable punch-drunk agonies. After her husband and his harpy mother (Katherine Cassavetes) have had her locked away for six months of shock therapy, Mabel returns, chastened, a fearful, hurt-animal look on her face, and, in case we missed the point of the process by which society drove her mad, Cassavetes now provides a quick recapitulation by having the key people in her life gather to welcome her home, prepared to do her in all over again.

It's never suggested that there's something wrong with Mabel for not getting herself together. Others reduce her to pulp; she's not a participant in her own destruction. The romantic view of insanity is a perfect subject for Cassavetes to muck around with. Yet even in this season when victimization is the hottest thing in the movie market this scapegoat heroine doesn't do a damn thing for him. He's always on the verge of hitting the big time, but his writing and directing are gruelling, and he swathes his popular ideas in so many wet blankets that he is taken seriously—and flops. In "Faces" and "Husbands" Cassavetes might almost have been working his way up to Laing; his people were already desolate, hanging on to marriages that made no sense to them because nothing else did, either. And his last film, "Minnie and Moskowitz," a screwball comedy about maimed lovers—a loudmouth parking-lot attendant (Seymour Cassel), irrepressibly life-loving, and a bruised, beautiful woman (Gena



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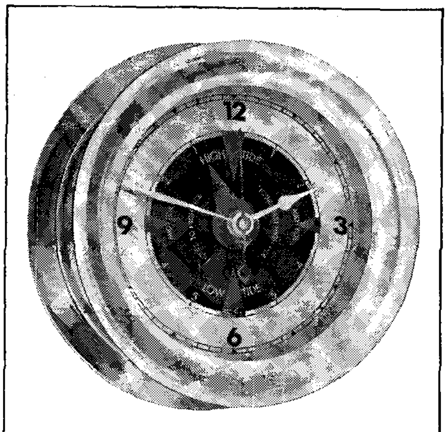
Rowlands)—could almost have been a garbled sketch for "A Woman Under the Influence."

Mabel, however, is more (and less) than a character, since she's a totally sympathetic character: she's a symbolic victim, and a marriage victim especially. Cassavetes has hooked Laing on to his own specialty—the miseries of sexual union. The Laingian schizophrenic scapegoat is, typically, one who suffers the irrationality of the mother and father, and this was the pattern in the English film "Family Life"—called "Wednesday's Child" here—which was directed by Kenneth Loach from a screenplay by David Mercer. Its heroine is a passive, weak-willed young girl who can't defend herself against her inhibited, respectability-centered parents and becomes schizophrenic. Sent to a hospital, she is at first treated in a relaxed, informal experimental ward run by a Laingian, and it appears that she needs to learn to stand up to her family—a wondrously simple cure for schizophrenia. But the Laingian is dismissed, and she is given shock treatment and is left, at the end, a vegetable. The Loach film was a far more obvious case of special pleading for Laing than "A Woman Under the Influence" is, but it was also simpler and made better sense. In the Cassavetes film, the husband, Nick, seems to be taking a bum rap, since it's hard to believe that Mabel would be so easy to cut down if she weren't already shattered. (A child can be without recourse, but a wife?) Both pictures suffer from a single-level, one-sided approach: the authoritarians who do the damage are despicable, comic-strip conformists; the good people are liberal, open, natural. It's generation-gap psychology.

Like all Cassavetes' films, "A Woman Under the Influence" is a tribute to the depth of feelings that people can't express. As a filmmaker, he himself has a muffled quality: his scenes are often unshaped and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. This time, he abandons his handsome, grainy simulated-*cinéma-vérité* style. The shots are planned to make visual points that bear out the thesis (though there are also arbitrary, ornamental angles, and vistas that make a workingman's cramped house big as a palace). But once again he has made a murky, rag-mop movie. Actually, he doesn't know how to dramatize, and one can try to make a virtue of this for only so long. When the actors in his films strike off each other, there are tentative, flickering moods that one doesn't get in oth-



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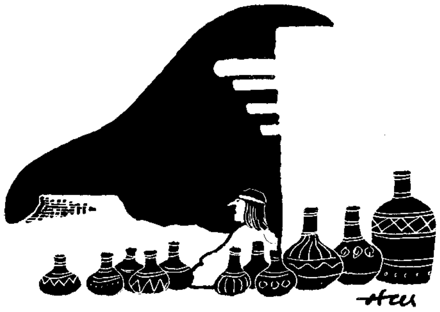
er kinds of movies, but these godsends are widely spaced, and it's a desert in between. He still prolongs shots to the point of embarrassment (and beyond). He does it deliberately, all right, but to what purpose? Acute discomfort sets in, and though some in the audience will once again accept what is going on as raw, anguishing truth, most people will—rightly, I think—take their embarrassment as evidence of Cassavetes' self-righteous ineptitude.

His special talent—it links his work to Pinter's—is for showing intense suffering from nameless causes; Cassavetes and Pinter both give us an actor's view of human misery. It comes out as metaphysical realism: we see the tensions and the power plays but never know the why of anything. Laing provides Cassavetes with an answer. However, his taking over Laing's views has cost him something: he didn't have comic-strip villains—or villains at all—before he swallowed Laing. In his earlier films, he commiserated with those who couldn't make contact except by brutalizing each other. Their drunken hostilities and blighted, repetitious conversations weren't held against them; their insensitivities were proof of the emptiness they felt. He used to love violent characters and outbursts of rage. Now the actors, no longer given their heads, are merely figures in a diagram. When Nick yells, the picture's only concern is the effect on Mabel. Cassavetes has gone so far over to the most literal-minded Laing position that the society he shows us is implausible—a society of boorish people with such limited awareness that they're barely human. Since they are principally blue-collar workers, it looks as if he thought that hardhats were retarded.

Mabel Longhetti is bombed out because she has always wanted to please everyone, so she can be considered one more victim-heroine for "women's liberation"—but only by women's liberationists who are willing to accept textbook spinoffs as art. The Junoesque Gena Rowlands (Mrs. Cassavetes) is a prodigious actress, and she never lets go of the character. Now,



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at an indeterminate age when her beauty has deepened beyond ingénue roles, Rowlands can look old or young, and shades of expression transform Mabel Longhetti from a radiantly flirtatious beauty into a sad, sagging neighborhood drunk. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution. Mabel fragments before our eyes: a three-ring circus might be taking place in her face. Rowlands' performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Conceivably, she's a great actress, but nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. It's the most transient big performance I've ever seen.

Mabel tries to slash her wrist, and Nick puts a Band-Aid on the cut: the idiot symbolism may make you want to hoot, but this two-hour-and-thirty-five-minute film leaves you too groggy to do more than moan. Details that are meant to establish the pathological nature of the people around Mabel, and so show her isolation, become instead limp, false moments. We often can't tell whether the characters are meant to be unconscious of what they're doing or whether it's Cassavetes who's unconscious. Mabel's children keep murmuring that they love her, and there are no clues to how to decipher this refrain. Are the children coddling her—reversing roles and treating her like a child in need of reassurance? Or are they meant to be as unashamedly loving as she is? And what are we to make of Nick the pulper's constant assertions of love? The movie is entirely tendentious; it's all planned, yet it isn't thought out. I get the sense that Cassavetes has incorporated Laing, undigested, into his own morose view of the human condition, and that he somehow thinks that Nick and Mabel really love each other and that "A Woman Under the Influence" is a tragic love story. —PAULINE KAEL

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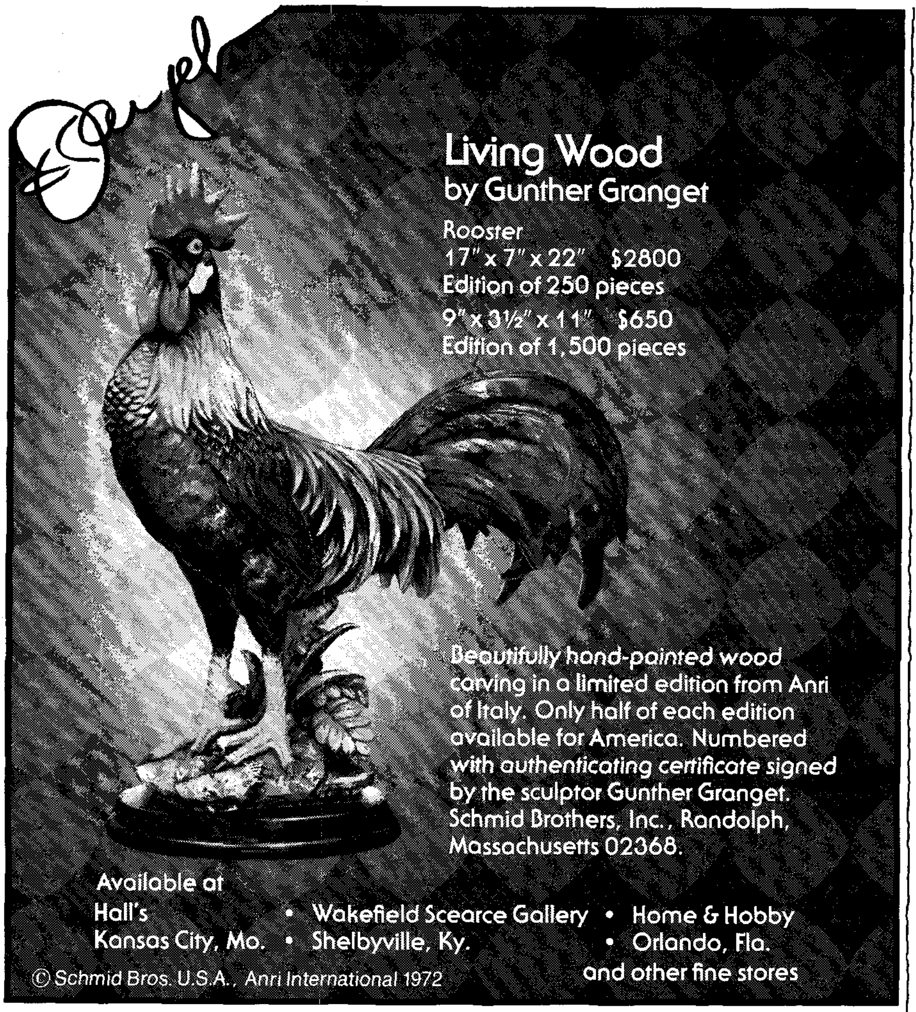
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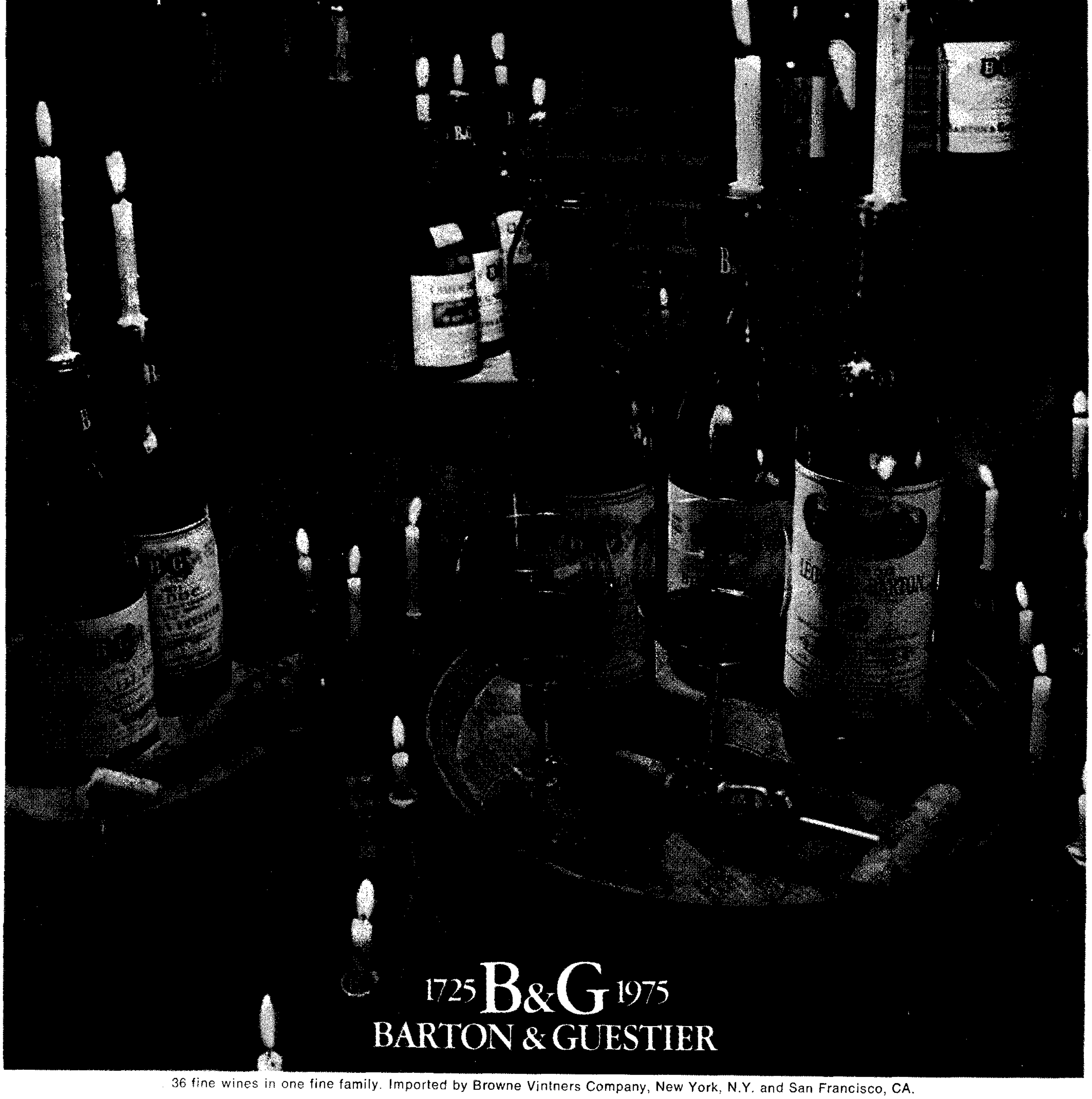

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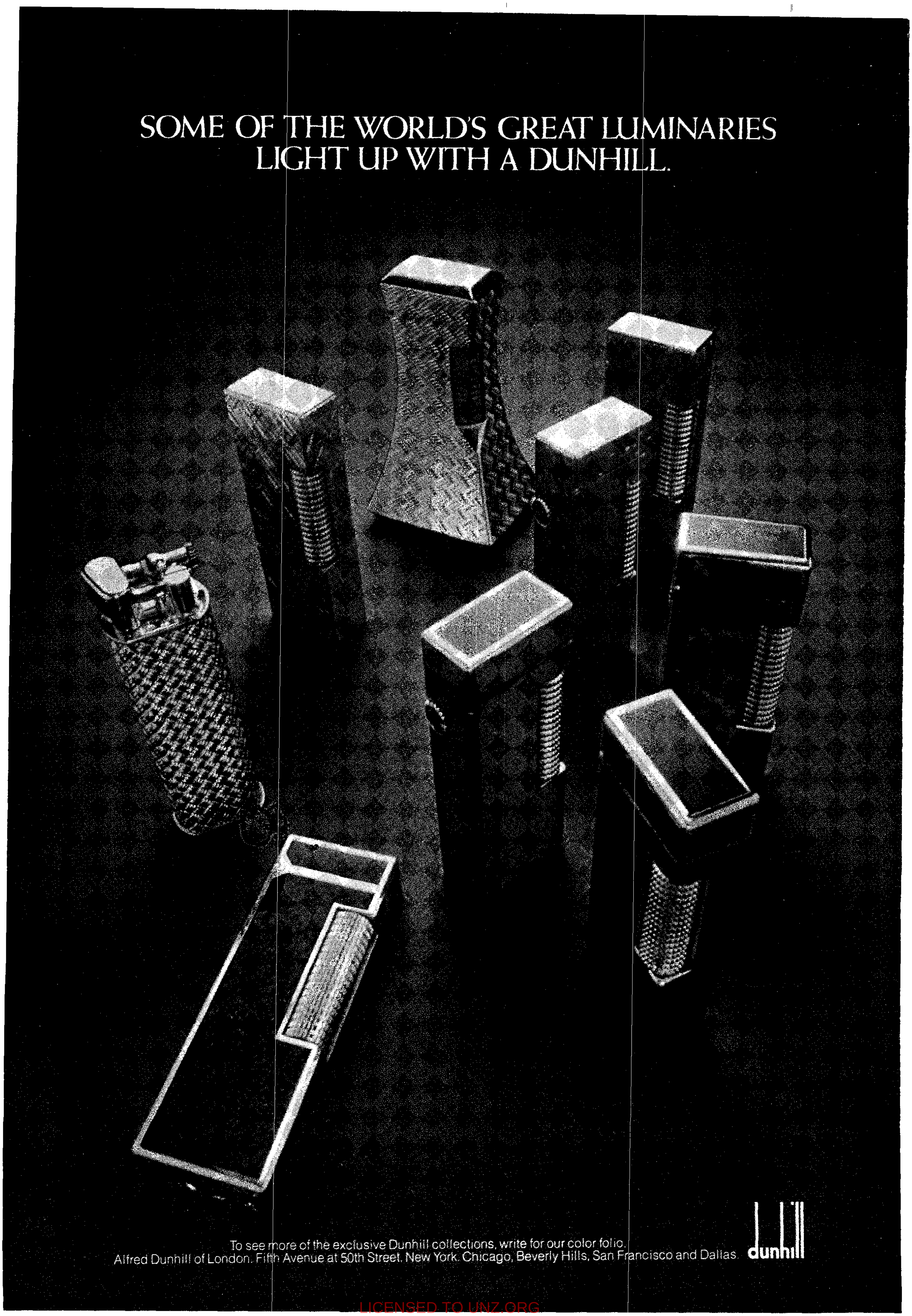

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DANCING

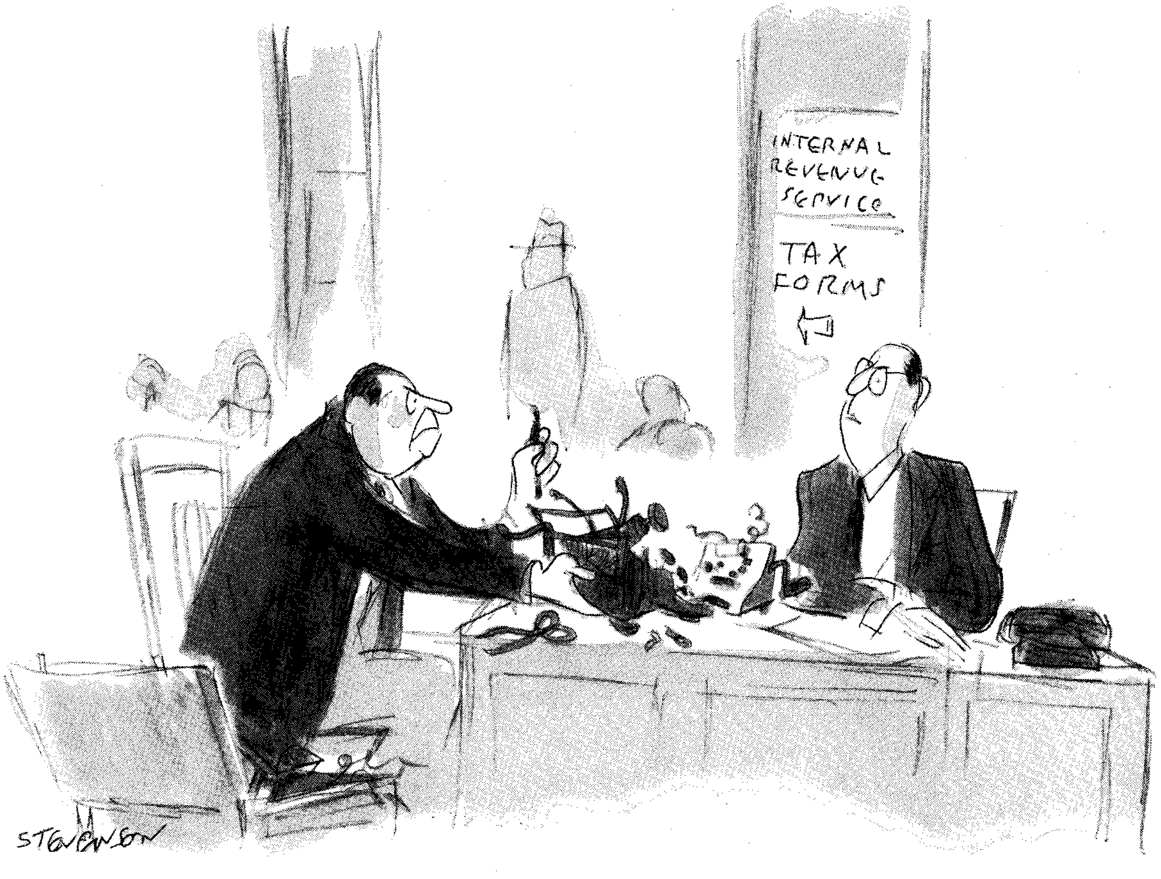
Wrapped in an Enigma

ON a desperate night in Stockholm, one can throw oneself into a canal or go to the Royal Swedish Ballet. It's not a bad company, but it's so eccentric and at the same time so styleless that one plunge and you're whirled away in a vortex of unreason. I speak, of course, as a foreigner. Living with the company for a year, I could possibly penetrate some of its idiosyncrasies, but after seeing two of its three programs at the City Center I could barely walk a straight line home.

As classical dancers the Swedes are mediocre whizzes—not middlingly competent in all things but great at one end of the scale and terrible at the other. Some were not as great or as terrible at the same ends of the scale as others, but in general the technique seemed insecure in the whole middle register, where most companies are so solid. Backs were weak, knees unstretched; wrists and hands were excitable. Beats were fine, jumps good; turns were poor, partnering was very poor. The Swedes appear to have learned dancing from the extremities in toward the center rather than the other way around. Common sense tells me this can't be true, but it's the impression I have of them in performance all the same. In performing, they found all kinds of odd things to stress or to leave out. They are turned out, but they don't always use their turnout. A few steps are sketched in; then the next few, not necessarily bigger or more important, will be done full force. The current flickers on and off all night long. What the dancers expressed instead of a style was a habit of selection. I could make no sense of the habit, it was so unpatterned, but each Swede as he or she danced seemed perfectly relaxed, beyond strain even at high speeds, and this made them look attractive, at times winningly attractive. Surprisingly, there were no actors among them, and the ballets, most of which were drawn from the international repertory, contained no revelations. One of the home products was a bundle of excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty," with a corps de ballet in spinach-green cobwebs and Phyllis Diller hair. If the Swedes ever became reasonable, they'd probably be very good dancers. At the moment, the best dancer they have is Walter Bourke, who happens to be an Australian.

THE New York City Ballet's new "Coppélia" has been enhanced by two additions to the choreography. One is a first-act solo for Franz, set to music from "La Source," in which Helgi Tomasson hurtles about the stage in a moment of callous exuberance following Swanilda's exit in tears. Her dismay at not finding the rattle in the ear of wheat that tells her Franz's love is true is lost on Franz, but the audience expected that. It doesn't expect her to return, all emotion spent backstage, and top Franz's solo with an even more sensationally joyous one of her own. Last summer, when the production was first staged, at Saratoga, without Franz's solo, I thought Swanilda's abrupt change of mood unprepared for; I still think it is, but the insertion of the dance for Franz distracts me from the thought. To the extent that the dances distract one from the story, which is one of the strongest ever written for a ballet, the piece falls short of what it might be, but it is still better than the Ballet Theatre version, in which the story distracts one from the dances. The other new passage is a coda for the Franz-Swanilda pas de deux in Act III for which Balanchine has borrowed music from the last act of "Sylvia"—music he once used for a memorable Tallchief-Eglevsky pas de deux and to which he has now composed entirely new choreography. Where, when the orchestra crashes into the soaring melody, there used to be soaring lifts, there is now Patricia McBride in a series of huge, slow double pirouettes in attitude front swinging to attitude back—a magnificent demonstration of Swanilda's sovereign power.

Other developments in the production are less happy. It's a shock to discover that what I took for underfulfilled intentions in the design of Act III are really the whole conception. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's backdrop—a vast, empty plain burning with sunset colors—is no better than an undressed cyclorama would be, and the addition



"By and large, Mr. Barrington, the government is willing to take a citizen's word on depreciation of office supplies."

of some garish new costumes turns the modest and friendly village pageant that Balanchine has devised into a carnival of bad taste. The gold tunics for the two dozen children who dance in this act have been replaced by stiff pink ballerina-doll tutus. The tunics had no particular tenderness to them, but they did have the kind of accidental innocence that hard functional uniforms often have in real life, and the children, who appear in the ballet as official marshals for the pageant, looked charming in them. In the same stream of "real-life" fantasy, Ter-Arutunian first clothed the principal soloists of the divertissement (Merrill Ashley, Christine Redpath, and Susan Hendl) in "nice" knee-length pastel dresses, identical in design, that suggested three prom queens or local debs. The only questionable effect of these costumes was their resemblance to party dresses of the nineteen-twenties, but instead of retaining the lightness and sociability of their mood, Ter-Arutunian—or more likely Balanchine—threw out the whole idea. The girls in their gaudy and graceless new costumes and the children in their scandalously cute pink outfits seem to be taking part in an anonymous ballet happening in a nowhere world. The first set of costumes had asked questions: Where are we? What are we doing? The second set gives the wrong answers—wrong not only for this ballet but for any ballet. The heavy skirts of the soloists conceal their movements—movements that in Ashley's case are electrifying. (She alights from a jump in plié and on point, poses, and darts away.) The choreography for Hendl's quieter solo gives her a new suppleness and graciousness—much the best role she has ever had, but I don't expect anyone to see this now. Redpath is a beauty who can't compete as a dancer with her colleagues, so the ballet's makers give her a bare midriff, hardly a spiritual conception for Prayer. Misadventures of this sort take their toll of the divertissement as a whole. Discord and War used to look like the only really outlandish fancy-dress number; now everything up to that point is heated to the same level and does its deadly little job of regularizing the variable temperature and flow of the dances.

It's been vilely said that Balanchine has a cynic's enjoyment of cheap decoration and that he really cares for nothing but choreography, but in fact the cheap decoration blankets the choreography, and the audience can't catch on to some of his finest conceits. As an example of the fragility of Bal-

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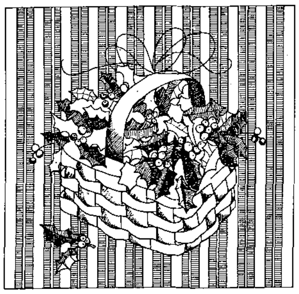

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anchine's "pastoral" poetry in "Coppélia," take the hobbled fifth-position jumps in the Jesterettes number that echo the equine references in Ashley's bolts toward and away from the earth. These are evocations we should at least be allowed to see as clearly as we saw them last summer at Saratoga (where programs of ballet used to be preceded by trained Lipizzaner horses performing on the lawn). It might have been imagined at that time that Ter-Arutunian would fill in his blank backcloth with a suggestion of wheat-bearing fields instead of the mindless Cinerama sunset he has given us, and it might have been hoped that he'd resist all further tendencies to artificiality and cuteness. Ter-Arutunian is almost as much his own enemy as Balanchine is. For the children's polonaise that now opens the second act of "Harlequinade" he has designed some lovely variations on his own commedia-dell'arte costumes. But the Day-Glo costumes for the revellers Balanchine has insisted on adding to this ballet scarcely seem to come from the same hand. The State Theatre must do strange things to people. Perhaps, from time to time, Balanchine likes to think of the place as the family entertainment center of New York. In his lavish, family-style ballets, such as "The Nutcracker" and "Harlequinade" and "Coppélia," he certainly seems to be jollying up the general audience, saying to it, in effect, "See, it's like Radio City, only better." But his own taste in design is exactly like Radio City's, and in some matters it's worse. The uncomfortable dim lighting of "Coppélia" and "Harlequinade" would never be permitted at a commercial palace. And when we need a few fireworks, as in the Discord and War sequence, the lighting board at the State Theatre is strangely inactive.

It's customary in Balanchine ballets to be torn one way by the choreography and another by the décor and costumes and lighting, and it's also customary to suffer this rupturing in silence rather than utter feckless complaints. The one man who should care most about such things—Balanchine himself—not only doesn't care but collaborates in the mangling of his work. What he gives us with one hand in "Coppélia" Act III—a beautifully proportioned suite of allegorical dances that belong to the mythical provincial world of "Coppélia"—he takes away, indirectly, with every new stroke of Ter-Arutunian's brush. Why this is so is one of the great conundrums of our theatrical life. —ARLENE CROCE

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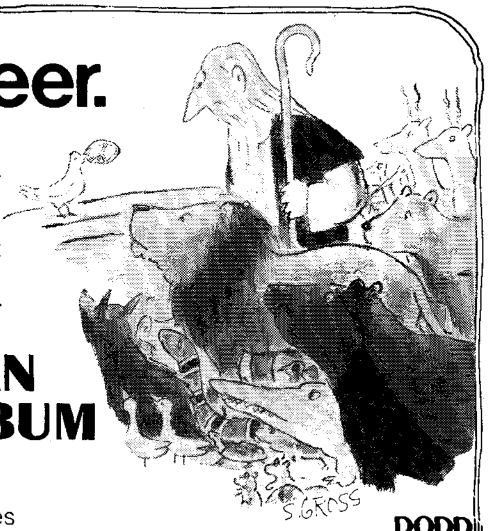

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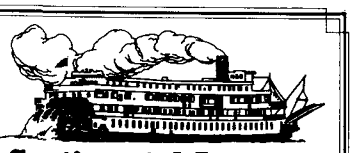

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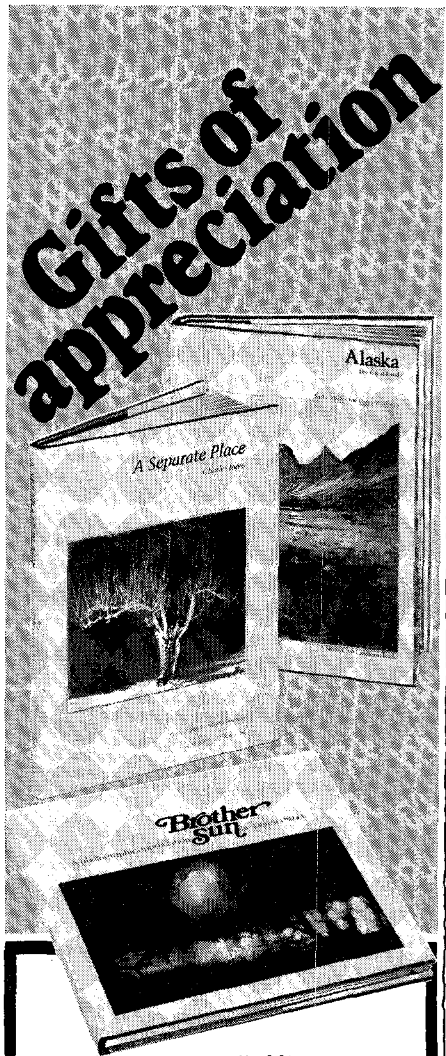

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THE RACE TRACK

An Old Record Falls

FOR some time now, the horses of Sigmund Sommer have been winding up top of the list on the New York tracks, and they are doing it again. Still, it was hardly expected that one of them, Free Hand, would bring off a 25–1 chance in the Queens County Handicap on Thanksgiving Day. It was a race and a finish that left the crowd of 24,000 breathless, for Free Hand won by a head from Arbees Boy, who took the place spot by a nose from Group Plan, the favorite, with Crafty Khale a neck behind. It was something more than that for trainer Pancho Martin, because Free Hand was the hundred-and-thirtieth winner he had saddled on the New York tracks this season—a figure that broke the record set in 1936 by the late and well-remembered Hirsch Jacobs. In the Queens County, Ace of Aces, an American-bred who had been campaigning in Europe, led for three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths, and then Group Plan took command. He held it until Free Hand passed him in the last stride. Before that, there was crowding in the run down the stretch, from which True Knight suffered most, and for which Crafty Khale was disqualified. The easy thing to say about Free Hand would be that he had all the best of the weights, carrying only 109 pounds, and had clear sailing most of the way. A dark-bay four-year-old by Gallant Man, he was bought from the King Ranch, and the Queens County is the first stakes race he has won in Mr. Sommer's colors.

A milder surprise marked the winning of the Remsen, the last stakes race of the local season exclusively for two-year-olds, at the Big A last weekend. El Pitirré popped out of the pack in the last sixteenth and wore down Bombay Duck to win by a length and a half. Circle Home was third in a photo finish for the place. A week before, the Tartan Stable's Land Girl took the Demoiselle Stakes, for fillies—the opposite number of the Remsen—to the delight of Johnny Nerud, who bred and trains her. By the way, Nerud, who used to wear an amazing collection of caps to the track, now wears hats when he saddles winners.

AS you probably know, Laffit Pincay, Jr., is the country's (if not the world's) money-winningest jockey. Last year, the horses he rode earned $4,093,492, and so far this season his total is $4,035,272. He gets ten per cent of that, which is not bad take-home pay. After winning the Oak Tree Invitational at Santa Anita early last month on Tallahto, who Charlie Whittingham says is the best filly he has ever trained, Pincay took a holiday. Last week, he was in the saddle again—on Rocket Review, in the Thanksgiving Day Handicap at San Francisco's Bay Meadows track—and after he finished eleventh of thirteen runners in a race won by Confederate Yankee, he took another holiday. Actually, such holidays are respites from the day-to-day contention with that old bugaboo of all jockeys—weight, which Pincay has been fighting for ten years. You'd never guess, though, to look at him in silks in the paddock that to weigh out at 116 pounds he had allowed himself just one cup of coffee before he came to the track early that morning to work a couple of horses, and after that he skipped lunch and had a session in the steam bath. That evening, his dinner would be a bit of broiled fish and a spot of green vegetables. Not so good for a man who says he loves to eat, but he knows that if he had a few dishes of his favorite rice and beans his weight would zoom up to 135 pounds. Right now, he is tired of battling weight problems, but he likes to ride good horses in big races, so I suspect he'll have another four-million-dollar year in 1975.

RETURNING travellers report that the opening of Garden State Park's winter meeting in Jersey last week was nothing to cheer about. A crowd of fewer than 8,000—the smallest anyone remembers for an opening there—bet $887,315 on the nine races.

APPARENTLY, British racing writers didn't take the defeat of Dahlia in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last month seriously. In their recent annual poll, they named her England's Horse of the Year for the second time. The runner-up was Grundy, an unbeaten two-year-old. He got three votes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

She is the fat and illegitimate child of a hedonistic and ignorant beauty contest winner whose husband, Buck Connors, makes passes at her.—*Book review in Publishers' Weekly.*

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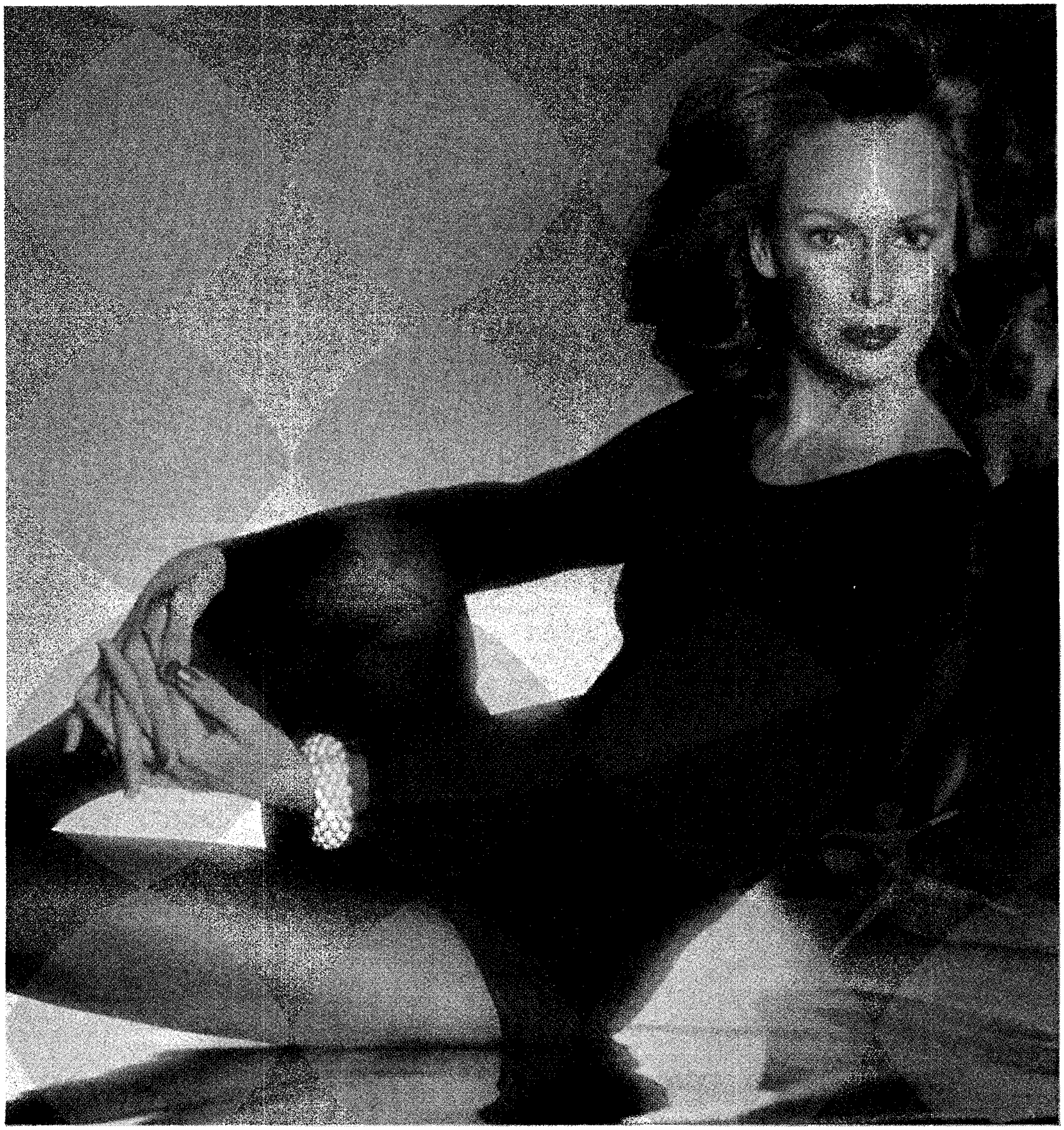

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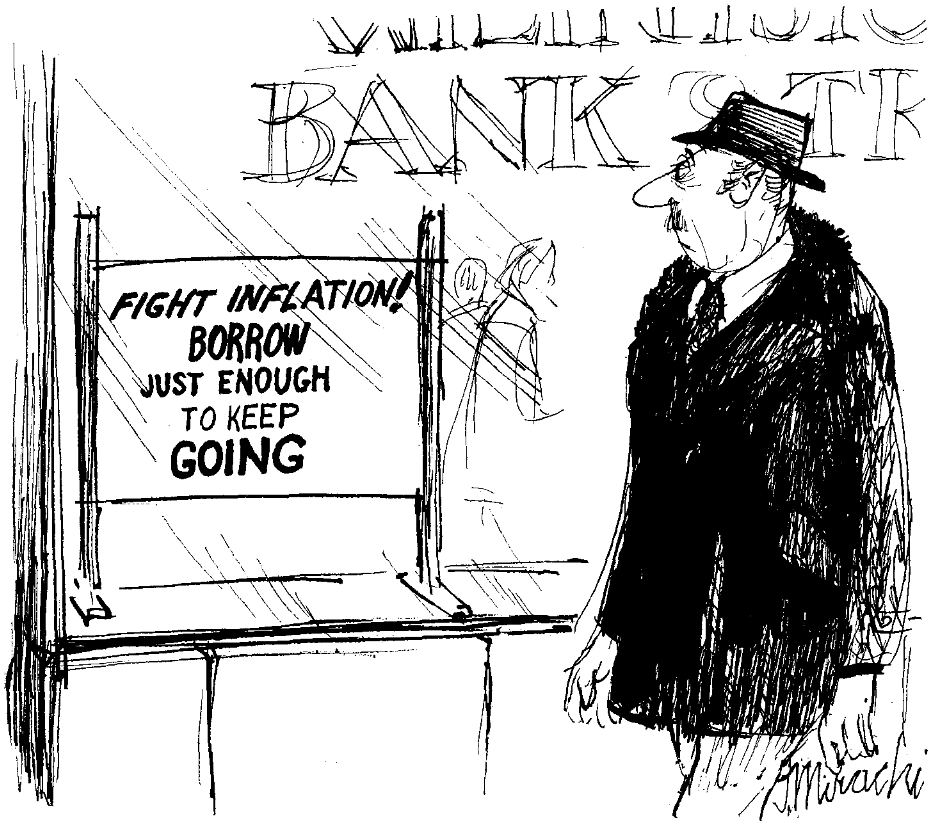
BOOKS

The Evil That Men Do

THE nameless narrator of Eugène Ionesco's first novel, "The Hermit" (excellently translated from the French by Richard Seaver, and published by Viking), is younger than Bouvard, of Flaubert's "Bouvard and Pécuchet," but, like Bouvard, he is a clerk who inherits enough money to retire comfortably. And though Ionesco's hermit is not as educated or as worldly as Antoine Roquentin, the narrator of Sartre's "Nausea," he is, like Roquentin, a loner, who finds other human beings interesting to observe but not wholly comprehensible or emotionally accessible. In real life, nearly everybody is much too busy meeting the demands of "work, family, country" (how unimaginative Marshal Pétain was, exhorting the unhappy French to dedicate themselves to what they were all stuck with!); in fiction, minimal men, such as Ionesco's hermit, run the risk of dullness or of appearing to have been created for instructional purposes, as a sort of anatomical dummy. Ionesco's hermit is neither tiresome nor schoolmarmy. Ionesco the novelist, like Ionesco the dramatist, is artful and surprising, economical but not skimpy. He concisely surrounds his hero with enough ordinary reality—his new apartment in a semi-suburb of Paris, a concierge, cleaning women, a mistress—so that when his routine is disrupted, his readers, who have found it all plausible, accept the threats to it.

The threats arise from violence. While the hermit has been reading newspapers, drinking, napping, meditating on philosophy, and losing track of old friends, shootings begin in the streets. In time, riots become a full-scale civil war, aimless, insane, but bloody and destructive all the same. Ionesco's is a serious joke; he turns all the savagery of his wit on the penchant of human beings for seeking any excuse to slaughter one another. Some books touch us because they say things we had never thought of; others (and for me Ionesco's novel is one of them) touch us because they express to perfection something we have already been feeling: "fed up" is the best way to say it—fed up beyond moral reprobation and well into contempt for or disgust with the boring, stupid human will to break things and kill people. The hermit begins by accepting the world's estimate that he is a poor stick. For a while, he cares what other people think; then he ceases to care; he worries, briefly, because he has ceased to care, then stops worrying. With corpses on the streets and cant on everybody's lips, he retreats farther from his fellow-man. Ionesco is a surprising writer; here the surprise is that the hermit, who commences by withdrawing *from*, turns out to have retreated *to*. He philosophizes less; he just exists, and, as happens to religious hermits (for that is what he turns out to be), his solitude is repaid. His reward is a beatific vision, a garden beyond, shining in light, *lux perpetua*. Ionesco's manner is crystalline, his mind prismatic: you may read him to mean that only a psychologically abnormal man, a failure, needs something beyond human existence, or that the price one pays to attain a vision of the supernatural is too great, or (one hopes) that when man fails, God is always willing to be everybody's last resort.

ANDREA GIOVENE'S "The Dice of War" (again, excellently translated—this time from the Italian, by Bernard Wall—and published by Houghton Mifflin) likewise deals, as its title suggests, with violence—in this case, the Second World War. Its narrator, Giuliano, a younger son of the noble Neapolitan house of the Sanseveros, has appeared in two earlier novels, "The Book of Sansevero" and "The Dilemma of Love." He is now an officer in the Italian Army. Giovene's style, and his narrator's response to violence, are radically different from Ionesco's. "The Dice of War" is an ample, meditative chronicle. Giuliano responds to violence by perceiving the suffering of its victims and feeling more deeply for his fellow-men and women in their roles as fellow-sufferers. He perceives a good many other things in his realistic annals: he offers very precise observations on the disastrous effect of Fascism on the Italian people; corruption and cowardice, he says, have infected the upper and middle classes and eroded the morale of the peasants, who are being removed from countrysides they love and made to fight in countries in which they evince little interest and for which they have even less animosity. Giuliano, sent to join the army of occupation in Greece, is billeted in a countryside so remote that he can get away with protecting and helping the local resistants. He is moved less by political than by human feeling: he shares with the Greeks what he calls "the vast understanding of the Mediterranean." The Greek peasants, their traditional lives, and their livelihood, arduously wrenched out of their bony landscape, call to



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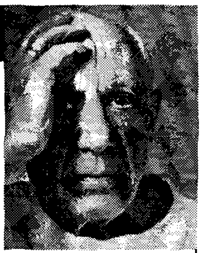

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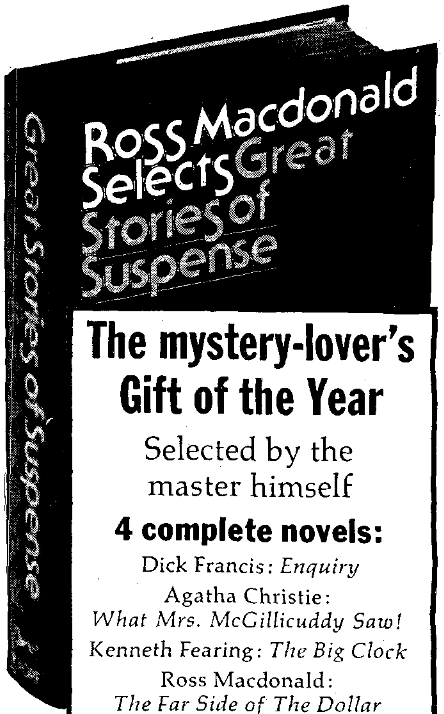
mind the southern Italian people and scenery Giuliano knew and loved in "The Dilemma of Love." After the Italian king arrests Mussolini, in the summer of 1943, the Germans move into Greece, scoop up their Italian allies, and make them prisoners. Giuliano is jailed in a fortress in Lwów, then in a camp in Siltau, and in the last year of the war is forced (because the Germans are starving the prisoners they hold in camps) to become a laborer in a small town near the Elbe. He arrives in time to observe the accelerating destruction of Germany, and he records this with the precision with which he has noted everything; for example, when the Allied forces assault and shatter the town, he remarks that "the women did not pray as they would have done in Italy."

Giuliano's war concludes with a long, terrifying journey through pulverized Germany that tests his endurance (he has been wounded several times and has malaria) as well as his fortitude, but he moves to safety behind the Western lines and, finally, repatriation. This is the story of an ordeal, of a man who feels that he has been put to a test by "the Divinity who rules the world" and has answered by saying no to evil. Giuliano's humaneness never deserts him, and in the cruellest situations he always finds someone who is in some way good—dutiful, generous, honest, and/or innocent. The villains who created so many victims fade from our vision; we simply see living French, Greeks, Germans, and Italians as suffering individuals. A man who observes this and cares about it even though he, too, is suffering greatly is remarkable, and one wonders what the sources of this remarkable goodness are. Giuliano's references to Homer, Socrates, and Caesar, his appreciation of the classical heritage common to Greece and Italy, suggest that for him, and perhaps Giovene, too, the antique, the classical tradition (which I suppose the modern West is in the process of forgetting) still has a vast sustaining power. Giuliano's dignity recalls such a noble figure as Hector. Homer's fairness to the Trojans allows us to appreciate them; though these enemies of the ancient Hellenes are not winners, they are nonetheless heroes. Yet the purpose of Giuliano's narrative—to bear witness on behalf of all those suffering men and women he saw, who had become "my brothers and my sisters"—is as much Christian as it is classical. The book's affecting conclusion, his homecoming, evokes both the women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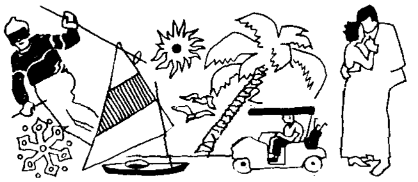

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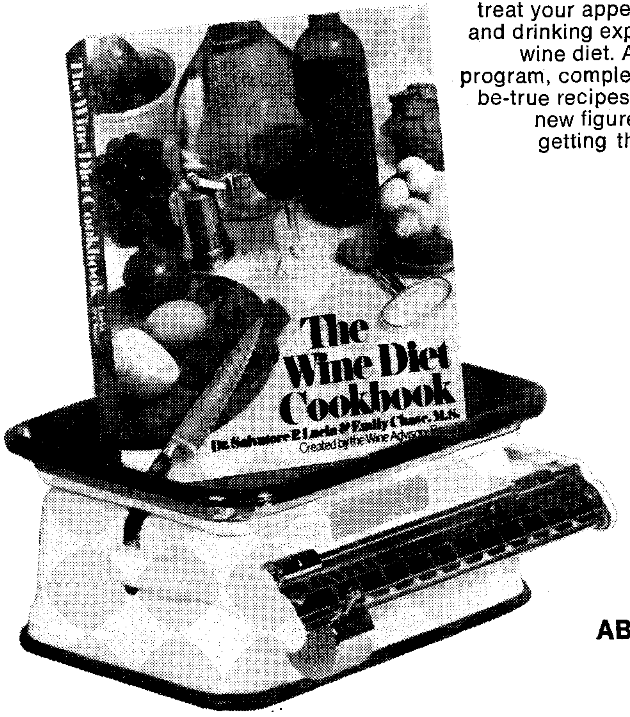
of Troy and the women of modern Italy:

> Women gathered all along the railway lines. They were shouting the names of their men, showing their photographs, and asking, asking. Others were scrutinizing our faces, one by one.... And tears, blessed tears, gushed forth without pause, passed on from one group to the next, the matchless rosary prayed in hope. And I answered them in my heart, as in my childhood, when I answered one praise in the litany by another.

THE narrator of "René Leys" (translated from the French, also excellently, by J. A. Underwood, and published by O'Hara) is its author, Victor Segalen, a French Navy doctor who died in 1919. Mr. Underwood's preface tells us that Segalen was a poet and novelist who was impelled to master the exotic. His naval service in French Polynesia allowed him to learn all about the culture of the many islands it embraces and to write a book about it (and, incidentally, to buy Gauguin's last great painting). Segalen next became fascinated by China and learned Mandarin; in 1909 he was posted to Peking, the setting of this novel. It is modern in concept and style—terse, casual, and tricky—as well as in theme: Western curiosity assailing Oriental secrecy. Segalen's passion to discover who is in or out of power behind the walls of the imperial palace (the part of Peking called the Forbidden City, or "the Within"), and to clarify the circumlocutions and evasions he encounters, reminds us of today's unending concern with finding out what is "really" happening in China—of the Western assumption, which seems perennial, that all secrets are worth knowing.

Christian or pagan, Western government has by tradition been open. We know that any properly dressed person could visit Versailles, and that the British public was allowed to inspect the family life of George III and his brood at Kew and Richmond. The West has no forbidden cities or forbidden precincts, and, perhaps for precisely that reason, getting into them seems to have been a peculiarly Western itch. The Japanese did not try to "open" the United States, nor did the Lhasans set out for Jerusalem, the Vatican, or Canterbury. Segalen the novelist, living in Peking, is not content to know only what other inhabitants of the city are allowed to know about "the Within." He seeks a language tutor who can also serve as an informant, and he finds René Leys, the young son of a Belgian grocer in Peking, who has attained perfect lin-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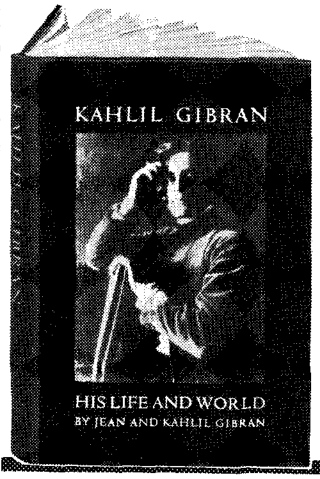

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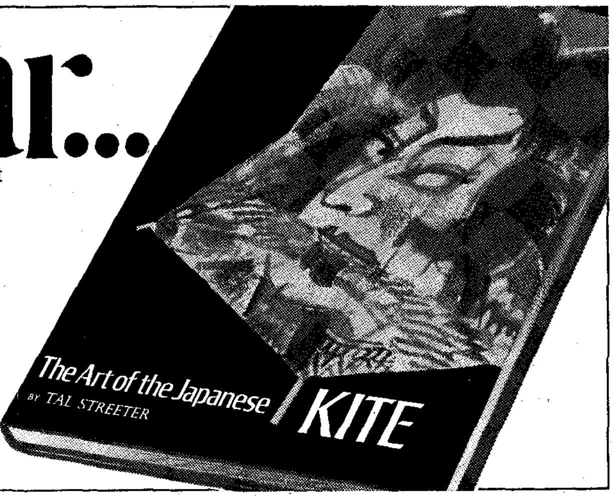

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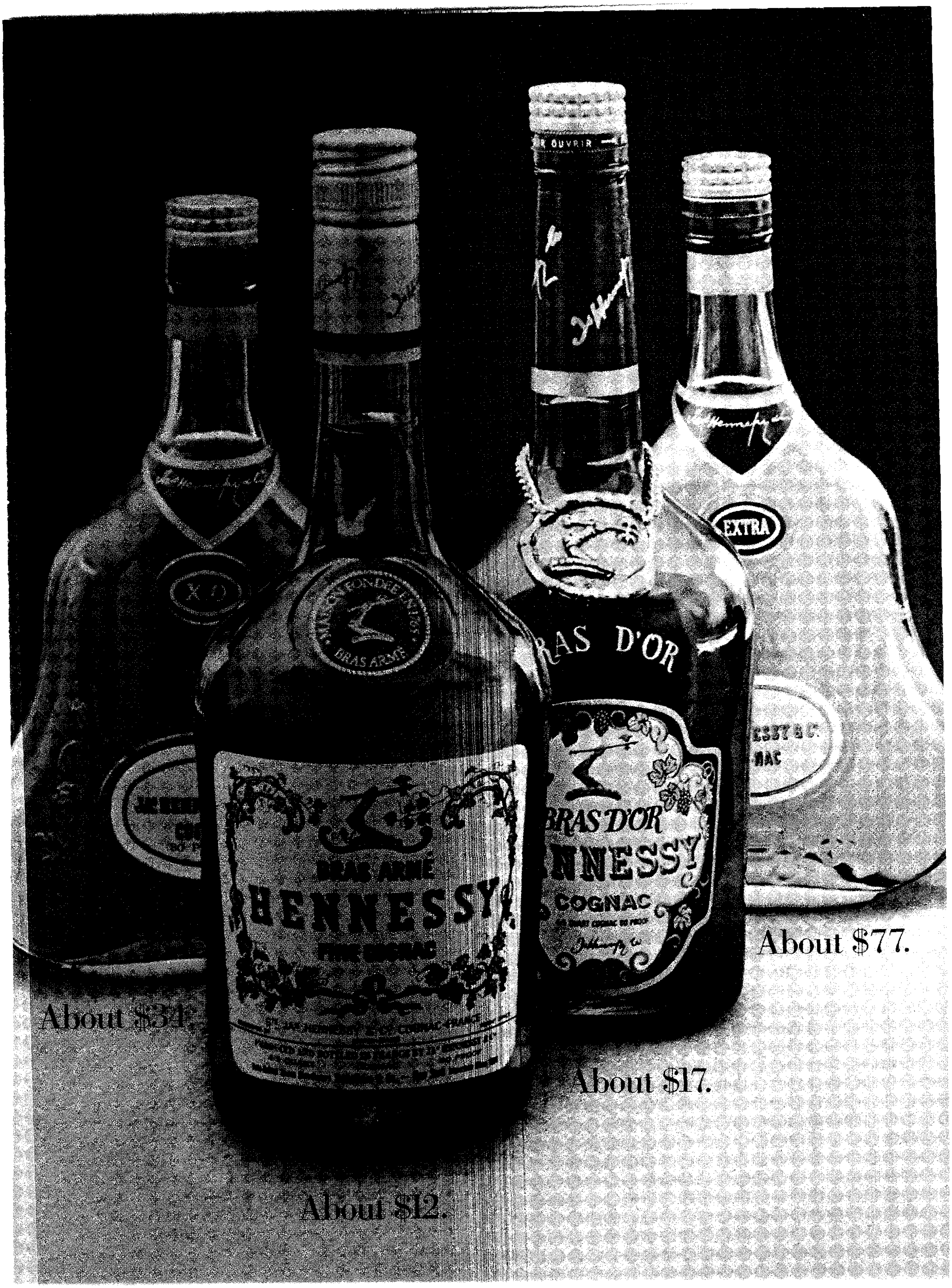
guistic fluency and has acquired, through teaching, noble acquaintances who have varying degrees of entrée to the Forbidden City. Segalen on one occasion accompanies the French ambassador when he presents his credentials to the Regent. (The Emperor is a child, known in the West as Henry Pu-yi, and the Regent is a younger brother of the former Emperor.) Segalen discovers that there is nothing extraordinary in either the Forbidden City itself or the person of the Regent. But he cannot stop believing that there is more than he has seen. He pumps Leys for details of court life and intrigue, plots, counterplots, manners, murders. As the novel jaunts through the Peking of sixty years ago, it winds tighter and tighter. Segalen's desperate wish to know, and Leys' revelations in response, give the book the suspense of a detective story. Its outcome is tragedy. Unlike the thrillers it deliberately echoes, the book ends in doubt: Segalen's curiosity is not appeased.

PANDORA and Adam and Eve disobeyed Zeus and Jehovah because they were curious. Is curiosity, then, the root of evil? Ionesco's hermit decides that men kill each other because of anger at the prospect of their own death; in both Greek and Hebrew legends death is the result of curiosity and the disobedience it leads to. Segalen, at the end, is as much perplexed as he is remorseful, for though his curiosity has caused a death, he does not consider himself to be evil. Giuliano simply accepts the fact that human nature itself is the source of evil—the same human nature to which, when it suffers and loves, he is deeply attached. All these books are artistic successes—direct, touching, absorbing, convincing. By diverse routes and methods, these impressive authors are dealing with the perennial problem of evil. None solves it. It occurs to me that one reason the human race has so much trouble comprehending evil is that those among us who have thought and felt most deeply about everything, including evil, are themselves farthest removed from it: the generous, fertile, loving impulse or inspiration that produces art, philosophy, and religion is remote indeed from the negation or sterility or, in Hannah Arendt's word, "banality" of evil—from the atmosphere of "pallid gloom" that Giuliano says pervades Nazi Germany. There are bad poems, yet, except for the taunting verses with which, in the twelfth century, Bertrand de Born kept the Plantagenet and Angevin do-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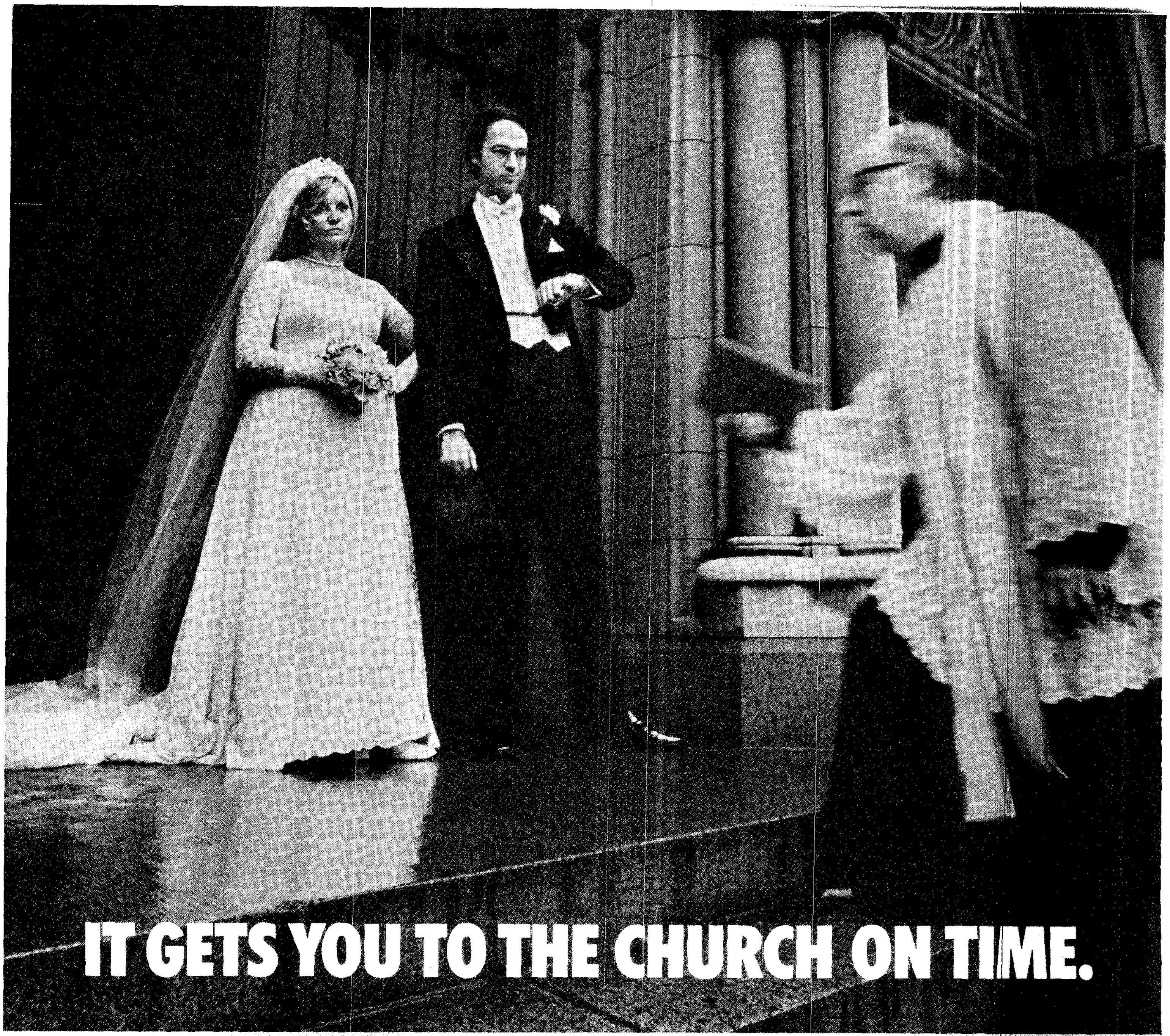
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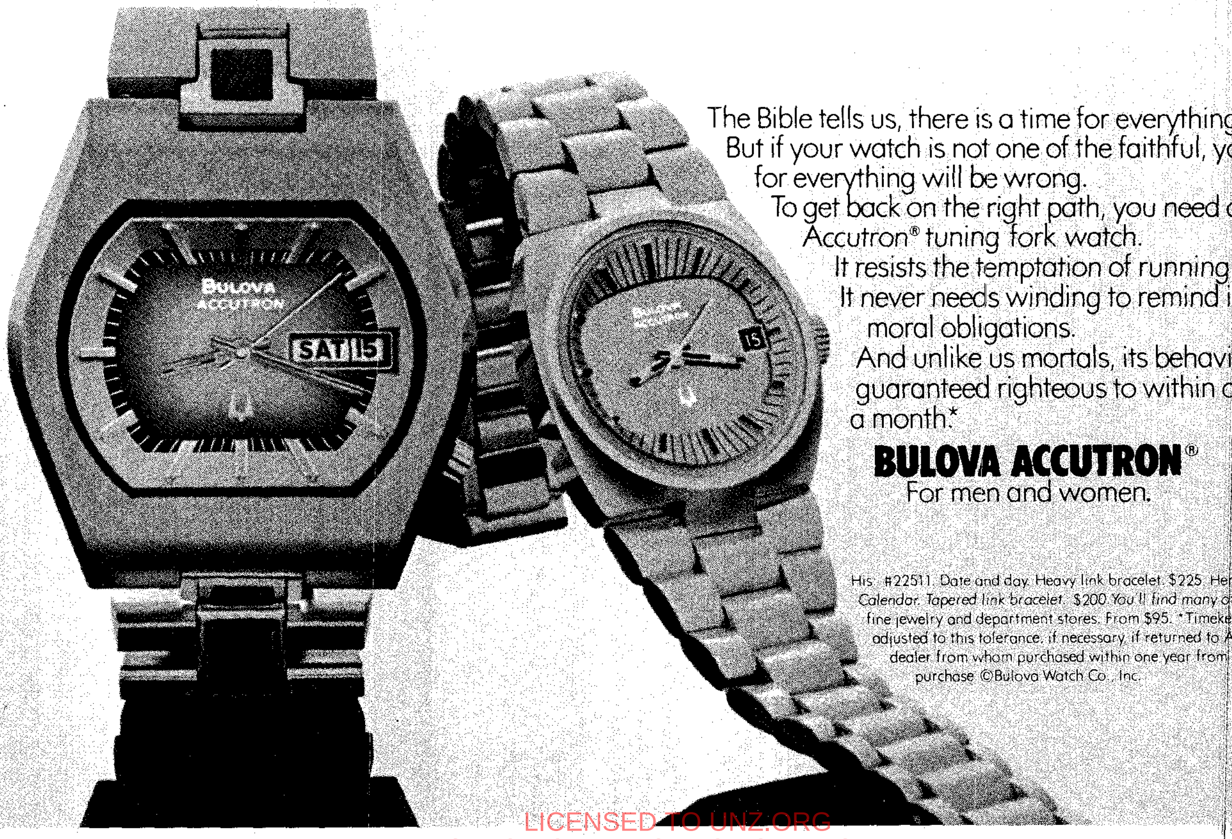

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minions in an uproar, I cannot think of any poems written to *do* evil. There are religions or philosophies I believe to be untrue, but false is far removed from evil, and the wonder of it is that high thoughts—love of man, love of God—have inspired so many low deeds. I do feel, though, observing recent events in our own country, that there is still another kind of evil, inspired by nothing, that is even more difficult to understand because in its purposelessness it seems at once stupid and solid, dense, congealed. At all events, the effort to understand evil, to explore that miserable mystery, can nonetheless allow us, as these books demonstrate, to appreciate the good—the aesthetic excellence and the moral and intellectual virtues of fine work.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE DRUNKS, by Donald Newlove (Saturday Review/Dutton). Donald Newlove's last book, "Leo and Theodore," was a dazzling high-wire act about the childhood and sodden, dream-struck young manhood of a pair of Siamese twins. The present volume continues the twins' story—which becomes more and more depressing as their alcoholism worsens—and follows them from the upstate New York town where they grew up to the lower East Side of New York, where they burn away their thirties in an ever more sordid, self-destructive alcoholic blaze. As in his previous books, Mr. Newlove takes incredible risks, and his cannonball style is more than a little demanding; not content with the problems inherent in writing about drunkenness (or, for that matter, Siamese twins), he adds the handicap of having Teddy's front teeth knocked out in an accident, so that a full quarter of the book is filled with his lisped dialogue. But the sheer inventiveness and strength of his writing turn risk into triumph, drunken monologues into subtle satire, A.A. meetings into riveting dramas, and what in another writer might be bathos into brilliant comedy. Even in their suicide attempt—Leo gobbling uppers, Theodore gulping downers—they are half Stan and Ollie, half Jekyll and Hyde. And though the book might have been even better with a bit more fat trimmed (especially at the beginning, and in a long and hard-to-follow D.T.-hallucination passage),

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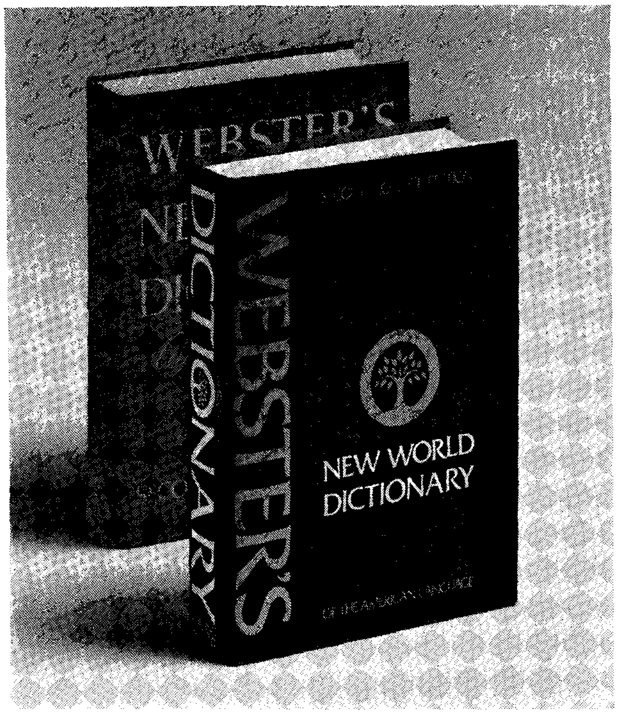

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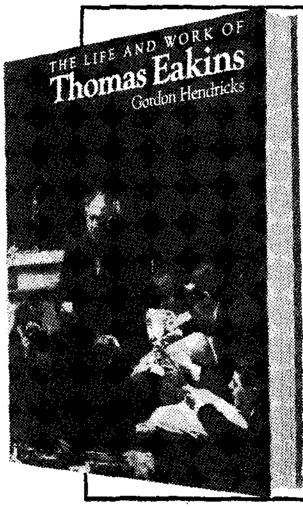

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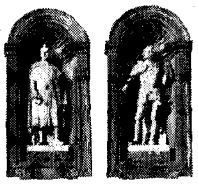

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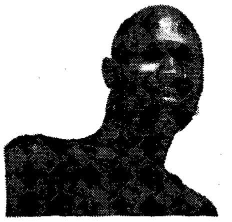

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it is probably the most clear-eyed and moving—and certainly one of the most honest—books ever written about alcoholics.

THE GLORY OF THE HUMMINGBIRD, by Peter De Vries (Little, Brown). Mr. De Vries is such a sure-handed humorist that he can allow his characters to melt in admiration for each other's lines (or, as the lines sometimes require, to wince with pain) and always be on target. His sentences are spiral staircases of elegantly connected idiom, leading up and up to increasingly rarefied spheres of meaning. He is, within reasonable limits, a critic of his times, so it should not be surprising that his latest hero—Jim Tickler, of Wabash, Indiana—reaches the apogee of his career when he is invited to the White House of Richard Nixon. Jim is a writer, a marketing consultant, a quiz-show contestant, a foster father—even a consumer advocate. As an aristocrat of language, he resembles his creator, but as a native-born go-getter he recalls figures both recent and almost forgotten.

GENERAL

BILLION DOLLAR BABY, by Bob Greene (Atheneum). Last year, Greene, a newspaper columnist and political writer who has been a rock-and-roll fan since Elvis Presley first appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show, acted out everyfan's fantasy: he went on tour with the notorious Alice Cooper band, not as a mere journalist but as a performer. (His part was to come onstage in a Santa Claus suit and get beaten to death by the band—all in fun, of course.) The result is this intelligent, unpretentious, and compelling account of a rock supergroup and its world. With modesty and balance, Greene records the seductions and fatuities of life on the road; his feelings of power and absurdity as he stepped into the spotlight; his ambivalence toward the Cooper show, with its irresistible excitement and revolting emphasis on death and mutilation. He depicts the band members as pampered aristocrats who can't blow their own noses, who regard women as casually as they do restaurants (every city has them; some are better than others), whose idea of tension release is to destroy a hotel at night and pay the bill in the morning. Yet he takes equal pains to show that they are basically likable human beings whose sense of reality has been distorted by temptations to

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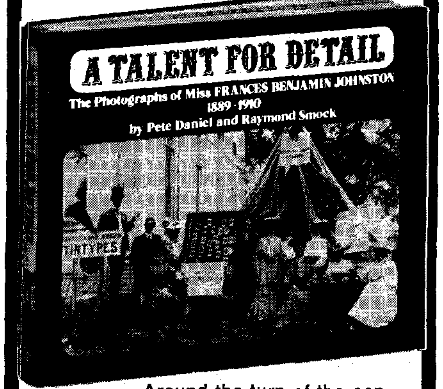
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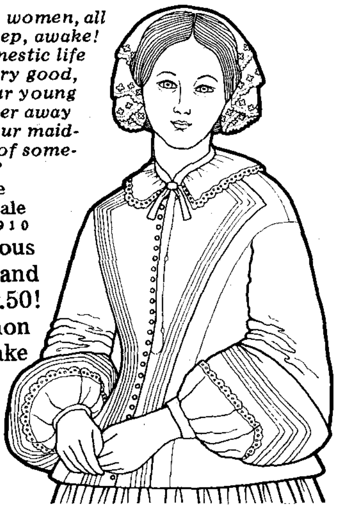

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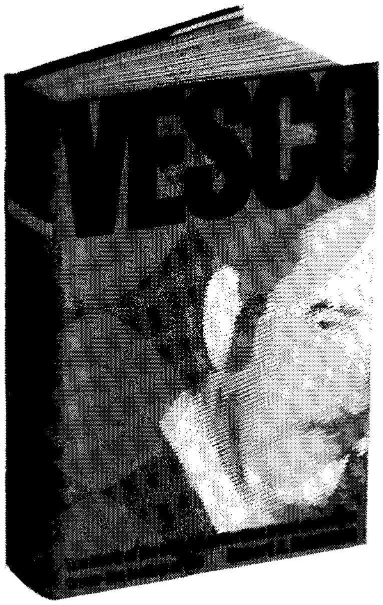

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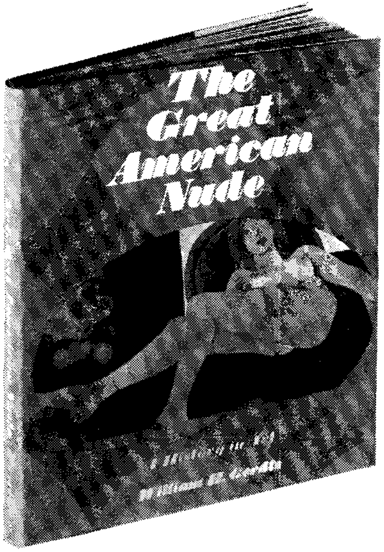
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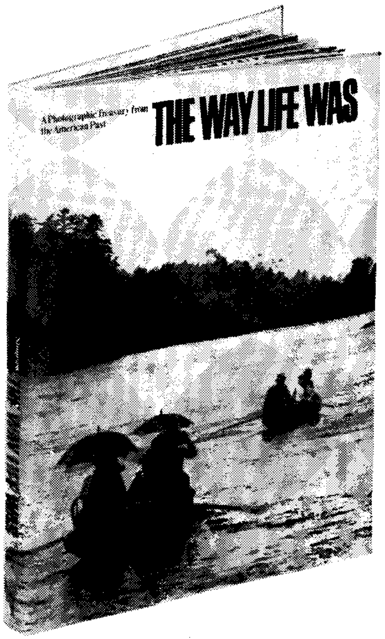
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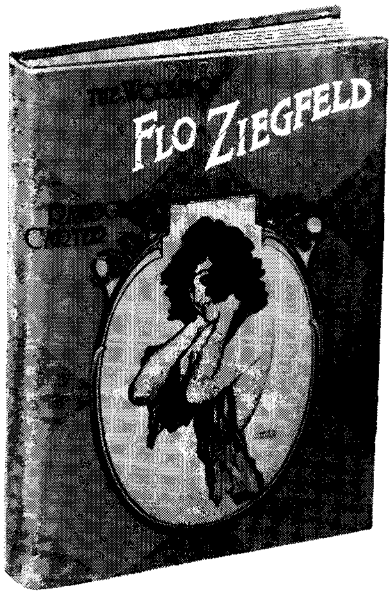
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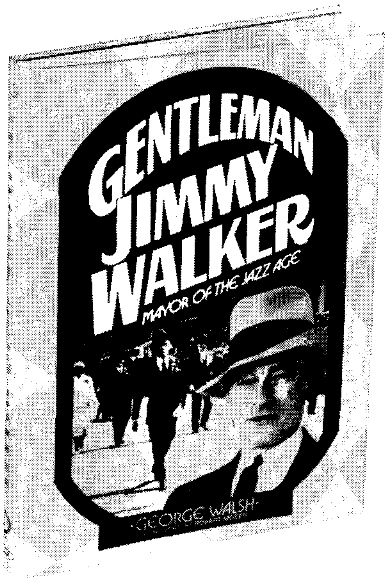
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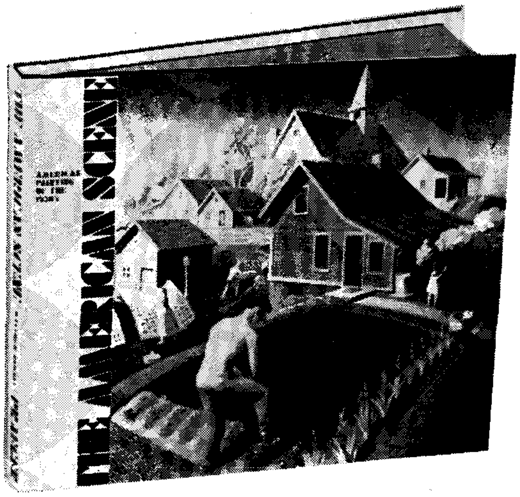
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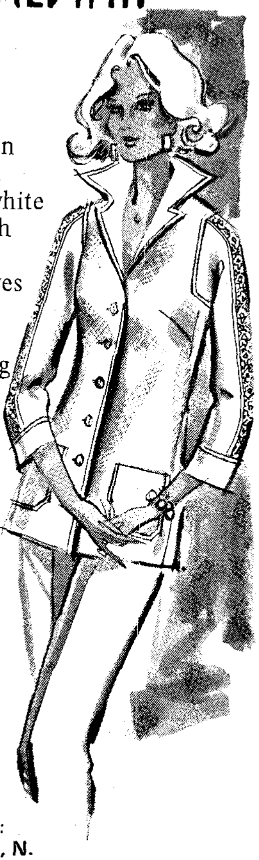

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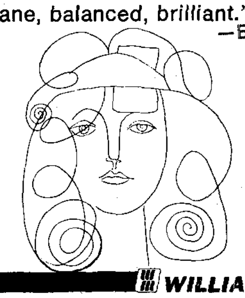

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which most people—including the author—are hardly impervious. Alice himself is vividly and sympathetically portrayed as a brilliant image manipulator who consciously set out to become the most offensive performer in America, and now, bored and trapped by the persona that made him a star, spends his days drinking beer and watching TV. Which is as potent a metaphor as any for Greene's real subject: the American dream and its limitations.

THE ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE, by Olive Cook, with photographs by A. F. Kersting (Putnam). A beautifully and perceptively illustrated architectural history. Miss Cook begins at the beginning, with the earliest known manor houses, which are practically indistinguishable from barns, and winds up sometime before the First World War, when country-house building came to an end. Her text explains, and the photographs show, not only the rise in sumptuousness but the structural innovations and the architectural technology that made it possible. Her account of art styles is excellent; for example, she lucidly describes and contrasts the references to medieval styles found in Tudor buildings and in the nineteenth-century Gothic revival. As usual, one discovers that the arts do not lie; Miss Cook points out that when the country house ceased to be a genuine center of rural life and became merely a display of wealth, its architecture became incoherent and trumpery.

MORE CLASSIC TRAINS, by Arthur D. Dubin (Kalmbach). The Chicago architect turned railway buff tells, in fifteen hundred pictures and as few words as he can manage, how it was in the days when there were trains to everywhere, without the missed connections, prepackaged dining, delays, and discomfort of our current era of bewilderment. Because the problem of how best to use our supply of energy will soon persuade us toward trains to everywhere again, the pictures will serve as a ground plan for the restorative process. In the meantime, they will serve as a delight to the eye of the gastronome and the rail buff. Thirty dollars.

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My favorite of the musical presentations was Bach's "Tobacco and Fugue in D Minor."—*State College (Pa.) Centre Daily Times.*

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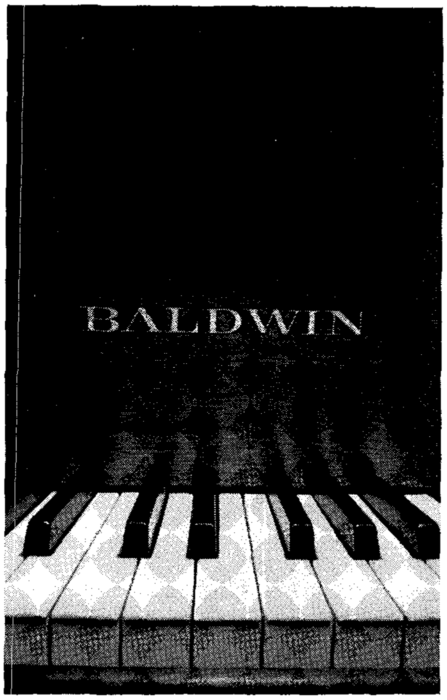

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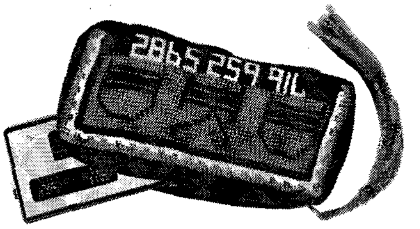

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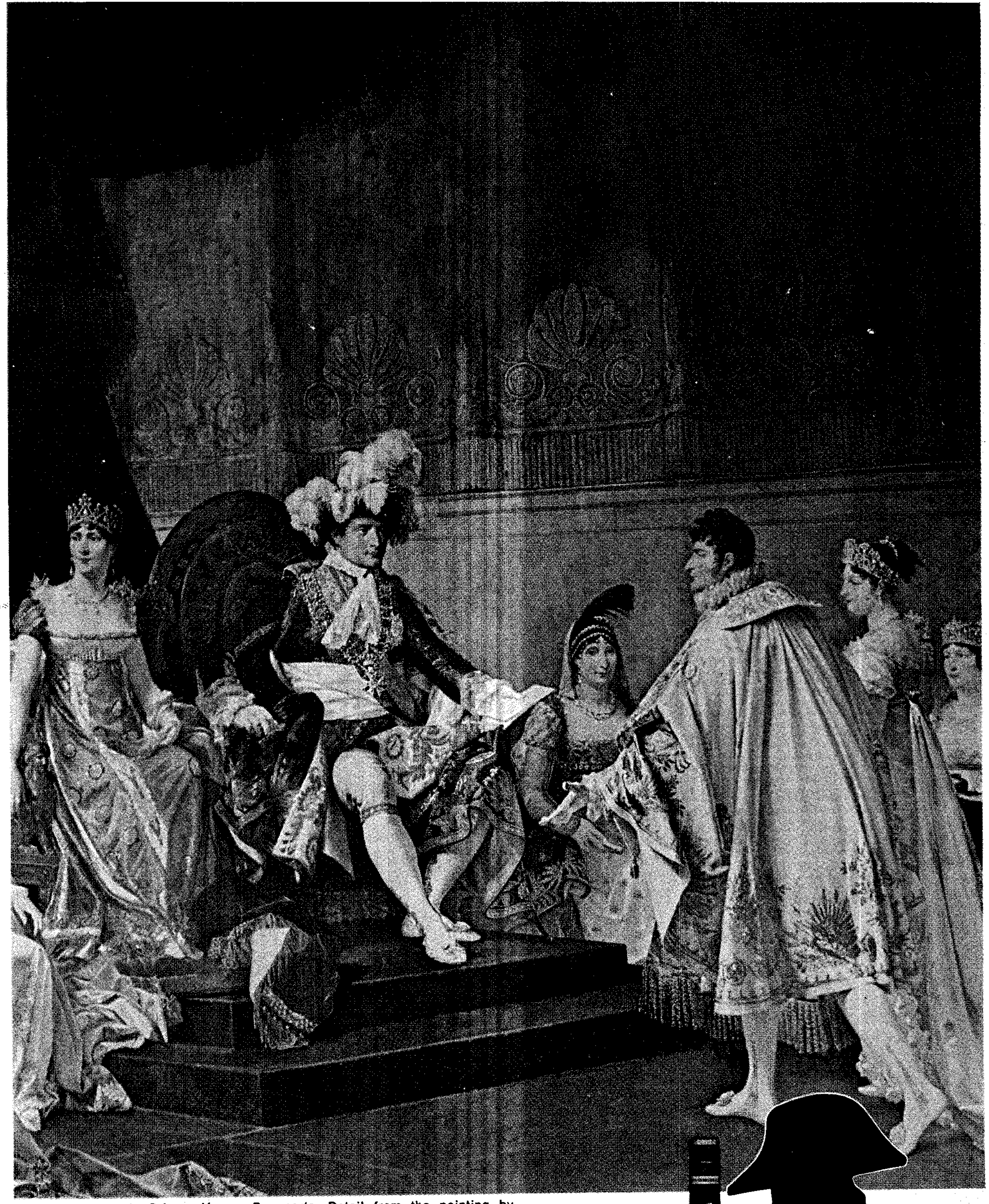

Mariage du Prince Jérome Bonaparte. Detail from the painting by Jean-Baptiste Regnault (1754-1829). On August 22, 1807, the marriage contract between Napoleon's youngest brother and Catherine of Württemberg was signed in the presence of the Emperor and Empress and dignitaries from both courts. The religious ceremony took place the following day in the Palace of the Tuileries.

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